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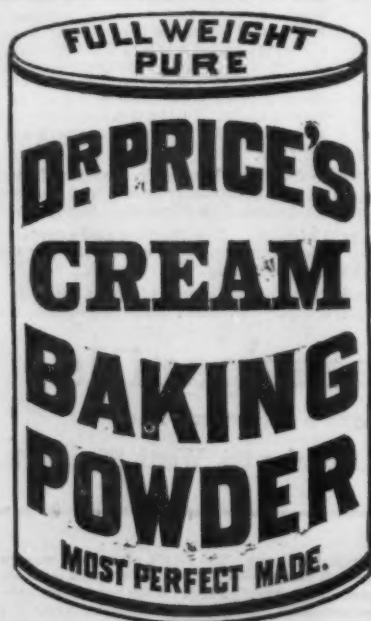
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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.  
Vol. XLIX., No. 4.

APRIL, 1889.

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AGNOSTICISM.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY.

WITHIN the last few months the public has received much and varied information on the subject of agnostics, their tenets, and even their future. Agnosticism exercised the orators of the Church Congress at Manchester.\* It has been furnished with a set of "articles" fewer, but not less rigid, and certainly not less consistent than the thirty-nine; its nature has been analyzed, and its future severely predicted by the most eloquent of that prophetic school whose Samuel is Auguste Comte. It may still be a question, however, whether the public is as much the wiser as might be expected, considering all the trouble that has been taken to enlighten it. Not only are the three accounts of the agnostic position sadly out of harmony

with one another, but I propose to show cause for my belief that all three must be seriously questioned by any one who employs the term "agnostic" in the sense in which it was originally used. The learned Principal of King's College, who brought the topic of Agnosticism before the Church Congress, took a short and easy way of settling the business:

"But if this be so, for a man to urge, as an escape from this article of belief, that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant. His difference from Christians lies not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated. He may prefer to call himself an Agnostic; but his real name is an older one—he is an Infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever. The word infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance. Perhaps it is right that it should. It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say

\* See the *Official Report of the Church Congress held at Manchester, October, 1888*, pp. 253-4.

plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ."

And in the course of the discussion which followed, the Bishop of Peterborough departed so far from his customary courtesy and self-respect as to speak of "cowardly agnosticism" (p. 262).

So much of Dr. Wace's address either explicitly or implicitly concerns me, that I take upon myself to deal with it; but, in so doing, it must be understood that I speak for myself alone. I am not aware that there is any sect of Agnostics; and if there be, I am not its acknowledged prophet or pope. I desire to leave to the Comtists the entire monopoly of the manufacture of imitation ecclesiasticism.

Let us calmly and dispassionately consider Dr. Wace's appreciation of agnosticism. The agnostic, according to his view, is a person who says he has no means of attaining a scientific knowledge of the unseen world or of the future; by which somewhat loose phraseology Dr. Wace presumably means the theological unseen world and future. I cannot think this description happy either in form or substance, but for the present it may pass. Dr. Wace continues, that is not "his difference from Christians." Are there then any Christians who say that they know nothing about the unseen world and the future? I was ignorant of the fact, but I am ready to accept it on the authority of a professional theologian, and I proceed to Dr. Wace's next proposition.

The real state of the case, then, is that the agnostic "does not believe the authority" on which "these things" are stated, which authority is Jesus Christ. He is simply an old-fashioned "infidel" who is afraid to own to his right name. As "Presbyter is priest writ large," so is "agnostic" the mere Greek equivalent for the Latin "infidel." There is an attractive simplicity about this solution of the problem; and it has that advantage of being somewhat offensive to the persons attacked, which is so dear to the less refined sort of controversialist. The agnostic says, "I cannot find good evidence that so and so is true." "Ah," says his adversary, seizing his opportunity, "then you declare that Jesus Christ was untruthful, for he said so and so;" a very telling method of rous-

ing prejudice. But suppose that the value of the evidence as to what Jesus may have said and done, and as to the exact nature and scope of his authority, is just that which the agnostic finds it most difficult to determine? If I venture to doubt that the Duke of Wellington gave the command "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo, I do not think that even Dr. Wace would accuse me of disbelieving the Duke. Yet it would be just as reasonable to do this as to accuse any one of denying what Jesus said before the preliminary question as to what he did say is settled.

Now, the question as to what Jesus really said and did is strictly a scientific problem, which is capable of solution by no other methods than those practised by the historian and the literary critic. It is a problem of immense difficulty, which has occupied some of the best heads in Europe for the last century; and it is only of late years that their investigations have begun to converge toward one conclusion.\*

That kind of faith which Dr. Wace describes and lauds is of no use here. Indeed, he himself takes pains to destroy its evidential value.

"What made the Mahommedan world? Trust and faith in the declarations and assurances of Mahommed. And what made the Christian world? Trust and faith in the declarations and assurances of Jesus Christ and His Apostles" (*l.c.* p. 253). The triumphant tone of this imaginary catechism

\* Dr. Wace tells us: "It may be asked how far we can rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects." And he seems to think the question appropriately answered by the assertion that it "ought to be regarded as settled by M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case." I thought I knew M. Renan's works pretty well, but I have contrived to miss this "practical" (I wish Dr. Wace had defined the scope of that useful adjective) surrender. However, as Dr. Wace can find no difficulty in pointing out the passage of M. Renan's writings, by which he feels justified in making his statement, I shall wait for further enlightenment, contenting myself, for the present, with remarking that if M. Renan were to retract and do penance in Notre-Dame-to-morrow for any contributions to Biblical criticism that may be specially his property, the main results of that criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example, would not be sensibly affected.



leads me to suspect that its author has hardly appreciated its full import. Presumably, Dr. Wace regards Mahommed as an unbeliever, or, to use the term which he prefers, infidel; and considers that his assurances have given rise to a vast delusion, which has led, and is leading, millions of men straight to everlasting punishment. And this being so, the "Trust and faith" which have "made the Mahomedan world," in just the same sense as they have "made the Christian world," must be trust and faith in falsehood. No man who has studied history, or even attended to the occurrences of every-day life, can doubt the enormous practical value of trust and faith; but as little will he be inclined to deny that this practical value has not the least relation to the reality of the objects of that trust and faith. In examples of patient constancy of faith and of unswerving trust, the *Acta Martyrum* do not excel the annals of Babism.

The discussion upon which we have now entered goes so thoroughly to the root of the whole matter; the question of the day is so completely, as the author of *Robert Elsmere* says, the value of testimony, that I shall offer no apology for following it out somewhat in detail; and, by way of giving substance to the argument, I shall base what I have to say upon a case, the consideration of which lies strictly within the province of natural science, and of that particular part of it known as the physiology and pathology of the nervous system.

I find, in the second Gospel (chap. v.), a statement, to all appearance intended to have the same evidential value as any other contained in that history. It is the well-known story of the devils who were cast out of a man, and ordered, or permitted, to enter into a herd of swine, to the great loss and damage of the innocent Gerasene, or Gadarene, pig-owners. There can be no doubt that the narrator intends to convey to his readers his own conviction that this casting out and entering in were effected by the agency of Jesus of Nazareth; that, by speech and action, Jesus enforced this conviction; nor does any inkling of the legal and moral difficulties of the case manifest itself.

On the other hand, everything that I know of physiological and pathological science leads me to entertain a very strong conviction that the phenomena ascribed to possession are as purely natural as those which constitute small-pox; everything that I know of anthropology leads me to think that the belief in demons and demoniacal possession is a mere survival of a once universal superstition, and that its persistence at the present time is pretty much in the inverse ratio of the general instruction, intelligence, and sound judgment of the population among whom it prevails. Everything that I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people's property is a misdemeanor of evil example. Again, the study of history, and especially of that of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, leaves no shadow of doubt on my mind that the belief in the reality of possession and of witchcraft, justly based, alike by Catholics and Protestants, upon this and innumerable other passages in both the Old and New Testaments, gave rise, through the special influence of Christian ecclesiastics, to the most horrible persecutions and judicial murders of thousands upon thousands of innocent men, women, and children. And when I reflect that the record of a plain and simple declaration upon such an occasion as this, that the belief in witchcraft and possession is wicked nonsense, would have rendered the long agony of mediæval humanity impossible, I am prompted to reject, as dishonoring, the supposition that such declaration was withheld out of condescension to popular error.

"Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man" (Mark v. 8),\* are the words attributed to Jesus. If I declare, as I have no hesitation in doing, that I utterly disbelieve in the existence of "unclean spirits," and, consequently, in the possibility of their "coming forth" out of a man, I suppose that Dr. Wace will tell me I am disregarding the testimony "of our Lord" (*l.c.* p. 255). For if these words were really used, the most resourceful of reconcilers can hardly venture to affirm that they are compati-

\* Here, as always, the revised version is cited.

ble with a disbelief in "these things." As the learned and fair-minded, as well as orthodox, Dr. Alexander remarks, in an editorial note to the article "Demoniacs," in the *Biblical Cyclopædia* (vol. i. p. 664, note):

... "On the lowest grounds on which our Lord and His Apostles can be placed, they must, at least, be regarded as *honest* men. Now, though honest speech does not require that words should be used always and only in their etymological sense, it does require that they should not be used so as to affirm what the speaker knows to be false. While, therefore, our Lord and His Apostles might use the word *δαίμονες*, or the phrase *δαίμονιον ἔχειν*, as a popular description of certain diseases, without giving in to the belief which lay at the source of such a mode of expression, they could not speak of demons entering into a man, or being cast out of him, without pledging themselves to the belief of an actual possession of the man by the demons. (Campbell, *Prel. Diss.* vi. 1, 10.) If, consequently, they did not hold this belief, they spoke not as honest men."

The story which we are considering does not rest on the authority of the second Gospel alone. The third confirms the second, especially in the matter of commanding the unclean spirit to come out of the man (Luke viii. 29); and, although the first Gospel either gives a different version of the same story, or tells another of like kind, the essential point remains: "If thou cast us out, send us away into the herd of swine. And He said unto them: Go!" (Matthew viii. 31, 32).

If the concurrent testimony of the three synoptics, then, is really sufficient to do away with all rational doubt as to a matter of fact of the utmost practical and speculative importance—belief or disbelief in which may affect, and has affected, men's lives and their conduct toward other men in the most serious way—then I am bound to believe that Jesus implicitly affirmed himself to possess a "knowledge of the unseen world," which afforded full confirmation to the belief in demons and possession current among his contemporaries. If the story is true, the mediæval theory of the invisible world may be, and probably is, quite correct; and the witchfinders, from Sprenger to Hopkins and Mather, are much-maligned men.

On the other hand, humanity, noting the frightful consequences of this belief; common sense, observing the futility of

the evidence on which it is based, in all cases that have been properly investigated; science, more and more seeing its way to enclose all the phenomena of so-called "possession" within the domain of pathology, so far as they are not to be relegated to that of the police—all these powerful influences concur in warning us, at our peril, against accepting the belief without the most careful scrutiny of the authority on which it rests.

I can discern no escape from this dilemma: either Jesus said what he is reported to have said, or he did not. In the former case, it is inevitable that his authority on matters connected with the "unseen world" should be roughly shaken; in the latter, the blow falls upon the authority of the synoptic gospels. If their report on a matter of such stupendous and far-reaching practical import as this is untrustworthy, how can we be sure of its trustworthiness in other cases? The favorite "earth," in which the hard-pressed reconciler takes refuge, that the Bible does not profess to teach science,\* is stopped in this instance. For the question of the existence of demons and of possession by them, though it lies strictly within the province of science, is also of the deepest moral and religious significance. If physical and mental disorders are caused by demons, Gregory of Tours and his contemporaries rightly considered that relics and exorcists were more useful than doctors; the gravest questions arise as to the legal and moral responsi-

\* Does any one really mean to say that there is any internal or external criterion by which the reader of a biblical statement, in which scientific matter is contained, is enabled to judge whether it is to be taken *au sérieux* or not? Is the account of the Deluge, accepted as true in the New Testament, less precise and specific than that of the call of Abraham, also accepted as true therein? By what mark does the story of the feeding with manna in the wilderness, which involves some very curious scientific problems, show that it is meant merely for edification, while the story of the inscription of the Law on stone by the hand of Jahveh is literally true? If the story of the Fall is not the true record of an historical occurrence, what becomes of Pauline theology? Yet the story of the Fall as directly conflicts with probability, and is as devoid of trustworthy evidence, as that of the Creation or that of the Deluge, with which it forms an harmoniously legendary series.

bilities of persons inspired by demoniacal impulses ; and our whole conception of the universe and of our relations to it becomes totally different from what it would be on the contrary hypothesis.

The theory of life of an average mediæval Christian was as different from that of an average nineteenth-century Englishman as that of a West-African negro is now in these respects. The modern world is slowly, but surely, shaking off these and other monstrous survivals of savage delusions, and, whatever happens, it will not return to that wallowing in the mire. Until the contrary is proved, I venture to doubt whether, at this present moment, any Protestant theologian, who has a reputation to lose, will say that he believes the Gadarene story.

The choice then lies between discrediting those who compiled the gospel biographies and disbelieving the Master, whom they, simple souls, thought to honor by preserving such traditions of the exercise of his authority over Satan's invisible world. This is the dilemma. No deep scholarship, nothing but a knowledge of the revised version (on which it is to be supposed all that mere scholarship can do has been done), with the application thereto of the commonest canons of common sense, is needful to enable us to make a choice between its horns. It is hardly doubtful that the story, as told in the first gospel, is merely a version of that told in the second and third. Nevertheless, the discrepancies are serious and irreconcilable ; and, on this ground alone, a suspension of judgment, at the least, is called for. But there is a great deal more to be said. From the dawn of scientific biblical criticism until the present day the evidence against the long-cherished notion that the three synoptic gospels are the works of three independent authors, each prompted by divine inspiration, has steadily accumulated, until, at the present time, there is no visible escape from the conclusion that each of the three is a compilation consisting of a groundwork common to all three—the threefold tradition ; and of a superstructure, consisting, firstly, of matter common to it with one of the others, and, secondly, of matter special to each. The use of the terms "ground-

work" and "superstructure" by no means implies that the latter must be of later date than the former. On the contrary, some parts of it may be, and probably are, older than some parts of the groundwork.\*

The story of the Gadarene swine belongs to the groundwork ; at least, the essential part of it, in which the belief in demoniac possession is expressed, does ; and therefore the compilers of the first, second, and third gospels, whoever they were, certainly accepted that belief (which, indeed, was universal among both Jews and pagans at that time), and attributed it to Jesus.

What, then, do we know about the originator, or originators, of this groundwork—of that threefold tradition which all three witnesses (in Paley's phrase) agree upon—that we should allow their mere statements to outweigh the counter arguments of humanity, of common sense, of exact science, and to imperil the respect which all would be glad to be able to render to their Master?

Absolutely nothing.† There is no proof, nothing more than a fair presumption, that any one of the gospels existed, in the state in which we find it in the authorized version of the Bible, before the second century, or, in other words, sixty or seventy years after the events recorded. And, between that time and the date of the oldest extant manuscripts of the Gospels, there is no telling what additions and alterations and interpolations may have been made. It may be said that this is all mere speculation, but it is a good deal more. As competent scholars and honest men, our revisers have felt compelled to point out that such things have happened even since the date of the oldest known manuscripts. The oldest two copies of the

\* See, for an admirable discussion of the whole subject, Dr. Abbott's article on the Gospels in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ; and the remarkable monograph by Professor Volkmar, *Jesus Nazarenus und die erste christliche Zeit* (1882). Whether we agree with the conclusions of these writers or not, the method of critical investigation which they adopt is unimpeachable.

† Notwithstanding the hard words shot at me from behind the hedge of anonymity by a writer in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, I repeat, without the slightest fear of refutation, that the four Gospels, as they have come to us, are the work of unknown writers.

second Gospel end with the 8th verse of the 16th chapter; the remaining twelve verses are spurious, and it is noteworthy that the maker of the addition has not hesitated to introduce a speech in which Jesus promises his disciples that "in My name shall they cast out devils."

The other passage "rejected to the margin" is still more instructive. It is that touching apologue, with its profound ethical sense, of the woman taken in adultery—which, if internal evidence were an infallible guide, might well be affirmed to be a typical example of the teachings of Jesus. Yet, say the revisers, pitilessly, "Most of the ancient authorities omit John vii. 53-viii. 11." Now let any reasonable man ask himself this question. If, after an approximate settlement of the canon of the New Testament, and even later than the fourth and fifth centuries, literary fabricators had the skill and the audacity to make such additions and interpolations as these, what may they have done when no one had thought of a canon; when oral tradition, still unfixed, was regarded as more valuable than such written records as may have existed in the latter portion of the first century? Or, to take the other alternative, if those who gradually settled the canon did not know of the existence of the oldest codices which have come down to us; or if, knowing them, they rejected their authority, what is to be thought of their competency as critics of the text?

People who object to free criticism of the Christian Scriptures forget that they are what they are in virtue of very free criticism; unless the advocates of inspiration are prepared to affirm that the majority of influential ecclesiastics during several centuries were safeguarded against error. For, even granting that some books of the period were inspired, they were certainly few among many; and those who selected the canonical books, unless they themselves were also inspired, must be regarded in the light of mere critics, and, from the evidence they have left of their intellectual habits, very uncritical critics. When one thinks that such delicate questions as those involved fell into the hands of men like Papias (who believed in the famous millenarian grape story); of Irenæus with his "reasons" for the existence of only

four Gospels; and of such calm and dispassionate judges as Tertullian, with his "*Credo quia impossibile*:" the marvel is that the selection which constitutes our New Testament is as free as it is from obviously objectionable matter. The apocryphal Gospels certainly deserve to be apocryphal; but one may suspect that a little more critical discrimination would have enlarged the Apocrypha not inconsiderably.

At this point a very obvious objection arises and deserves full and candid consideration. It may be said that critical scepticism carried to the length suggested is historical pyrrhonism; that if we are to altogether discredit an ancient or a modern historian, because he has assumed fabulous matter to be true, it will be as well to give up paying any attention to history. It may be said, and with great justice, that Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne* is none the less trustworthy because of the astounding revelation of credulity, of lack of judgment, and even of respect for the eighth commandment, which he has unconsciously made in the *History of the Translation of the Blessed Martyrs Marcellinus and Paul*. Or, to go no farther back than the last number of this Review, surely that excellent lady, Miss Strickland, is not to be refused all credence because of the myth about the second James's remains, which she seems to have unconsciously invented.

Of course this is perfectly true. I am afraid there is no man alive whose witness could be accepted, if the condition precedent were proof that he had never invented and promulgated a myth. In the minds of all of us there are little places here and there, like the indistinguishable spots on a rock which give foothold to moss or stone-crop; on which, if the germ of a myth fall, it is certain to grow, without in the least degree affecting our accuracy or truthfulness elsewhere. Sir Walter Scott knew that he could not repeat a story without, as he said, "giving it a new hat and stick." Most of us differ from Sir Walter only in not knowing about this tendency of the mythopœic faculty to break out unnoticed. But it is also perfectly true that the mythopœic faculty is not equally active on all minds, nor in all regions and under all conditions of the



same mind. David Hume was certainly not so liable to temptation as the Venerable Bede, or even as some recent historians who could be mentioned; and the most imaginative of debtors, if he owes five pounds, never makes an obligation to pay a hundred out of it. The rule of common sense is *prima facie* to trust a witness in all matters in which neither his self-interest, his passions, his prejudices, nor that love of the marvellous, which is inherent to a greater or less degree in all mankind, are strongly concerned; and, when they are involved, to require corroborative evidence in exact proportion to the contravention of probability by the thing testified.

Now, in the Gadarene affair, I do not think I am unreasonably sceptical if I say that the existence of demons who can be transferred from a man to a pig, does thus contravene probability. Let me be perfectly candid. I admit I have no *a priori* objection to offer. There are physical things, such as *tanix* and *trichinae*, which can be transferred from men to pigs, and *vice versa*, and which do undoubtedly produce most diabolical and deadly effects on both. For anything I can absolutely prove to the contrary, there may be spiritual things capable of the same transmigration, with like effects. Moreover I am bound to add that perfectly truthful persons, for whom I have the greatest respect, believe in stories about spirits of the present day, quite as improbable as that we are considering.

So I declare, as plainly as I can, that I am unable to show cause why these transferable devils should not exist; nor can I deny that, not merely the whole Roman Church, but many Wacean "infidels" of no mean repute, do honestly and firmly believe that the activity of such-like dæmonic beings is in full swing in this year of grace 1889.

Nevertheless, as good Bishop Butler says, "probability is the guide of life," and it seems to me that this is just one of the cases in which the canon of credibility and testimony, which I have ventured to lay down, has full force. So that, with the most entire respect for many (by no means for all) of our witnesses for the truth of dæmonology, ancient and modern, I conceive their evidence on this particular matter to be

ridiculously insufficient to warrant their conclusion.\*

After what has been said I do not think that any sensible man, unless he happen to be angry, will accuse me of "contradicting the Lord and His Apostles" if I reiterate my total disbelief in the whole Gadarene story. But if that story is discredited, all the other stories of demoniac possession fall under suspicion. And if the belief in demons and demoniac possession, which forms the sombre background of the whole picture of primitive Christianity presented to us in the New Testament, is shaken, what is to be said, in any case, of the uncorroborated testimony of the Gospels with respect to "the unseen world"?

I am not aware that I have been influenced by any more bias in regard to the Gadarene story than I have been in dealing with other cases of like kind the investigation of which has interested me. I was brought up in the strictest school of evangelical orthodoxy; and when I was old enough to think for myself, I started upon my journey of inquiry with little doubt about the general truth of what I had been taught; and with that feeling of the unpleasantness of being called an "infidel" which, we are told, is so right and proper. Near my journey's end, I find myself in a condition of something more than mere doubt about these matters.

In the course of other inquiries, I have had to do with fossil remains which looked quite plain at a distance, and be-

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\* Their arguments, in the long run, are always reducible to one form. Otherwise trustworthy witnesses affirm that such and such events took place. These events are inexplicable, except the agency of "spirits" is admitted. Therefore "spirits" were the cause of the phenomena.

And the heads of the reply are always the same. Remember Goethe's aphorism: "Alles factische ist schon Theorie." Trustworthy witnesses are constantly deceived, or deceive themselves, in their interpretation of sensible phenomena. No one can prove that the sensible phenomena, in these cases, could be caused only by the agency of spirits; and there is abundant ground for believing that they may be produced in other ways.

Therefore, the utmost that can be reasonably asked for, on the evidence as it stands, is suspension of judgment. And, on the necessity for even that suspension, reasonable men may differ, according to their views of probability.

came more and more indistinct as I tried to define their outline by close inspection. There was something there—something which, if I could win assurance about it, might mark a new epoch in the history of the earth; but, study as long as I might, certainty eluded my grasp. So has it been with me in my efforts to define the grand figure of Jesus as it lies in the primary strata of Christian literature. Is he the kindly, peaceful Christ depicted in the Catacombs? Or is he the stern judge who frowns above the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damianus? Or can he be rightly represented in the bleeding ascetic, broken down by physical pain, of too many mediæval pictures? Are we to accept the Jesus of the second, or the Jesus of the fourth gospel, as the true Jesus? What did he really say and do; and how much that is attributed to him in speech and action is the embroidery of the various parties into which his followers tended to split themselves within twenty years of his death, when even the threefold tradition was only nascent?

If any one will answer these questions for me with something more to the point than feeble talk about the "cowardice of agnosticism," I shall be deeply his debtor. Unless and until they are satisfactorily answered, I say of agnosticism in this matter, "*J'y suis, et j'y reste.*"

But, as we have seen, it is asserted that I have no business to call myself an agnostic; that if I am not a Christian I am an infidel; and that I ought to call myself by that name of "unpleasant significance." Well, I do not care much what I am called by other people, and if I had at my side all those who since the Christian era have been called infidels by other folks, I could not desire better company. If these are my ancestors, I prefer, with the old Frank, to be with them wherever they are. But there are several points in Dr. Wace's contention which must be eliminated before I can even think of undertaking to carry out his wishes. I must, for instance, know what a Christian is. Now what is a Christian? By whose authority is the signification of that term defined? Is there any doubt that the immediate followers of Jesus, the "sect of the Nazarenes," were strictly ortho-

dox Jews, differing from other Jews not more than the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the Essenes differed from one another; in fact, only in the belief that the Messiah, for whom the rest of their nation waited, had come? Was not their chief, "James, the brother of the Lord," revered alike by Sadducee, Pharisee, and Nazarene? At the famous conference which, according to the Acts, took place at Jerusalem, does not James declare that "myriads" of Jews, who, by that time, had become Nazarenes, were "all zealous for the Law"? Was not the name of "Christian" first used to denote the converts to the doctrine promulgated by Paul and Barnabas at Antioch? Does the subsequent history of Christianity leave any doubt that, from this time forth, the "little rift within the lute" caused by the new teaching developed, if not inaugurated, at Antioch, grew wider and wider, until the two types of doctrine irreconcilably diverged? Did not the primitive Nazarenism or Ebionism develop into the Nazarenism, and Ebionism, and Elkasaitism of later ages, and finally die out in obscurity and condemnation as damnable heresy; while the younger doctrine thrived and pushed out its shoots into that endless variety of sects, of which the three strongest survivors are the Roman and Greek Churches and modern Protestantism?

Singular state of things! If I were to profess the doctrine which was held by "James, the brother of the Lord," and by every one of the "myriads" of his followers and coreligionists in Jerusalem up to twenty or thirty years after the Crucifixion (and one knows not how much later at Pella), I should be condemned with unanimity as an ebionizing heretic by the Roman, Greek, and Protestant churches! And, probably, this hearty and unanimous condemnation of the creed held by those who were in the closest personal relation with their Lord is almost the only point upon which they would be cordially of one mind. On the other hand, though I hardly dare imagine such a thing, I very much fear that the "pillars" of the primitive Hierosolymitan Church would have considered Dr. Wace an infidel. No one can read the famous second chapter of Galatians and the book of Revelation with-

out seeing how narrow was even Paul's escape from a similar fate. And, if ecclesiastical history is to be trusted, the thirty-nine articles, be they right or wrong, diverge from the primitive doctrine of the Nazarenes vastly more than even Pauline Christianity did.

But, further than this, I have great difficulty in assuring myself that even James "the brother of the Lord," and his "myriads" of Nazarenes, properly represented the doctrines of their Master. For it is constantly asserted by our modern "pillars" that one of the chief features of the work of Jesus was the instauration of Religion by the abolition of what our sticklers for articles and liturgies, with unconscious humor, call the narrow restrictions of the Law. Yet, if James knew this, how could the bitter controversy with Paul have arisen; and why did one or the other side not quote any of the various sayings of Jesus, recorded in the Gospels, which directly bear on the question—sometimes, apparently, in opposite directions?

So if I am asked to call myself an "infidel" I reply, To what doctrine do you ask me to be faithful? Is it that contained in the Nicene and the Athanasian Creeds? My firm belief is that the Nazarenes, say of the year 40, headed by James, would have stopped their ears and thought worthy of stoning the audacious man who propounded it to them. Is it contained in the so-called Apostles' Creed? I am pretty sure that even that would have created a recalcitrant commotion at Pella in the year 70, among the Nazarenes of Jerusalem, who had fled from the soldiers of Titus. And yet if the unadulterated tradition of the teachings of "the Nazarene" were to be found anywhere, it surely should have been amid those not very aged disciples who may have heard them as they were delivered.

Therefore, however sorry I may be to be unable to demonstrate that, if necessary, I should not be afraid to call myself an "infidel," I cannot do it, even to gratify the Bishop of Peterborough and Dr. Wace. And I would appeal to the Bishop, whose native sense of humor is not the least marked of his many excellent gifts and virtues, whether asking a man to call himself an "infidel" is

not rather a droll request. "Infidel" is a term of reproach, which Christians and Mahommedans, in their modesty, agree to apply to those who differ from them. If he had only thought of it, Dr. Wace might have used the term "miscreant," which, with the same etymological signification, has the advantage of being still more "unpleasant" to the persons to whom it is applied. But, in the name of all that is Hibernian, I ask the Bishop of Peterborough why should a man be expected to call himself a "miscreant" or an "infidel"? That St. Patrick "had two birthdays because he was a twin" is a reasonable and intelligible utterance beside that of the man who should declare himself to be an infidel on the ground of denying his own belief. It may be logically, if not ethically, defensible that a Christian should call a Mahommedan an infidel and *vice versa*; but, on Dr. Wace's principles, both ought to call themselves infidels, because each applies that term to the other.

Now I am afraid that all the Mahommedan world would agree in reciprocating that appellation to Dr. Wace himself. I once visited the Hazar Mosque, the great University of Mahommedanism, in Cairo, in ignorance of the fact that I was unprovided with proper authority. A swarm of angry undergraduates, as I suppose I ought to call them, came buzzing about me and my guide; and if I had known Arabic, I suspect that "dog of an infidel" would have been by no means the most "unpleasant" of the epithets showered upon me, before I could explain and apologize for the mistake. If I had had the pleasure of Dr. Wace's company on that occasion, the indiscriminate followers of the Prophet would, I am afraid, have made no difference between us; not even if they had known that he was the head of an orthodox Christian seminary. And I have not the smallest doubt that even one of the learned mollahs, if his grave courtesy would have permitted him to say anything offensive to men of another mode of belief, would have told us that he wondered we did not find it "very unpleasant" to disbelieve in the Prophet of Islam.

From what precedes, I think it becomes sufficiently clear that Dr. Wace's

account of the origin of the name of "Agnostic" is quite wrong. Indeed, I am bound to add that very slight effort to discover the truth would have convinced him that, as a matter of fact, the term arose otherwise. I am loath to go over an old story once more; but more than one object which I have in view will be served by telling it a little more fully than it has yet been told.

Looking back nearly fifty years, I see myself as a boy, whose education had been interrupted, and who, intellectually, was left, for some years, altogether to his own devices. At that time, I was a voracious and omnivorous reader; a dreamer and speculator of the first water, well endowed with that splendid courage in attacking any and every subject, which is the blessed compensation of youth and inexperience. Among the books and essays, on all sorts of topics from metaphysics to heraldry, which I read at this time, two left indelible impressions on my mind. One was Guizot's *History of Civilization*, the other was Sir William Hamilton's essay "On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned," which I came upon, by chance, in an odd volume of the *Edinburgh Review*. The latter was certainly strange reading for a boy, and I could not possibly have understood a great deal of it;\* nevertheless, I devoured it with avidity, and it stamped upon my mind the strong conviction that, on even the most solemn and important of questions, men are apt to take cunning phrases for answers; and that the limitation of our faculties, in a great number of cases, renders real answers to such questions, not merely actually impossible, but theoretically inconceivable.

Philosophy and history having laid hold of me in this eccentric fashion, have never loosened their grip. I have no pretension to be an expert in either subject; but the turn for philosophical and historical reading, which rendered Hamilton and Guizot attractive to me, has not only filled many lawful leisure hours, and still more sleepless ones,

with the repose of changed mental occupation, but has not unfrequently disputed my proper work-time with my liege lady, Natural Science. In this way, I have found it possible to cover a good deal of ground in the territory of philosophy; and all the more easily that I have never cared much about A's or B's opinions, but have rather sought to know what answer he had to give to the questions I had to put to him—that of the limitation of possible knowledge being the chief. The ordinary examiner with his "State the views of So-and-so" would have floored me at any time. If he had said what do *you* think about any given problem, I might have got on fairly well.

The reader who has had the patience to follow the enforced, but unwilling, egotism of this veritable history (especially if his studies have led him in the same direction), will now see why my mind steadily gravitated toward the conclusions of Hume and Kant, so well stated by the latter in a sentence, which I have quoted elsewhere.

"The greatest and perhaps the sole use of all philosophy of pure reason is, after all, merely negative, since it serves not as an organon for the enlargement [of knowledge], but as a discipline for its delimitation; and, instead of discovering truth, has only the modest merit of preventing error."\*

When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist; a materialist or an idealist; a Christian or a freethinker; I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer; until, at last, I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations, except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain "gnosis,"—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. And, with Hume and Kant on my side, I could not think myself presumptuous.

\* Yet I must somehow have laid hold of the pith of the matter, for, many years afterward, when Dean Mansell's Bampton lectures were published, it seemed to me I already knew all that this eminently agnostic thinker had to tell me.

\* *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. Edit. Hartenstein, p. 256.



tuous in holding fast by that opinion.  
Like Dante,

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,

but, unlike Dante, I cannot add,

Che la diritta via era smarrita.

On the contrary, I had, and have, the firmest conviction that I never left the "verace via"—the straight road; and that this road led nowhere else but into the dark depths of a wild and tangled forest. And though I have found leopards and lions in the path; though I have made abundant acquaintance with the hungry wolf, that "with privy paw devours apace and nothing said," as another great poet says of the ravening beast; and though no friendly spectre has even yet offered his guidance, I was, and am, minded to go straight on, until I either come out on the other side of the wood, or find there is no other side to it, at least, none attainable by me.

This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of that remarkable confraternity of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there, and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were *-ists* of one sort or another; and, however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of "agnostic." It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the "gnostic" of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant; and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our Society, to show that I, too, had a tail, like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction, the term took; and when the *Spectator* had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the minds of respectable people, that a knowledge of its parentage might have awakened, was, of course, completely lulled.

That is the history of the origin of the terms "agnostic" and "agnosticism;" and it will be observed that it does not quite agree with the confident assertion of the reverend Principal of King's College, that "the adoption of the term agnostic is only an attempt to shift the issue, and that it involves a mere evasion" in relation to the Church and Christianity.\*

The last objection (I rejoice, as much as my readers must do, that it is the last) which I have to take to Dr. Wace's deliverance before the Church Congress arises, I am sorry to say, on a question of morality.

"It is, and it ought to be," authoritatively declares this official representative of Christian ethics, "an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ" (*l. c.* p. 254).

Whether it is so, depends, I imagine, a good deal on whether the man was brought up in a Christian household or not. I do not see why it should be "unpleasant" for a Mahomedan or a Buddhist to say so. But that "it ought to be" unpleasant for any man to say anything which he sincerely, and after due deliberation, believes, is, to my mind, a proposition of the most profoundly immoral character. I verily believe that the great good which has been effected in the world by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilent doctrine on which all the churches have insisted, that honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and involving the same future retribution as murder and robbery. If we could only see, in one view, the torrents of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, the slaughter, the violations of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this source along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worst imaginations of Hell would pale beside the vision.

A thousand times, no! It ought *not* to be unpleasant to say that which one honestly believes or disbelieves. That

\* *Report of the Church Congress, Manchester, 1888, p. 252.*

it so constantly is painful to do so, is quite enough obstacle to the progress of mankind in that most valuable of all qualities, honesty of word or of deed, without erecting a sad concomitant of human weakness into something to be admired and cherished. The bravest of soldiers often, and very naturally, "feel it unpleasant" to go into action; but a court-martial which did its duty would make short work of the officer who promulgated the doctrine that his men *ought* to feel their duty unpleasant.

I am very well aware, as I suppose most thoughtful people are in these times, that the process of breaking away from old beliefs is extremely unpleasant; and I am much disposed to think that the encouragement, the consolation, and the peace afforded to earnest believers in even the worst forms of Christianity are of great practical advantage to them. What deductions must be made from this gain on the score of the harm done to the citizen by the ascetic other-worldliness of logical Christianity; to the ruler, by the hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of sectarian bigotry; to the legislator, by the spirit of exclusiveness and domination of those that count themselves pillars of orthodoxy; to the philosopher, by the restraints on the freedom of learning and teaching which every Church exercises, when it is strong enough; to the conscientious soul, by the introspective hunting after sins of the mint and cummin type, the fear of theological error, and the overpowering terror of possible damnation, which have accompanied the churches like their shadow, I need not now consider; but they are assuredly not small. If agnostics lose heavily on the one side, they gain a good deal on the other. People who talk about the comforts of belief appear to forget its discomforts; they ignore the fact that the Christianity of the churches is something more than faith in the ideal personality of Jesus, which they create for themselves, *plus* so much as can be carried into practice, without disorganizing civil society, of the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount. Trip in morals or in doctrine (especially in doctrine), without due repentance or retractation, or fail to get properly baptized before you die, and a *plébiscite* of the Christians of Europe, if they were

true to their creeds, would affirm your everlasting damnation by an immense majority.

Preachers, orthodox and heterodox, din into our ears that the world cannot get on without faith of some sort. There is a sense in which that is as eminently as obviously true; there is another, in which, in my judgment, it is as eminently as obviously false, and it seems to me that the hortatory, or pulpit, mind is apt to oscillate between the false and the true meanings, without being aware of the fact.

It is quite true that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith, which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. From the nature of ratiocination it is obvious that the axioms on which it is based cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination. It is also a trite observation, that, in the business of life, we constantly take the most serious action upon evidence of an utterly insufficient character. But it is surely plain that faith is not necessarily entitled to dispense with ratiocination because ratiocination cannot dispense with faith as a starting point; and that because we are often obliged, by the pressure of events, to act on very bad evidence, it does not follow that it is proper to act on such evidence when the pressure is absent.

The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews tells us that "faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen." In the authorized version "substance" stands for "assurance," and "evidence" for "the proving." The question of the exact meaning of the two words, *ὑπόστασις* and *ἔλεγχος*, affords a fine field of discussion for the scholar and the metaphysician. But I fancy we shall be not far from the mark if we take the writer to have had in his mind the profound psychological truth that men constantly feel certain about things for which they strongly hope, but have no evidence, in the legal or logical sense of the word; and he calls this feeling "faith." I may have the most absolute faith that a friend has not committed the crime of which he is accused. In the early days of English

history, if my friend could have obtained a few more compurgators of like robust faith, he would have been acquitted. At the present day, if I tendered myself as a witness on that score, the judge would tell me to stand down, and the youngest barrister would smile at my simplicity. Miserable indeed is the man who has not such faith in some of his fellow-men—only less miserable than the man who allows himself to forget that such faith is not, strictly speaking, evidence; and when his faith is disappointed, as will happen now and again, turns Timon and blames the universe for his own blunders. And so, if a man can find a friend, the hypostasis of all his hopes, the mirror of his ethical ideal, in the Jesus of any, or all, of the Gospels, let him live by faith in that ideal. Who shall or can forbid him? But let him not delude himself with the notion that his faith is evidence of the objective reality of that in which he trusts. Such evidence is to be obtained only by the use of the methods of science, as applied to history and to literature, and it amounts at present to very little.

It appears that Mr. Gladstone, some time ago, asked Mr. Laing if he could draw up a short summary of the negative creed; a body of negative propositions, which have so far been adopted on the negative side as to be what the Apostles' and other accepted creeds are on the positive; and Mr. Laing at once kindly obliged Mr. Gladstone with the desired articles—eight of them.

If any one had preferred this request to me, I should have replied that, if he referred to agnostics, they have no creed; and, by the nature of the case, cannot have any. Agnosticism, in fact, is not a creed, but a method, the essence of which lies in the rigorous application of a single principle. That principle is of great antiquity; it is as old as Socrates; as old as the writer who said, "Try all things, hold fast by that which is good;" it is the foundation of the Reformation, which simply illustrated the axiom that every man should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him; it is the great principle of Descartes; it is the fundamental axiom of modern Science. Positively the prin-

ciple may be expressed: In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively: In matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That I take to be the agnostic faith, which if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him.

The results of the working out of the agnostic principle will vary according to individual knowledge and capacity, and according to the general condition of science. That which is unproven to-day may be proven, by the help of new discoveries, to-morrow. The only negative fixed points will be those negations which flow from the demonstrable limitation of our faculties. And the only obligation accepted is to have the mind always open to conviction. Agnostics who never fail in carrying out their principles are, I am afraid, as rare as other people of whom the same consistency can be truthfully predicated. But, if you were to meet with such a phoenix and to tell him that you had discovered that two and two make five, he would patiently ask you to state your reasons for that conviction, and express his readiness to agree with you if he found them satisfactory. The apostolic injunction to "suffer fools gladly," should be the rule of life of a true agnostic. I am deeply conscious how far I myself fall short of this ideal, but it is my personal conception of what agnostics ought to be.

However, as I began by stating, I speak only for myself; and I do not dream of anathematizing and excommunicating Mr. Laing. But, when I consider his creed and compare it with the Athanasian, I think I have, on the whole, a clearer conception of the meaning of the latter. "Polarity," in Article viii., for example, is a word about which I heard a good deal in my youth, when "Naturphilosophie" was in fashion, and greatly did I suffer from it. For many years past, whenever I have met with "polarity" anywhere but in a discussion of some purely physical topic, such as magnetism, I have shut the

book. Mr. Laing must excuse me if the force of habit was too much for me when I read his eighth article.

And now, what is to be said to Mr. Harrison's remarkable deliverance "On the future of agnosticism"?\* I would that it were not my business to say anything, for I am afraid that I can say nothing which shall manifest my great personal respect for this able writer, and for the zeal and energy with which he ever and anon galvanizes the weakly frame of Positivism until it looks more than ever like John Bunyan's Pope and Pagan rolled into one. There is a story often repeated, and I am afraid none the less mythical on that account, of a valiant and loud-voiced corporal, in command of two full privates, who falling in with a regiment of the enemy in the dark, orders it to surrender under pain of instant annihilation by his force; and the enemy surrenders accordingly. I am always reminded of this tale when I read the positivist commands to the forces of Christianity and of Science; only the enemy show no more signs of intending to obey now than they have done any time these forty years.

The allocution under consideration has the papal flavor which is wont to hang about the utterances of the pontiffs of the Church of Comte. Mr. Harrison speaks with authority and not as one of the common scribes of the period. He knows not only what agnosticism is and how it has come about, but what will become of it. The agnostic is to content himself with being the precursor of the positivist. In his place, as a sort of navy levelling the ground and cleansing it of such poor stuff as Christianity, he is a useful creature who deserves patting on the back, on condition that he does not venture beyond his last. But let not these scientific Sanballats presume that they are good enough to take part in the building of the Temple—they are mere Samaritans, doomed to die out in proportion as the Religion of Humanity is accepted by mankind. Well, if that is their fate, they have time to be cheerful. But let us hear Mr. Harrison's pronouncement of their doom.

"Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion, an entirely negative stage, the point reached by physicists, a purely mental conclusion, with no relation to things social at all" (p. 154). I am quite dazed by this declaration. Are there, then, any "conclusions" that are not "purely mental"? Is there "no relation to things social" in "mental conclusions" which affect men's whole conception of life? Was that prince of agnostics, David Hume, particularly imbued with physical science? Supposing physical science to be non-existent, would not the agnostic principle, applied by the philologist and the historian, lead to exactly the same results? Is the modern more or less complete suspension of judgment as to the facts of the history of regal Rome, or the real origin of the Homeric poems, anything but agnosticism in history and in literature? And if so, how can agnosticism be the "mere negation of the physicist"?

"Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion." No two people agree as to what is meant by the term "religion"; but if it means, as I think it ought to mean, simply the reverence and love for the ethical ideal, and the desire to realize that ideal in life, which every man ought to feel—then I say agnosticism has no more to do with it than it has to do with music or painting. If, on the other hand, Mr. Harrison, like most people, means by "religion" theology, then, in my judgment, agnosticism can be said to be a stage in its evolution, only as death may be said to be the final stage in the evolution of life.

When agnostic logic is simply one of the canons of thought, agnosticism, as a distinctive faith, will have spontaneously disappeared. (P. 155.)

I can but marvel that such sentences as this, and those already quoted, should have proceeded from Mr. Harrison's pen. Does he really mean to suggest that agnostics have a logic peculiar to themselves? Will he kindly help me out of my bewilderment when I try to think of "logic" being anything else than the canon (which, I believe, means rule) of thought? As to agnosticism being a distinctive faith, I have already shown that it cannot possibly be anything of the kind; unless perfect faith

\* *Fortnightly Review*, Jan. 1889.



in logic is distinctive of agnostics, which, after all, it may be.

Agnosticism as a religious philosophy *per se* rests on an almost total ignoring of history and social evolution. (P. 152.)

But neither *per se* nor *per aliud* has agnosticism (if I know anything about it) the least pretension to be a religious philosophy; so far from resting on ignorance of history, and that social evolution of which history is the account, it is and has been the inevitable result of the strict adherence to scientific methods by historical investigators. Our forefathers were quite confident about the existence of Romulus and Remus, of King Arthur, and of Hengst and Horsa. Most of us have become agnostics in regard to the reality of these worthies. It is a matter of notoriety, of which Mr. Harrison, who accuses us all so freely of ignoring history, should not be ignorant, that the critical process which has shattered the foundations of orthodox Christian doctrine owes its origin, not to the devotees of physical science, but, before all, to Richard Simon, the learned French Oratorian, just two hundred years ago. I cannot find evidence that either Simon, or any one of the great scholars and critics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries who have continued Simon's work, had any particular acquaintance with physical science. I have already pointed out that Hume was independent of it. And certainly one of the most potent influences in the same direction, upon history in the present century, that of Grote, did not come from the physical side. Physical science, in fact, has had nothing directly to do with the criticism of the Gospels; it is wholly incompetent to furnish demonstrative evidence that any statement made in these histories is untrue. Indeed, modern physiology can find parallels in nature for events of apparently the most eminently supernatural kind recounted in some of those histories.

It is a comfort to hear, upon Mr. Harrison's authority, that the laws of physical nature show no signs of becoming "less definite, less consistent, or less popular as time goes on" (p. 154). How a law of nature is to become indefinite, or "inconsistent," passes my poor powers of imagination. But with uni-

versal suffrage and the coach-dog theory of Premiership in full view; the theory, I mean, that the whole duty of a political chief is to look sharp for the way the social coach is driving, and then run in front and bark loud—as if being the leading noise-maker and guiding were the same things—it is truly satisfactory to me to know that the laws of nature are increasing in popularity. Looking at recent developments of the policy which is said to express the great heart of the people, I have had my doubts of the fact; and my love for my fellow-countrymen has led me to reflect with dread on what will happen to them, if any of the laws of nature ever become so unpopular in their eyes as to be voted down by the transcendent authority of universal suffrage. If the legion of demons, before they set out on their journey in the swine, had had time to hold a meeting and to resolve unanimously, "That the law of gravitation is oppressive and ought to be repealed," I am afraid it would have made no sort of difference to the result, when their two thousand unwilling porters were once launched down the steep slopes of the fatal shore of Gennesaret.

The question of the place of religion as an element of human nature, as a force of human society, its origin, analysis, and functions, has never been considered at all from an agnostic point of view. (P. 152.)

I doubt not that Mr. Harrison knows vastly more about history than I do; in fact, he tells the public that some of my friends and I have had no opportunity of occupying ourselves with that subject. I do not like to contradict any statement which Mr. Harrison makes on his own authority; only, if I may be true to my agnostic principles, I humbly ask how he has obtained assurance on this head. I do not profess to know anything about the range of Mr. Harrison's studies; but as he has thought it fitting to start the subject, I may venture to point out that, on the evidence adduced, it might be equally permissible to draw the conclusion that Mr. Harrison's absorbing labors as the *pontifex maximus* of the positivist religion have not allowed him to acquire that acquaintance with the methods and results of physical science, or with the history of philosophy, or of philological and his-

torical criticism, which is essential to any one who desires to obtain a right understanding of agnosticism. Incompetence in philosophy, and in all branches of science except mathematics, is the well-known mental characteristic of the founder of Positivism. Faithfulness in disciples is an admirable quality in itself; the pity is that it not unfrequently leads to the imitation of the weaknesses as well as of the strength of the master. It is only such over-faithfulness which can account for a "strong mind really saturated with the historical sense" (p. 153) exhibiting the extraordinary forgetfulness of the historical fact of the existence of David Hume implied by the assertion that

it would be difficult to name a single known agnostic who has given to history anything like the amount of thought and study which he brings to a knowledge of the physical world. (P. 153.)

Whoso calls to mind what I may venture to term the bright side of Christianity; that ideal of manhood, with its strength and its patience; its justice and its pity for human frailty; its helpfulness, to the extremity of self-sacrifice; its ethical purity and nobility; which apostles have pictured, in which armies of martyrs have placed their unshakable faith, and whence obscure men and women, like Catherine of Sienna and John Knox, have derived the courage to rebuke popes and kings, is not likely to underrate the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history, or to doubt that if that faith should prove to be incompatible with our knowledge, or necessary want of knowledge, some other hypostasis of men's hopes, genuine enough and worthy enough to replace it, will arise. But that the incongruous mixture of bad science with eviscerated papistry, out of which Comte manufactured the positivist religion, will be the heir of the Christian ages, I have too much respect for the humanity of the future to believe. Charles the Second told his brother, "They will not kill me, James, to make you king." And if critical science is remorselessly destroying the historical foundations of the noblest ideal of humanity which mankind have yet worshipped, it is little likely to permit the pitiful reality to climb into the vacant shrine.

That a man should determine to devote himself to the service of humanity—including intellectual and moral self-culture under that name; that this should be, in the proper sense of the word, his religion—is not only an intelligible, but, I think, a laudable resolution. And I am greatly disposed to believe that it is the only religion which will prove itself to be unassailably acceptable so long as the human race endures. But when the positivist asks me to worship "Humanity"—that is to say, to adore the generalized conception of men as they ever have been and probably ever will be—I must reply that I could just as soon bow down and worship the generalized conception of a "wilderness of apes." Surely we are not going back to the days of paganism, when individual men were deified, and the hard good sense of a dying Vespasian could prompt the bitter jest, "Ut puto Deus fio." No divinity doth hedge a modern man, be he even a sovereign ruler. Nor is there any one, except a municipal magistrate, who is officially declared worshipful. But if there is no spark of worship-worthy divinity in the individual twigs of humanity, whence comes that godlike splendor which the Moses of positivism fondly imagines to pervade the whole bush?

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which as often as not lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions, which make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life, in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first

try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step yet farther. And the best men of the best epochs are simply those who make the fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins.

That one should rejoice in the good man; forgive the bad man; and pity and help all men to the best of one's ability, is surely indisputable. It is the glory of Judaism and of Christianity to have proclaimed this truth, through all their aberrations. But the worship of a God who needs forgiveness and help, and deserves pity every hour of his existence, is no better than that of any other voluntarily selected fetish. The Emperor Julian's project was hopeful, in comparison with the prospects of the new Anthropolatry.

When the historian of religion in the twentieth century is writing about the nineteenth, I foresee he will say something of this kind:

The most curious and instructive events in the religious history of the preceding century are the rise and progress of two new sects, called Mormons and Positivists. To the student who has carefully considered these remarkable phenomena nothing in the records of religious self-delusion can appear improbable.

The Mormons arose in the midst of the great Republic, which, though comparatively insignificant, at that time, in territory as in the number of its citizens, was (as we know from the fragments of the speeches of its orators which have come down to us) no less remarkable for the native intelligence of its population, than for the wide extent of their information, owing to the activity of their publishers in diffusing all that they could invent, beg, borrow, or steal. Nor were they less noted for their perfect freedom from all restraints in thought or speech or deed; except, to be sure, the beneficent and wise influence of the majority exerted, in case of need, through an institution known as "tarring and feathering," the exact nature of which is now disputed.

There is a complete consensus of testi-

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mony that the founder of Mormonism, one Joseph Smith, was a low-minded, ignorant scamp, and that he stole the "Scriptures" which he propounded; not being clever enough to forge even such contemptible stuff as they contain. Nevertheless he must have been a man of some force of character, for a considerable number of disciples soon gathered about him. In spite of repeated outbursts of popular hatred and violence—during one of which persecutions, Smith was brutally murdered—the Mormon body steadily increased, and became a flourishing community. But the Mormon practices being objectionable to the majority, they were, more than once, without any pretence of law, but by force of riot, arson, and murder, driven away from the land they had occupied. Harried by these persecutions, the Mormon body eventually committed itself to the tender mercies of a desert as barren as that of Sinai; and, after terrible sufferings and privations, reached the oasis of Utah. Here it grew and flourished, sending out missionaries to, and receiving converts from, all parts of Europe, sometimes to the number of 10,000 in a year; until in 1880, the rich and flourishing community numbered 110,000 souls in Utah alone, while there were probably 30,000 or 40,000 scattered abroad elsewhere. In the whole history of religions there is no more remarkable example of the power of faith; and, in this case, the founder of that faith was indubitably a most despicable creature. It is interesting to observe that the course taken by the great Republic and its citizens runs exactly parallel with that taken by the Roman Empire and its citizens toward the early Christians, except that the Romans had a certain legal excuse for their acts of violence, inasmuch as the Christian "sodalities" were not licensed, and consequently were, *ipso facto*, illegal assemblages. Until, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the United States legislature decreed the illegality of polygamy, the Mormons were wholly within the law.

Nothing can present a greater contrast to all this than the history of the Positivists. This sect arose much about the same time as that of the Mormons, in the upper and most instructed stratum

um of the quick-witted, sceptical population of Paris. The founder, Auguste Comte, was a teacher of mathematics, but of no eminence in that department of knowledge, and with nothing but an amateur's acquaintance with physical, chemical, and biological science. His works are repulsive on account of the dull diffuseness of their style, and a certain air, as of a superior person, which characterizes them; but nevertheless they contain good things here and there. It would take too much space to reproduce in detail a system which proposes to regulate all human life by the promulgation of a gentile Leviticus. Suffice it to say that M. Comte may be described as a syncretic, who, like the Gnostics of early Church history, attempted to combine the substance of imperfectly comprehended contemporary science with the form of Roman Christianity. It may be that this is the reason why his disciples were so very angry with some obscure people called Agnostics, whose views, if we may judge by the accounts left in the works of a great Positivist controversial writer, were very absurd.

To put the matter briefly, M. Comte, finding Christianity and Science at daggers drawn, seems to have said to Science, "You find Christianity rotten at the core, do you? Well, I will scoop out the inside of it." And to Romanism: "You find Science mere dry light—cold and bare. Well, I will put your shell over it, and so, as schoolboys make a spectre out of a turnip and a tallow candle, behold the new religion of Humanity complete!"

Unfortunately neither the Romanists nor the people who were something more than amateurs in science, could be got to worship M. Comte's new idol properly. In the native country of Positivism, one distinguished man of letters and one of science, for a time, helped to make up a roomful of the faithful, but their love soon grew cold. In England, on the other hand, there appears to be little doubt that, in the ninth decade of the century, the multitude of disciples reached the grand total of several score. They had the advantage of the advocacy of one or two most eloquent and learned apostles, and, at any rate, the sympathy of several persons of light and leading—and, if they were not seen, they were heard all over the world. On the other hand, as a sect, they labored under the prodigious disadvantage of being refined, estimable people, living in the midst of the worn-out civilization of the old world; where any one who had tried to persecute them, as the Mormons were persecuted, would have been instantly hanged. But the majority never dreamed of persecuting them; on the contrary they were rather given to scold, and otherwise try the patience of, the majority.

The history of these sects in the closing years of the century is highly instructive. Mormonism . . .

But I find I have suddenly slipped off Mr. Harrison's tripod, which I had borrowed for the occasion. The fact is, I am not equal to the prophetic business, and ought not to have undertaken it.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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### THE VILLAGE GARDEN.

To E. M. S.

BY AMY LEVY.

HERE, where your garden fenced about and still is,  
Here, where the unmoved summer air is sweet  
With mixed delight of lavender and lilies,  
Dreaming I linger in the noontide heat.

Of many summers are the trees recorders,  
The turf a carpet many summers wove;  
Old-fashioned blossoms cluster in the borders,  
Love-in-a-mist and crimson-hearted clove.



All breathes of peace and sunshine in the present,  
 All tells of bygone peace and bygone sun,  
 Of fruitful years accomplished, budding, crescent,  
 Of gentle seasons passing one by one.

Fain would I bide, but ever in the distance  
 A ceaseless voice is sounding clear and low ;—  
 The city calls me with her old persistence  
 The city calls me—I arise and go.

Of gentler souls this fragrant peace is guerdon ;  
 For me, the roar and hurry of the town,  
 Wherein more lightly seems to press the burden  
 Of individual life that weighs me down.

I leave your garden to the happier comers  
 For whom its silent sweets are anodyne.  
 Shall I return ? Who knows, in other summers  
 The peace my spirit longs for may be mine ? |

—Spectator.

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#### A CASK OF HONEY WITH A SPOONFUL OF TAR.

BY MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF.

THIS is a homely saying in Russia, meaning that sometimes a small part spoils the whole. The expression involuntarily occurs to my mind in perusing Mr. Stead's "Truth about Russia"—a book in which the "Honey," which certainly preponderates, is soured by, I regret to say, even more than one spoonful of "Tar." I refer to that section which bears the burlesque title of "The Shadow on the Throne." What the author designates by this is neither more nor less than fidelity to Orthodoxy, and therefore, from a Russian point of view, anything but a "shadow." Against the infusion of this "Tar" I must ventilate my indignation, but, before doing so, permit me, after the manner of some journalists, to make a slight digression.

Some time ago, before the House of Commons so lamentably broke down and Parliamentary institutions lost their flavor, the favorite hobby of the benevolent English missionary in Russia was Constitutionalism. To-day that hobby is discarded, and there are few or none who now recommend a Parliament at St. Petersburg as a panacea for all our troubles, real or imaginary. But as an amiable Englishman is never happy unless recommending a patent remedy

for his neighbor's ills, we are now presented with a new specific from his moral pharmacopœia.

Our Constitution is let alone, all attention being now concentrated upon our souls. And because we show as little respect for dilettante propagandists of religions as for constitutional quackeries, we excite a storm of indignation and protest. Could nothing be done, I wonder, to cure our kind-hearted advisers of this pedagogic mania ? This is actually becoming morbid ! When modesty fails, a sense of the ridiculous should surely save them from an attitude of arrogant superiority. Like the Chinese, they imagine themselves to possess a monopoly of wisdom and civilization, and actually regard as benighted everybody born under another sky.

"Charcot, Charcot ! Pray come over here and establish an English branch of your far-famed Salpêtrière !"

Russia tolerates all religions and prosecutes at law only sects who propagate immoral and criminal doctrines, which would not be permitted, in fact, in any part of the world where Christian morality is accepted as the basis of legislation.

Russia established perfect religious liberty long before many of her civilized

neighbors. It was a saying of Peter the Great that "God has given the Tzar power over the nations, but Christ alone has power over the consciences of men." No difference of religious convictions has been allowed in Russia to stand in the way of promotion to the highest posts—although in Liberal England it was, until recently, a bar even to representation in the Legislature. The Count Loris Melikoff, who, a few years ago, occupied the position almost of a dictator, was an Armenian by nationality and religion. Many of our highest posts are held by Lutherans, and there are Mahommedan aides-de-camp to his Majesty the Emperor. I need hardly recall the fact, well known in England, that Count Nesselrode, Prince Gortchakoff's predecessor at our Foreign Office, was a member of the English Church.

In England and in America, where the Christian faith is "splintered" into a hundred sects, it may be not only possible but necessary to allow liberty of religious competition, or propagandism. The sporting propensity of those countries discloses itself even in the field of religion!

With us it is not so. Our Church prays daily for the unity of all the Churches. That unity of our Church has always been the real power of Russia—a fact which finds recognition in the popular title of "Holy Russia," while England is designated as "Merry" and Italy as "La Bella." Certain facts are deeply rooted and permeate our very nature. We consider every schism a plague, whose infection has to be stamped out. We have no hankering, I assure you, after the ideal of possessing as many creeds as there are signposts; nor do we care to replace the majestic fabric of our National Church by a "Macédoine" of contending sects. Schism may be a virtue in the eyes of a Nonconformist. As for us, we are content with one absolute Truth, based on the Gospels, and explained by the seven Œcumenical Councils. Schisms, far from being commended by the Gospels, are even deplored as positive sins by Saint Paul. Mr. Stead remarked to Mr. Pobédonostzeff, in my presence: "It seems that even the Apostles would be banished from Russia, if they came to preach there." To which, with his

usual kind earnestness, the Procurator of the Holy Synod replied: "But this, which we possess, *is* their doctrine; the Apostles could only come to strengthen our faith, not to shake it."

Nor is it only from the religious standpoint that we reject proselytizing. Russia is primarily a Church, not a State. The only constitution to which our Emperors have to subscribe at their coronation is the Nicene Creed. "Holy Russia" is a theocratic State, which exists, first of all, to defend the Church—that 'soul of Russia. Before even the duty of defending the frontier from invasion of hostile armies, is the duty of defending the Orthodox faith from the assaults of sects and heresies. The Nihilists, who have much method in their madness, in order to destroy the unity of the State, first endeavored to attack the unity of the Church. In this starting-point the Pashkoffzy and the Nihilists unite! But we cannot allow the cement which binds together our mighty empire to be dissolved by a propaganda of iconoclasts, whether political or religious.

Hence, while we permit every man to practice freely in Russia whatever creed he professes, we cannot permit attempts to pervert others from the Orthodox faith.

In Russia you may be Protestant, Catholic, or Mahommedan. You may practice your rites and worship God in your own way, and also bring up your children in your own creed; but in mixed marriages, with a Greek Orthodox, the law of the country insists that the children shall belong to the established faith. Besides, you must keep your hands off other people's creeds and other people's children. "Hands off," is our motto in religious affairs as well as in Balkan politics. "Hands off" all round. Leave us alone, and we leave you alone. Those who go to heaven need no English passport for the better world—that, at least, is not yet annexed to the British Empire.

Nowadays every quack soul-saver thinks himself entitled to pervert our simple-minded peasants, by filling their hearts with all kinds of nonsense, in the name of religious liberty. Now, why should there be more liberty given to spiritual quacks than to medical quacks?

No doctor can practice, even in Free-thinking France, without a diploma, duly certifying the possession of a certain indispensable minimum of knowledge. But in dealing with souls it seems as if every ignoramus, every silly self-appointed apostle, were good enough for the work. Such a view is not in accordance with our ideas, and no shrieks of outraged Salvationists will prevent us from kindly but firmly escorting all such meddling busybodies to the frontier. Imagine a splendid hall, brilliantly illuminated with numerous electric lamps. Suddenly a grotesque tatterdemalion rushes in with a small tallow candle, which he insists is far superior to the electric installation! Surely, it will be his own fault if he is summarily shown the door.

Mr. Stead, I fear, only too eagerly accepted all sorts of canards about the persecution of some adherents of Lord Radstock—or rather, of Lord Radstock's *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Pashkoff. But, by carefully reading Mr. Stead's own melodramatic narrative, it is easy to see that the Hiltons, for instance, who had to leave Russia, obstinately refused to submit to the law of the land. In London all shops, except, I believe, the liquor saloons, have to be closed on Sundays. Such is the law, and I should like to see what would happen to any foreigner daring to violate it? The importance of our numerous holidays, against which Mr. Hilton protested, may be ignored, or misunderstood. M. Drumont, in his remarkable book, "*La Fin d'un Monde*," explains the generous and compassionate object of the frequent holy-days in the Catholic world. At all events, rightly or wrongly, people have to observe them; and the fact that Mr. Stead and other persons disapprove of that way of giving extra rest to children and the working classes, in no way exculpates Mr. Hilton. It is somewhat amusing to have to insist, to English readers, upon the absolute necessity of obedience to the law! After all, people may flourish and be happy away from Russia. Foreigners who deplore their banishment from our country, certainly pay us a compliment!

The accusation of persecution reminds me of the well-known definition of the lion: "The lion is a beast of uncon-

trollable savagery. He will always defend himself—when attacked." What is called persecution is only self-defence. We do not carry our propaganda to other Christian countries. As any form of Christianity is better than heathenism, there is plenty of room for useful propaganda elsewhere. To unprejudiced minds the link between our Church and our people is indissoluble, because it satisfies all our spiritual needs. In illustration of this an intelligent and sympathetic observer has written in the *Guardian* and in the *Church Review* some very interesting descriptions of our Kieff festivities last August. He says:

"The monastery court in the moonlight presented a most impressive spectacle. In every part of the vast space there were dense masses of pilgrims who were unable to find room in the church, some joining in the service from outside, others lying all about, on the pavement and grass, taking their night's rest. Many of these pilgrims had come from Siberia, and even from the shores of the Pacific, the whole way on foot, to pass a fortnight at this great centre of Russian Christianity; and when one comes to consider that it is quite a common thing for there to be 200,000 pilgrims in the year at this monastery alone, one begins to have some faint notion of the hold which the Orthodox Church has upon the Russian people."

Besides, Mr. Stead has been betrayed into another important mistake. "Bible-reading at home" is never prohibited in Russia. The truth is, that the Bible-readers he alludes to are those who *invariably* meddle in anti-Orthodox propaganda. They are all opposed to our holy Sacraments, either superseding them by shams or suppressing them altogether. They reject entirely the guidance of the Church, and bring ridicule upon Christ's Apostles by arrogating to themselves apostolic self-appointed functions. They also reject one of the most consoling practices—prayers for the dead—which even some Anglican clergymen advocate. Besides, religious propaganda in Russia has been used by the Nihilists, who, under a Bible cover, have been known to disseminate anarchical proclamations. All these things have to be weighed and considered by the authorities, as Mr. Stead admits, without, however, revealing the secret (which he no doubt possesses) of how they are to be counteracted.

Even in England to-day, have not

people been put in jail for publishing blasphemous caricatures? But there are many meanings of the word "blasphemy." We are consistent in objecting to all that impairs the unity of our faith. But why should England, which boasts of having no unity of creed, persecute her Freethinkers?

It is most unfortunate that Mr. Stead's book, in other respects so excellent and useful, should be disfigured by this inaccurate chapter, which, instead of proving a "Shadow on the Throne," is but a blot upon his own page. What evil genius entrapped him I cannot imagine. How deplorable the contrast between his beautiful and touching description of Easter Eve at St. Isaac's, on the very day of his arrival in Russia, and his flip-pant attack, written during the last week of his stay among us, upon the so-called persecution of the Pashkoffzy! Surely he must feel himself rebuked by his own words, if after having exhausted his rhetoric in assailing the Greek Orthodox Church he were to read again his meditation in St. Isaac's.

"This Church," says he, "has at least taught the Russians how to die. It has made itself for centuries the most vital reality, the most living force in all these Eastern lands. . . . If this be difficult to understand, if it be strange for us Westerners to comprehend this religion . . . it is no marvel. Think you, who have not even learned to decipher the Cyrillian alphabet so as to read the names of the stations and of the streets, that it is easier to penetrate at the first careless glance into the secret mysteries of the inner arcanum of the national life?"

Without doubt Mr. Stead has the gift of a sympathetic imagination, but it unfortunately fails him exactly when he needs it most; as, for instance, when he attempts to appreciate the difficulties of Mr. Pobédonostzeff. For the Greek Orthodox Church he has not only no sympathy, but not even an elementary sense of fair-play. To compare the Russia of to-day with the Spain of the Middle Ages is as absurd as to liken the kind and humane Mr. Pobédonostzeff to Diocletian, or Torquemada, as is done with such strange persistency. This is not only foolish, but it is nonsense, which, to quote Mr. Stead's phrase, "grates horribly upon our civilized ears." After applying a variety of such epithets to Mr. Pobédonostzeff,

we are naïvely assured: "Far be it from me to speak evil of Mr. Pobédonostzeff. By almost universal repute, he is a good and honest man. He is a lawyer of integrity and erudition, he is an omnivorous reader, and he is a faithful son of the Greek Orthodox Church."

I notice in other places also this strange method of attack in one breath and eulogy in the next. But let us now pass on to pleasanter topics. We have had enough of the "Tar," let us enjoy a little of the "Honey."

For the past eleven years Mr. Stead, of all living English journalists, has written most constantly and consistently in favor of my country. With courageous tenacity he has combated ignorant prejudice, and striven to create an *entente cordiale* between England and Russia in place of the senseless antagonism which has so long prevailed.

Perhaps one of the most important services which this volume will render to that cause is by the flood of light shed upon the personality of our Emperor. Few Englishmen have ever appreciated the strength and dignity of his Majesty's character so well as has Mr. Stead in his chapters on "The Peace-maker of Europe" and "The Tzar Tribune." Europe can now see our Emperor as we know him:

"The Emperor Alexander the Third is, in many respects, a model autocrat in disposition, and in ideal. He has two great qualifications for the discharge of the difficult duties of his post—steadiness and courage. He is emphatically not a flighty man. He is sober, sensible, and sedate. He is not rash nor precipitate. He is slow in forming a resolution, but when he has mastered a subject, and has the facts at his command, his decision is made once for all. His one anxiety is to do right, and when he has come to a conclusion that a certain course is right, he adopts it without the slightest hesitation. He acts regardless of danger. 'Our Emperor,' said one who knows him well, 'is somewhat of an *enfant terrible*. When he sees what he thinks he ought to do, he goes to his object like a bullet from a gun. He does not ask what is in the way. Public opinion, censure of the press, all these things are nothing to him more than the croaking of frogs in the pond. Pressure, as you understand it, will never make him swerve a hair's-breadth from his course. If you want him to change, you must not bring pressure to bear; you must persuade him. Once convince him that anything is right and he will do it. Otherwise he will not—no, not though all the voices in Europe, in the world, were denouncing him.'"



The section headed "Peace or War" can only evoke in Russian hearts the most sincere response. The appeals Mr. Stead makes, over and over again, for a better understanding between the two countries are worthy of a true statesman and Christian, and it is certainly not on our side that difficulties in that direction will arise. These chapters also show that it was not Russia alone who had cause for rejoicing at the miraculous escape of our Emperor from the terrible railway accident at Borki.

Apart from the political side, there is much that is interesting in the chapters which deal with the material progress of Russia. Mr. Stead had access to all the best authorities from the Minister of Finance downward, and he has given us a series of striking pictures of our commercial development. It was a great pity he could not avail himself of the facilities which were most kindly offered him to go to Samarkand. But he gives a better account of our Central Asian Railway than some who have travelled over it, having been furnished with all the plans and explanations by one of our principal engineers, Mr. Mestchérine.

Still more interesting is his account of Captain Wiggins' heroic attempt to enter Siberia through the Frozen Sea. Even a less practised writer than Mr. Stead could hardly fail to be interesting when describing that remarkable man. No wonder Captain Wiggins captivated so many people in Russia—he is so simple, so true, so self-sacrificing, as are only men of real genius! If he succeeds in opening up a trade-route to our Siberian corn and gold fields by the sea he will have conferred upon the world generally, and upon Russia in particular, a benefit of incalculable value. Captain Wiggins and his enterprise might really become a new tie between the two Empires. Sir Robert Morier, always so energetic and so intelligently devoted to everything that promotes the real interests of peace and civilization, has said so much about Captain Wiggins, both in the Blue-Books and in general conversation, that I need only add that all who know that Columbus of our days cannot help trusting and sympathizing with his grand scheme. Sir Robert Morier has in no way overstated the case, and he

gave a hostage to its fortunes in the person of his young and only son, Mr. Victor Morier, who not only sailed to Siberia with Captain Wiggins, but is quite eager to join the great sailor again next year. It is a great satisfaction indeed to have in an English ambassador a man who takes the trouble to study and understand his facts. He is a type of the grand old school of the time when patriotism supported lofty and great ideals.

But to return to my subject: Mr. Stead's book, although somewhat fragmentary, is vividly descriptive of the important topics of the day in Russia: the Emperor and the peasant, the patriot statesman and the half-cracked mystic, the great modern enterprise of the Central Asian Railway and the primitive country life in the province of Toula.

As I read, I can almost hear Count Ignatieff relating his experiences at Constantinople, and see Count Leo Tolstoy's bewildered face when he was triumphantly pointing out the old pilgrim-woman, whose notions about the Trinity seemed in such sad confusion. Pity he was not more explicit himself upon that question! It would have been amusing to add a description of poor Countess Tolstoy recopying six times running her husband's six large volumes of "Peace and War!" Mystics, à la Count Tolstoy, are evidently pitiless husbands in private life. This was certainly a practical application of his sublime doctrine: "Resist no evil!"

What Mr. Stead sees with his own eyes can be unhesitatingly trusted. It is only when he relies upon what others tell him that I part company. The description of the Russian prisons he has visited himself is, I am sure, accurate. No less accurate is certainly all that we know from Captain Wiggins of the life led by the exiles in Siberia, and from an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Lansdell, in his instructive work, "Through Siberia." I happen to know that Mr. Lansdell, at all events, not only saw the prisons, but was allowed to converse with the prisoners, and to inspect the official prison-registers.

It would have been better had Mr. Stead relied upon such testimony, in-

stead of upon that of an obscure individual, who, in order to work up his readers to agony point, added sensational pictures to his melodramatic narrative, in the evident desire to attain notoriety by these unenviable means.

But admitting, as we are quite ready to do, that the reproach of overcrowding in our prisons is partly deserved, if it can be shown—as I have endeavored to show in recent letters to the *Times*—that we recognize the evil and are doing our best to remedy it, what more can be asked? In many parts of our empire at the present moment prisons are being improved and rebuilt. Mr. Galkin Vratsky, the Chief Director of our prisons—who is the right man in the right place—is pushing forward this good work as rapidly as the many other equally pressing schemes of reform permit. As a remedy for overcrowding, it was suggested to me the other day by a clever English friend, that by adopting the English method of hanging all our murderers, we might easily make more room in our prisons! But this, I repeat, would be too dreadful to us. Executions in Russia are, thank God, very rare, and are resorted to only in extreme cases. Upon that I insist.

Sometimes Mr. Stead makes such a grotesque bound into the unexpected that it simply takes away one's breath. To suggest, for instance, that our Emperor should be at the head of a newspaper—is really too severe a task upon our risible faculties! When our Tzars speak to their people, they do so from the height of the Kremlin or from their throne. They concentrate the attention of millions of men, animated with devotion and trust. As for journalists, when they speak . . . . But this is no business of mine!

Mr. Stead understands Count Ignatieff's position much better. Here, for the first time, we have our ablest statesman and diplomatist presented to the Western world in his true light. The Count is now President of the Slavonic Benevolent Society, whose members are generally designated abroad by the mistaken name of "Panslavists." Here is a passage about the "Panslavists" which English Russophobes should attentively read:—

"Austria and Turkey are the two great generators of Panslavonic enthusiasm. The worse Austria treats the Slavs, the more terrible will be the picture which will be drawn by the avenging Slavonic idea. What the Slavonic enthusiasts hope for is exactly the same as that for which English enthusiasts long when they talk of the union of the English-speaking peoples. We do not dream of conquering the United States, or of compelling every English settlement to obey the laws of the House of Commons. All that we hope for is that in all the world's broad surface no English-speaking race shall be domineered over and oppressed by any other race, and that all differences between the various English families shall be adjusted by arbitration rather than by war, and that there should be a general league or brotherly union for defensive purposes, whereby all English-speaking men should make common cause against any one who attempts to crush the weakest member of the fraternal league. That is our ideal. It is also the ideal of the Slavonic Society—a society to which, if they were Russians, most Englishmen would of course belong. So far from regarding the Slavonic Society with alarm, it seems to me that the only reason for regret is that an association with aims so legitimate and so inspiring should not receive much more general support in all classes than is actually the case. According to English ideas, the Emperor would be the natural patron of such an association, just as the Queen is the natural patron of our Anti-Slavery Society. Slavery is a domestic institution of many of her Majesty's neighbors, just as the oppression of Slavs is practised by some of his Imperial Majesty's imperial allies. But to a Russian Sovereign the oppression of Slavs can no more be regarded as a normal and natural and permanent condition of things than the institution of slavery can be so regarded by our Queen."

How simple it seems, and how clear! Why should such obvious truths be almost always overlooked?

I have left myself but little space to speak of what, to the purely literary reader, will be the most fascinating part of the book—of Count Leo Tolstoy as a novelist. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of his last essays, pays us the compliment of saying that Russian novelists "hold the field." At the front of these stands unquestionably the author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." Mr. Stead gives a very artistic sketch of that gifted man.

But, alas! alas! what a dense November fog we are led into when Tolstoy ceases to be a novelist, and assumes the garb of a theologian or a philosopher! How arrogant, how conceited, how didactic he then becomes! Funnily

enough, it is precisely by that fog that Mr. Stead was most attracted. How these two came to understand each other it is not in my power to explain, except

that both are united by one strong link : both, unfortunately, imagine that they are blessed with the same gift—of infallibility !—*Contemporary Review*.

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### HOPES AND FEARS FOR LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN.

WHITHER is literature tending ? Our weather prophets, who announce the arrival of storms and calms, with all the advantages of telegraphic stations from Haparanda to Lisbon, do not venture to predict what a month or a year will bring forth. They are well pleased if they can foretell the temper of a day ; and it sometimes happens that the gale promised for Wednesday has got lost on Tuesday amid the Atlantic, or the expected sunshine travelling from Spain refuses in a sulk to cross the narrow seas from Calais to Dover. The science of spiritual meteorology has not yet found its Dalton or its Humboldt ; the law of the tides of the soul has not yet been expressed in a formula. Rather the problems have increased in complexity and become more difficult of solution, as the forces of humanity have grown in energy and expanded in range, as they have differentiated themselves into new forms and advanced in the rapidity of their interaction.

In an article on "Victorian Literature" published in this Review, I spoke of the literature of our time as being that of a period of spiritual and social revolution, a revolution not the less real or important because it is being conducted without violence. And of the forces effecting this revolution, I spoke of democracy and science as among the most potent. Upon these forces we can certainly reckon ; but when we ask the question, How are they related to literature ? the answer is neither prompt nor sure.

Men of letters reply as might be expected from the members of an intellectual ruling class, possessed by the fear of change. We all remember how Tocqueville long since described the levelling tendency of a democratic age and the tyranny of the majority : "In America the majority draws a formidable circle around thought. Within the

determined limits a writer is free ; but woe to him if he should pass beyond them." Tocqueville's tone of discouragement is echoed by M. Scherer, who does not hesitate to assert that democracy is forever doomed and devoted to mediocrity : "The general level rises with democracy ; the average of comfort, of knowledge, perhaps even of morality, is higher ; on the other hand, and by a parallel movement, all that is superior is lowered, and the average of which I speak is the result of the lowering of the minority as well as of the elevation of the masses." M. Renan employs his exquisite literary skill to press home the indictment. In the French Revolution, he tells us, lay a germ of evil which was to introduce the reign of mediocrity and feebleness, the extinction of every great initiative ; a seeming prosperity, but a prosperity the conditions of which are self-destructive. And M. Paul Bourget, representing a younger generation of men of letters, in a volume of *Studies* published within the last few months, speaks of modern society as little favorable to the development of very intense or very vigorous personalities—"pareille sur ce point à toutes les sociétés démocratiques." These witnesses are summoned from the most democratic nation of Europe. To their testimony we may add the word of an eminent thinker of our own country, Sir Henry Maine. A very wide suffrage, he took pains to assure us, cannot fail to produce a mischievous form of intellectual conservatism. It would certainly have prohibited the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and the threshing machine ; it would have prevented the adoption of the Gregorian calendar ; it would have proscribed the Roman Catholics ; it would have proscribed the Dissenters ; it would have restored the Stuarts.

All this sounds of dreadful omen for

the future; but is all this true? Are new inventions prohibited in the United States? Has Mr. Edison's house been destroyed by the mob? Is diversity of religious opinions a thing unknown in democratic America or democratic France or democratic England? Have the writings of Mr. Frederic Harrison been burned by the common hangman? Has the author of the *Vie de Jésus* failed to find an audience?

If democracy means anything it means a career open to all talents; it means, therefore, a great addition to the stock of vigorous characters and the play of individual minds. The peasant of the feudal period, with rare exceptions, remained of necessity a peasant to the end of his days; his little environment of a few square miles furnished all the ideas that exercised his slow-stirring brain. Had Lincoln been a rail-splitter in mediæval England he would probably have split rails faithfully and well from boyhood to old age. Had Richard Arkwright practised the barber's art six hundred years ago he would have been enrolled in the guild of Preston barbers, and there would certainly have been no spinning-frame for Sir Henry Maine's stupid democracy to destroy; had his genius shown itself in the invention of an improved shaving-machine, its use would not improbably have been forbidden by the jealousy of the guild. The fact is that if the predominant power of a few great minds is diminished in a democracy, it is because, together with such minds, a thousand others are at work contributing to the total result. Instead of a few great captains cased in armor or clothed in minever wielding the affairs of State and Church, we have many vigorous captains of industry, captains of science, captains of education, captains of charity and social reform. It is surely for the advantage of the most eminent minds that they should be surrounded by men of energy and intellect who belong neither to the class of hero-worshippers nor to the class of *valets de chambre*.

The truth seems to be that with an increased population and the multiplicity of interests and influences at play on men, we may expect a greater diversity of mental types in the future than could be found at any period in the

past. The supposed uniformity of society in a democratic age is apparent, not real; artificial distinctions are replaced by natural differences; and within the one great community exists a vast number of smaller communities, each having its special intellectual and moral characteristics. In the few essentials of social order the majority rightly has its way, but within certain broad bounds, which are fixed, there remains ample scope for the action of a multitude of various minorities. Every thinker may find a hearing from a company of men sufficiently large to give him sympathy and encouragement. The artist who pursues ideal beauty and the artist who studies the naked brutalities of life has each a following of his own. The sculptor who carves a cherry-stone draws to himself the admirers of such delicate workmanship; he who achieves a colossus is applauded by those who prefer audacity of design. When the court gave its tone to literature there might have been a danger of uniformity in letters; when literature was written for "the town" its type might be in some measure determined; but the literature of a great people, made up of ploughmen and sailors, shopkeepers and artists, mechanics and *dilettanti*, priests and lawyers, will be as various as are the groups of men who seek in books for knowledge, recreation, or delight.

Let us not imagine that any form of government or any arrangements of society will produce men of genius. When they happen to be born men of genius play their part in the world, but of their coming we can still say no more than that the wind bloweth where it listeth. We have fallen into an idle way of speaking of a poet or an artist as if he were a product of his age; philosophers have provided us with a formula—the race, the *milieu*, and the moment—by which to explain his nature and origin. And so we cheat ourselves with theories and with words. We may, however, reasonably hope that from a population of thirty millions, more brains of superior size and quality will come into the world than from a population of ten millions, or twenty. And undoubtedly the chance that such brains will be developed and matured is better among a people educated and intellectually alive than among



a people ignorant and lethargic. Here surely are some unquestionable facts to set against the desponding phrases of men of letters who talk of democracy as devoted to mediocrity, and foredoomed to intellectual sterility.

But if there be just grounds for hope, there are also certain dangers which must needs cause apprehension. At a time when vast multitudes of imperfectly educated readers make their demands for instruction and amusement, there is danger that the merely utilitarian or the merely commercial view of literature may prevail. Talents and energy are indeed well employed in making knowledge easily accessible to a great population. When an eminent scholar produces his handbook or primer, which circulates by tens of thousands, we can have no feeling but one of gratitude and gladness. It is well that, by skilful engineering, an abundant supply of good water should be brought to our crowded cities from lake or river, and that every house should have its tap. The projector of a popular series of useful books deserves his reward as a successful engineer in the province of science or literature; he must surely be a busy, intelligent, and active man. But what were all his engineering works without the river or the lake? There, in solitary spaces of the hills, far from the stir and smoke, amid the dews and mists, under the lonely blue by day and the stars and winds by night, the streams have collected which descend as a blessing to the city and the plain.

"Child of the clouds, remote from every taint  
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;  
Thine are the honors of the lofty waste."

These useless places on the heights, where no plough is driven and no harvest waves, enrich the life of man no less than do the richest fields of corn or vine.

Without assuming the airs of the "superior person," we cannot but note in our newspapers and the humbler periodicals of the day some effects not altogether admirable of the democratizing of literature. We enter a railway carriage; every one is reading, and the chances are that every one is filling the vacuity of his mind with something little, if at all, better than sheer emptiness of thought. Only a prig would expect

to find the occupant of a railway carriage lost in the study of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* or Spinoza's *Ethics*. But the railway novel of twenty or thirty years ago, which had some literary merit, some coherence of narrative, some grace of feeling, has of late been superseded to a great extent, and in its place we commonly find the pennyworth of a scandalous chronicle, or some hebdomadal collection of jests, flavored according to the taste of the buyer, with much heavy vulgarity or with a spice of appetizing indecency. In order that no demand should be made on sustained attention, the old leading article or essay is in great measure displaced, and a series of dislocated and disjointed paragraphs or sentences fills its room. It is said that Mr. Gladstone, an eminent authority on everything, from Genesis to jam, has advised persons who take an interest in their digestive processes to bestow two-and-thirty bites on each morsel of food. Our caterers nowadays provide us with a mincemeat which requires no chewing, and the teeth of a man may in due time become as obsolete as those which can still be perceived in the foetal whale. Will the great epic of the democratic period, its "Diviner Comedy" and its "New Paradise Regained," be composed in the form of poetical tit-bits? Composed—or should we not rather say decomposed; and is not this new vermiculated style that of a literature of decomposition?

Let us rather hope that the multitude of readers, and especially of young readers, will by-and-by find their way to better things. The vast circulation of such a series as Cassell's *National Library*, in which the best of reading can be got for threepence, or of Routledge's *Universal Library*, or Scott's *Camelot Series*, proves that already there exists a popular appetite for what is admirable in literature. Indeed it may be questioned whether the owners of luxurious libraries often turn their attention to some of the works now bought, as we must suppose, by the young mechanic or apprentice of the shop, who among the masterpieces of imaginative literature will find in one or other of the series just named Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients* and Dante's *Banquet*, More's *Utopia*, and Campanella's *City of the*

*Sun*, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and the stoical teaching of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus.

One of the chief intellectual infirmities of democracy, and one which has often attracted notice, is the passion for abstractions. We know what a part metaphysical abstractions played in the great French Revolution. There were greeds and interests and hatreds, indeed, for which abstract ideas and eloquent phrases sometimes provided a decent veil; but there was also, and especially in the bright opening days of the Revolution, a genuine delight in what we may term, as we please, either "glittering generalities," or in Emerson's indignant correction of that expression, "shining ubiquities." Emerson's countrymen, the people of America, "font beaucoup plus souvent usage que les Anglais," observes Tocqueville, "des idées générales et s'y complaisent bien davantage." Democracy, says M. Scherer, is profoundly idealistic. It disdains to study the actual nature of things; it has the quality of exciting immoderate fervors of hope. It lives upon a few simple ideas; but in truth, "simple ideas are sterile ideas." Not always sterile, I would reply; for good or for evil the simple ideas of the French Revolution have helped to transform the face of modern Europe. Yet undoubtedly a chief duty of the thinker and the man of letters at the present time, and in the coming years, must be to save the democracy, if possible, from what is unfruitful in its own way of thinking and feeling. As topics arise which demand the attention of the people, it will be necessary to challenge the current notions, the current phrases, and the popular sentiments; it will be necessary to ply the public, willing or unwilling, with exact knowledge and well-considered thoughts. The state of half-culture which seizes with enthusiasm upon a general principle, regardless of its limitations or relations to other principles, and which is therefore full of impetuosity and self-confidence, at once purblind and bold, is a state as dangerous as we can well conceive. We must endeavor to meet this half-culture with a culture less incomplete, trained to exact methods of thought and observant of the details of fact.

This passion for intellectual abstractions when transferred to the literature of imagination becomes a passion for what is grandiose and vague in sentiment and in imagery; in religion it becomes what Tocqueville noticed as characteristic of democratic societies, a tendency to pantheistic forms of faith. The great laureate of European democracy, Victor Hugo, exhibits at once the democratic love of abstract ideas, the democratic delight in what is grandiose (as well as what is grand) in sentiment, and the democratic tendency toward a poetical pantheism. An acute French critic, whose recent death we must deplore, M. Émile Hennequin, thus exhibits in tabular form some of those themes for which Victor Hugo had a special predilection.

"*Sujets abstraits.*"

- (a) Vers à propos de rien, sujets nuls;
- (b) Sujets indifférents, vers à propos de tout, versatilité;
- (c) Développement de lieux communs;
- (d) Humanitarisme, socialisme, optimisme, idéalisme, et panthéisme vagues;
- (e) Aspects grandioses, mystérieux ou bizarres, de la légende, de l'histoire ou de la vie."

Between the "verses *apropos* of nothing" and the "verses *apropos* of everything" lies indeed a stupendous creation of true poetry, all brought into being by one marvellous hand. But we shall study Victor Hugo's writings imperfectly and ill if they do not tell us much about the dangers as well as much about the glories of the literature of a democratic age. There are not a few pages in which he does little else than wear magnificently the robes of a courtier of King Demos; but literature has simpler, more substantial, perhaps less acceptable, work to do than that of satiating the ears of the new grand monarch with the rhetoric that has gathered about the great words "Progress," "Humanity," "Liberty," "Justice."

It is especially the friend and not the enemy of democracy who should desire to maintain the superiority of our higher literature to the vulgar temptations of the day. If King Demos reign, by all means let him have counsellors courageous, stern, and true, rather than hysterical or servile flatterers. He, like other kings, is sometimes stupid, is sometimes gross and materialistic in his tastes, is

sometimes unjust and greedy, is often a good-natured blunderer or a rash sentimentalist. The so-called leaders of the people have seldom the courage to lead in any true sense of the word. They commonly maintain their position by observing whither the moving multitude tends, and by running to the front with a banner and a cry. "They may be as able and eloquent as ever," observes Sir Henry Maine, "but they are manifestly listening nervously at one end of a speaking-tube which receives at its other end the suggestions of a lower intelligence." It is well if they do not become the parasites and sycophants of his new Majesty, who, as much as any former potentate, enjoys the doffing of caps, the prostration of his attendants, and the music of courtly adulation. The man of letters who would be true to the dignity of his office, the man of letters who would really serve King Demos, aiming less than the statesman at immediate results, and more at a reformation of opinion and a new grouping of emotions, is under less temptation to be a flatterer. He will not assure the sovereign that his breath is sweeter than incense, that all great ideas and all generous sentiments have their source in him. He will not play the part of pander to the grosser appetites of the sovereign. He will not supply incentives to his evil passions of envy, suspicion, malice, cupidity, the lust of power. He will endeavor to illuminate the monarch's better feelings, to direct his ill-informed benevolence to useful ends, to train him to a grave regard for what is true and substantial, to bring home to him the conviction that self-restraint and even self-denial may be at times the glory of a king.

As the historic method is applied in new directions, and the social point of view prevails more than it has hitherto done over the individual, we may expect an increasing study of the facts of social evolution, and in all matters which relate to political change, a frequent appeal to history. As we loose from our moorings and drive before the wind there is indeed a certain unwillingness to look backward, already finding expression in a current phrase which describes all things of earlier date than the last general election or assembling of

Parliament as "matters of ancient history." But when this ancient history is supposed to affect the interests of either political party, the leaders quickly furbish up their knowledge or, it may be, their ignorance, and discover such parallels and precedents and arguments as they require. It is for true students of history, patient, disinterested, and exact, to hold in check, chiefly in ways that are indirect, the superficial views, the partisan representations, the crude generalizations of the amateur sociologist and political manipulator of half knowledge. "The scientific spirit," it has been well said, "is not a triumphant and boastful one, fired with a sort of intellectual Chauvinism, seeking polemical distinction and a path to promotion in the field of party war." The scientific spirit does not work back through the facts of history in order to find the appearance of confirmation for a conjecture of the day or hour; it works forward, with a profound sense of the continuity of human life, until it touches the events of our own time in their causes. A little history is a dangerous thing—and history as grasped at by the politician is almost always a little. From a careful and conscientious study of the past more perhaps than from anything else, a temper of mind is formed which is fitted to hold in check the rash ardors of the democratic spirit, a temper of mind at once courageous and cautious, strong in serious hopes and free from illusions, faithful to the best traditions of our forefathers and not bound in subjection to them, but rather pressing forward to those high ends toward which they and we together work.

Those somewhat vague yet potent words, Humanity, Progress, Fraternity, which have fired the democratic imagination in the present century, are the property of no single nation, and the common ardors of the age have introduced a cosmopolitan element into literature. The more rapid and freer interchange of ideas, the swifter and more powerful flow of waves of sentiment between nations, have tended in the same direction, so that amid all their diversities a certain community has been established between the several literatures of Europe. As in the mediæval period a dominant theology bound together the

intellects of the various countries of the West, so now the dominant conceptions of science inhabit English, Italian, French, and German brains, and a real society of thinkers, extending beyond the limits of any one nation, has come into existence. Yet, as it were to counterpoise these influences tending to a cosmopolitan mode of thought and feeling, the principle of nationality seems at the same time to have acquired increased force. A united Germany and a united Italy have given notable demonstrations of its power, and the very dismemberment of France has but intensified the national self-consciousness. In literature the profound differences which have their origin or expression in diverse modes of speech must remain, however close be the alliance of nations. The German who constructs his sentence in one way can never be master of the same intellectual motions as the Frenchman who constructs his sentence in another. The use during long centuries of this instrument, or of that, has called forth and has determined a characteristic play of thought. Obviously where there is diversity of tongues the principle of nationality cannot fail to assert itself in literature. But we may well feel surprise when within the bounds of a single people, and within the area possessed by one common language, the literary claims of contending nationalities are raised. Shall we in these islands of ours, who "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake," nurse the dream of four separate streams of literature, or shall we have our pride and our joy in one noble river broadened and deepened by various affluent waters?

The question, as it presents itself to one whose home is in Ireland, is not an altogether academic one. The present Home Rule movement, which professedly would reduce Ireland to a dependency of Great Britain, cannot at its present halting-point be called a national movement, in the sense in which the movement of 1848, or the Fenian movement, was national. Its strength at the present moment in Ireland lies in the fact that it is essentially a struggle which concerns material interests. Idealists of the type of Thomas Davis, who sighed for the time when "the brighter days shall surely come, . . . and the sweet

old language be heard once more in college, mart and senate," have been thrust contemptuously aside. The echoes of the old language, whether sweet or harsh, dwindle in forlorn wilds and on rugged headlands of the west. Yet some of the old hopes and dreams are not extinct, and we hear from time to time plaintive demands for an Irish literature with a special character of its own. We read of the enthusiasm with which Welsh bards are listened to at the national Eisteddfods; and perhaps it is a genuine enthusiasm, for doubtless the Cymric speech vibrates along nerves which are not stirred by our English tongue. And we know how vigorous is the spirit of Scottish patriotism, though it may not have formulated an express demand in literature. It cannot be altogether an idle question to ask whether it is possible or desirable that separate channels should be cut for the flow of these several streams of sentiment in literature.

Unquestionably our strength springs from the soil in which we grow. We are not epiphytes, living upon the air. A literature which consciously aims at cosmopolitanism is almost always a literature in a period of decline. Yet it is well to remember that the spirit of a man may inhabit an ampler space than that in which his body lives and moves. "*Spartam nactus es: hanc orna.*" Yes, but which Sparta is our possession—the land that has fed our bodies, or the land that has nourished and enriched our souls? Carlyle, the son of a Scotch peasant, and proud of his honorable parentage, had in him always much that was derived from his Scottish birth and breeding, his Scottish moors and hills, his Scottish religion. But how much less fruitful would have been the result for literature if he had drawn a circle around his mind corresponding to his physical environment, and had admitted within that circle no other thoughts and aspirations than those proper to a Scottish literary coterie, or the Scottish kirk from which he had gained so much in moral training and for the ministry of which he was at one time designed? In his solitude of Craigenputtoch—"a solitude altogether Druidical . . . nothing to disturb you with speech, except Arc-turus and Orion, and the spirit of na-



ture," he was really an inhabitant of Weimar, and the companion of Goethe and Schiller. Would he have served Scotland better or worse if he had occupied his imagination solely or chiefly with memories of Bruce and Wallace, if he had devoted himself to Scottish antiquities, or Scottish history, or Scottish religion, regarded from a purely national—that is, a provincial—point of view? Was it not better for us all, and better for his own countrymen, that he followed the leadings of his genius when it invited him into the great world?

The national spirit was strong in Carlyle because it worked unconsciously. He was a Scotchman in the best of all ways, that is, as it were, inevitably. The deepest instincts of the man were those of his people, and even when his thoughts ranged wide they had intimate relations with the faith of his fathers. Whenever the genius of a nation is strong it works thus in deep and obscure ways. The attempt to whip up deliberately and by artificial means the national spirit in literature is evidence of the decay of that spirit. A noble ancestry is a source of honorable pride, but it is a pride which maintains itself with a quiet dignity; bounce and brag are the tokens of a plebeian. And as with individuals, so with a nation. If we really belong to an excellent race, we shall prove it by our deeds rather than perpetually boast of it with our tongues.

If there be, indeed, a distinctive genius characterizing each of the peoples of Scotland, Wales and Ireland, it is highly desirable that this should find expression, and that the unity of our literature should be a unity possessing as much variety as possible. The different strands if twisted together should make up a cord which is both strong and delightfully colored. In Ireland at present, apart from the Universities—we must sorrowfully acknowledge the fact—little interest is taken in literature; but we can conceive an Irish literary movement which should command our deepest interest and sympathy; a movement in which such differences of national character as may perhaps exist should manifest themselves not of deliberate purpose, but naturally and spontaneously. But if the Irish literary movement were to consist in flapping a

green banner in the eyes of the beholders, and upthrusting a pasteboard "sunburst" high in air, I, for one, should prefer to stand quietly apart from such a movement. In a popular life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, published in Dublin, I read the following poetical exordium: "Not Greece of old in her palmiest days, the Greece of Homer and Demosthenes, of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, of Pericles, Leonidas, and Alcibiades, of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of Solon and Lysurgus, of Apelles and Praxiteles, not even this Greece, prolific as she was in sages and heroes, can boast such a lengthy bead-roll as Ireland can of names worthy of the immortality of history." How partial, then, have been the awards of history! How true the saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men! And how modest the writer of this life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, to set forth the bead-roll of Greece in such ample detail and to throw the veil of a general statement over the glories of his native land! If in the Irish literary movement we are to step to such a tune as this, I think on the whole I should rather fall out of the ranks, or even step to music as paltry as that of "Rule Britannia."

Not that I have any of Captain Macmorris's sensitiveness. "What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?" We are well content to be known as the fellow-countrymen of those Irishmen and West Britons, Goldsmith and Burke. "It may not," says one of George Eliot's characters, "be good luck to be born a woman, but one gets used to it from a baby." And in like manner it may not be altogether good luck, from a literary point of view, to be born an Irishman, but one gets used to it. It seems alike absurd to be proud or to be ashamed of the fact. But I confess that I am not ambitious of intensifying my intellectual or spiritual brogue. If national character be really strong and vivid it will show itself, although we do not strive to be national with malice prepense; it will show itself, whether we occupy ourselves with an edition of Sophocles or of Cicero, or with a song of the deeds of Cuchullain or the love and sorrow of Deirdre. No folly can be greater than that of fancying that we shall strengthen our literary position by

living exclusively in our own ideas, and showing ourselves inhospitable to the best ideas of other lands. Nor is that hospitality the finest which constrains the guest to assume the garb and adopt the manners of his entertainers. The shock of strangeness is inspiring. Every great literary movement of modern Europe has been born from the wedlock of two peoples. So the great Elizabethan literature sprang from the love-making of England with Italy; the poetry of the early part of the nineteenth century from the ardor aroused in England by the opening promise of the French revolution. Surely an Irish man of letters may be engaged in work in the truest sense patriotic if he endeavors to bring into his country the best ideas from France, from Germany, from the old world of classical learning, from the living world of nature, or from some fresh exploration of the mind of man, even though the word "Ireland" be not forever shrilling on his lips. We should be far better patriots if, instead of singing pæans about Irish genius, we were to set ourselves to correct some of the defects of Irish intellect. Let an Irish poet teach his countrymen to write a song free from rhetoric, free from false imagery, free from green tinsel, and with thoroughly sound workmanship in the matter of verse, and he will have done a good and a needful thing. Let an Irish prose writer show that he can be patient, exact, just, enlightened, and he will have done better service for Ireland, whether he treats of Irish themes or not, than if he wore shamrocks in all his buttonholes and had his mouth forever filled with the glories of Brian the Brave. Let an Irish antiquary study the relics of his native land with all the resources of modern science, viewing these interesting remains from the central and not merely from a provincial standpoint, and he will lead us toward the truth instead of plunging us in folly and illusion. We cannot create a school of Irish men of genius—poets are born, not made—but what we can do is this: we can try to secure for Ireland the advantage of possessing a school of honest and skilled craftsmen in literature. Out of this school of craftsmen now and again a man of genius may arise, strong and sane because he has sprung from a race

of intelligent and patient workmen, and because he feels their influence surrounding him.

Such a body of trained scholars should be the intellectual aristocracy of a democratic age, an upper ten thousand of workers. It will include in large proportion those whose studies are scientific, and who influence literature only indirectly. Their influence, although indirect, is far from unimportant. There are not wanting persons who assure us that the pursuit of scientific studies must in the end prove injurious, if not fatal, to the higher forms of literature. M. Paul Bourget, himself a poet, in his dialogue, *Science et Poésie*, argues, through the lips of one of the speakers who seems to express, in part at least, his own opinions, that Poetry can no longer be an instrument or envoy of truth, and that it must more and more confine itself to the domain of sensibility, while its rival, Science, takes possession more and more of the domain of intelligence. M. Scherer is assured that if poetry lives, it will only be as the private cult of rare individuals; the people has ceased, he says, to believe in poetry. "It will soon be with poetry as with religious painting or classical tragedy; a Flandrin, a Rachel only make us feel the more strongly that such forms of art exist by an artificial convention, that the pleasure which they bring us is an *affaire d'archaïsme*." A writer in our own country, of whom we may say that she has been herself, as Mill said of Charles Kingsley, one of the good influences of the age, Miss F. P. Cobbe, lately accepted a brief in the case of *Literature, Religion, and Morals, versus Science*, and she conducted her pleadings with remarkable vivacity: "When science," she bids us believe, "—like poverty—comes in at the door, art—like love—flies out of the window." Her pleadings against the scientific spirit of the age reminded me that I had myself, a good many years ago, written something from a different point of view, maintaining that the great ideas of modern science were not without a noble inspiration for poetry; and it led me to consider whether, having then joined in the choral ode which celebrates science, I ought not now to sing a palinode. Miss Cobbe prophesies like a lively Cas-

sandra. And then comes Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his posthumous volume of *Essays*, with a promise on behalf of poetry which is more deadly than a threat. The future of poetry, he says, is immense; in poetry our race will find, as time goes on, an ever surer and surer stay. And why? Because criticism and science having deprived us of all old faiths and traditional dogmas, poetry, which attaches itself to the idea, will take the place of religion and philosophy, or what now pass for such, and will console and sustain those who, but for it, would be forlorn. A pale hospital nurse attending the bed of scepticism—such, it would seem, is the Muse henceforth to be. She will speak soothing sentences and administer the tonic draught. And the palsied man will cling to her all the more because he is well assured that henceforward no divine stranger will ever come and say, in words of sacred cheer, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk."

We shall do well, in glancing at this subject, to bear in mind the well-known distinction made by De Quincey between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move: the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. If we were to embark on a voyage, we should find that both rudder and sail have their uses. Between the two divisions of literature spoken of by De Quincey lies a kind of writing which occupies a considerable space in our own day and has an important work to do—the literature of criticism. It is concerned neither wholly with knowledge nor wholly with emotions; it has both to feel and to know: it tries at once to enlighten the intellect and to quicken and refine the sensibility.

There is another distinction to be observed if we would arrive at any sound conclusion with respect to the influence of science on literature. We must distinguish between scientific results and scientific methods. The conclusions of science may be fruitful for literature now, or may become so when they have passed into the general consciousness, and yet the mental processes which lead to such conclusions may tend to disqualify the mind for the enjoyment of

poetry and art. If this be the case, we must regard a man of science who transforms himself into "a machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of fact" (the words are Darwin's), as one who submits to a personal loss in order to procure some valuable prize for his country or his race. The doctrines which we associate with the name of Mr. Darwin may prove indispensable to those who desire to have an intelligent and coherent view of the world we live in; they may form an essential part of the *Weltanschauung* of the future, a *Weltanschauung* which may be as needful for the poet as the man of science. This seems not unlikely to come to pass. And yet we have been told by Mr. Darwin himself in a remarkable passage, which Miss Cobbe, kindest of devil's advocates, does not fail to quote, that after the age of thirty certain of his faculties began to suffer an atrophy caused by disuse; that his great delight in poetry and painting and music constantly waned. "Now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music." Mr. Darwin's experience is probably by no means singular. There are times when humanity needs an organ or a function more than a complete man. When the Angelical Doctor at dinner with the King of France fell into a muse, and struck the table with his fist as the light of an argument fatal to the Manichees flashed across his brain, he showed himself deficient in good manners; but such a power of self-abstraction was a condition without which the *Summa* could not have been written. When St. Bernard, hearing his fellow-travellers speak of Lake Lemane, on whose banks he had journeyed the whole day, asked, "But where is the lake?" he showed himself highly insensible to natural beauty; but had the saint not been from boyhood *mire cogitativus*, Abelard might have come and conquered at the Council of Sens. There have been times when, in order to keep alive the moral and spiritual tradition in a world of luxury and lust, it was necessary for men to fly to the desert and forget the joys of domestic life and all the pleasures of color and of song. We honor the saints who put out the right eye in order that they might save what

was more precious for the world's uses than even an eye. Let us also honor the ascetic of science, whose inductions have helped us to know the laws of the world, if not aright, yet at least less erroneously.

The results of scientific study are in no respect antagonistic to literature, though they may profoundly modify that view of the world which has hitherto found in literature an imaginative expression. The conceptions of a great cosmos, of the reign of law in nature, of the persistence of force, of astro-nomic, geologic, biologic evolution, have in them nothing which should paralyze the emotions or the imagination. To attempt indeed a poetical *De Rerum Natura* at the present moment were premature; but when these and other scientific conceptions have become familiar, they will form an accepted, intellectual background from which the thoughts and feelings and images of poetry will stand out quite as effectively as they stood out from the antiquated cosmology of the Middle Ages. Although, however, scientific conclusions may in the end subserve literature, it is certain that the methods and processes of science, and those employed in what De Quincey terms the literature of power, are essentially different. Such literature is nothing if it is not personal; it expresses the thoughts, passions, and imaginings of an individual. Science aims at excluding whatever is peculiar to the individual: he must not read himself into the phenomena; his vision must be free from the mists of sentiment; his imagination is of use only in shaping an hypothesis to be verified by subsequent inquiry or in varying the experiments by which he may attain to new objective facts. The literature of power, if it is to deserve the name, must adhere to its own methods, unseduced by the glamour which at present surrounds the words *science* and *scientific*. When M. Zola appears as the champion of what he styles the Experimental Romance, and when he professes to practise in literature the methods of the eminent physiologist, Claude Bernard, he is in truth a charlatan juggling with words. It would please him to crown himself at once with the glory of science and the glory of letters. The personal-

ity of the writer of experimental romance, he tells us, is to be found in the fact that he starts, like the scientific investigator, with an hypothesis, or a general idea, which is presently to be verified or rejected; he puts his characters into motion in a certain environment; their behavior in this way or that constitutes an experiment and establishes or overthrows the *a priori* hypothesis. "This it is," he says, "which constitutes the experimental romance; to be master of the mechanism of human phenomena, to exhibit the springs of intellectual and sensual manifestations as they are explained to us by physiology, under the influences of heredity and environing circumstances; then to exhibit the man living in the social *milieu* which he has himself created, which he modifies from day to day, and in the midst of which he experiences in his turn a continual transformation." What is true in this is not new. Richardson and Fielding practised the method, as far as it is a legitimate method, just as much as does the author of *L'Assommoir*. What is new is the pretence of scientific experiment where none exists.

Experimental romance is then a misnomer; but a title which has been applied to M. Zola and his group, "the school of observation," goes nearer the mark. And undoubtedly the scientific tendencies of the age have led us to value, and even to overvalue, the results of the mere observation of external phenomena. Yet a reaction from the vague idealism of writers whose inspiration was drawn from the democratic abstractions—Progress, Humanity, Liberty, Fraternity, and the like—was inevitable, and has not been wholly unserviceable. Let the school of observation but do its work more thoroughly, and we shall again be in presence of the nobler facts of human life as well as the baser, and perceive the glory of our manhood together with the shame. What the fruits of this higher realism in literature may be, we can divine from the perusal of such works as *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace*.

The literature of power may indeed be stimulated by the scientific spirit of the age to make more exact and thorough observations of external nature and the varieties of human life, and so to



complete its preliminary studies ; but it must adhere to its own methods. If a writer possess a powerful individuality, and can affix to every piece he produces his ineffaceable sign manual, he may bring this into relief by a certain air of scientific disinterestedness and impassivity. So it is with the chief of living French poets, M. Leconte de Lisle. We are all the more sensible of the peculiar character of his genius because he seems to submit himself with such a patient study to his object, while in fact the object is being moulded in his shaping hands. He has indeed learned something from science, but he assumes no false airs, and he loyally adheres to the processes proper to art.

But although the literature of power cannot adopt the methods of science, it is to a great extent otherwise with the literature of knowledge. Thus in our own day we have seen the rise of a school of historians who are too scientific, in the true sense of the word, to pretend that they are masters of a science of history. They have lost something, perhaps, in no longer conceiving a history as a work of art, as a passionate drama, or as a gallery of portraits. They have not produced, and cannot by their methods produce, a Thucydides or a Tacitus. But the gains have outbalanced the loss. They are patient and indefatigable in research. They labor in original sources as the geologist among his strata or the comparative anatomist among his vertebrates and invertebrates. They endeavor to lay aside prejudice and passion, in order that they may see things as they are. They recognize the continuity of human history. They treat no portion of the past with scorn. They do not dress up the men of past ages in the costumes or the ideas of to-day. They study the action of great but obscure social forces and discover in them the causes of those conspicuous events which alone attract the attention of superficial observers. In a word, living at a time when the scientific spirit is dominant, they appropriate to their own uses some of the methods of science and cultivate certain habits of mind which may be described as scientific. And great has been the gain for their special study, great the gain for us all.

In the literature of criticism the influ-

ence of science has brought loss and gain. Sainte-Beuve mourned over the disappearance of the circle of "studious amateurs" in literature, vibrating to the finest and most fugitive impressions. But he does not deny that the time has come when we must gird up our loins courageously for a series of steadfast and laborious marches. No one demonstrated more admirably than Sainte-Beuve himself that it is possible to reconcile *la critique de gout* and *la critique naturelle* ; no one gave happier examples of that kind of criticism which, while remaining a delicate art yet knows how to take advantage of all the inductions of science and all the acquisitions of history.\* He found his happiness in exquisite studies of literary natural history and literary physiology, and in reproducing from ample stores of knowledge and with the finest tact an image of this or that environment which has aided the development of genius. Yet he cannot forbear from uttering a light sigh as he thinks of days when it was possible to taste and dwell upon the flavor of the fruit without discussing all the conditions of soil and climate which reared the plant and matured the sap. In a characteristic passage he makes his "last complaint," half serious, half playful, against the inevitable which he is fully prepared to accept :—

"Where is that vanished time in which, even though one were an author and professional man of letters, it was not essential to engage in so many trains of reasoning and observe such learned ceremonies ; when the impression on a reader's mind came easily, and took complete possession of him without an effort, as at the theatre the play engages and interests the amateur pleasantly seated in his stall ; when we could read Ancients and Moderns lying on our bed like Horace in the dog-days, or stretched on a sofa like Gray, murmuring to ourselves that such pleasure was better than the joys of Paradise or Olympus ; the time when we walked in the shade ; reading, like that excellent Dutchman, who could not conceive, he said, greater happiness here below at the age of fifty than to saunter through a lovely country, book in hand, sometimes closing it, without passion, without desire, yielding oneself wholly to meditation ; the time when, like Meissonier's *Reader*, in our solitary chamber, on a Sunday afternoon, by the open window in its frame of honeysuckle, we read some book which seemed for the season our only love. Happy age, where is it flown ? Nothing truly is less like it than to be forever

\* *Nouveaux Lundis*, ix. pp. 84, 85.

on the thorns as we are nowadays when we read—than to be on our guard at every step, to question ourselves without end ; to ask whether this is the right text, whether there is not some alteration here, whether the author whom we should enjoy did not take this in a different way, whether he copied from actual things or invented, whether he is original and in what way, whether he has been faithful to his genius and to his race, . . . with a thousand other questions which spoil pleasure, breed doubt, make you rub your forehead, compel you to run to your library, to climb to the highest shelves, to tumble over all your books, to consult, to inspect, to become in a word an artisan or a laboring man instead of a delicate voluptuary or a fastidious amateur, who inhales the spirit of things, and takes only what may suit him and gratify his taste. Epicurism of culture, forever lost I fear ; henceforth forbidden assuredly to every critic ; last religion of those for whom no other survived ; last honor and last virtue of a Hamilton and a Petronius, how truly I conceive you, how much I regret you, even while I combat you, and while I forswear you !” \*

We cannot do things by halves. Literary research, like historical research, must be exact and thorough or it is of little worth. It has opened new regions and buried ages for our study ; yes, and for our enjoyment. It has illuminated the past. It has widened our sympathies. It has substituted for that dogmatic criticism which pronounced imperious judgments a new natural history of poets and prose-writers. Our library has become a kind of museum, in which specimens of the various species are arranged and classified. What we had read any way for our pleasure we must now study in chronological sequence, so that we may observe and follow a development. We reconstruct our author's environment, we investigate his origins. All this is well ; yet subject to one condition—that we do not forget the end of study in the means, that we somehow and at some time get beyond the apparatus. It is well to know that the vine belongs to the natural order *vitaceæ* ; that it prefers an open soil with good drainage ; that it has pentamerous flowers ; that the fruit is two-celled and four-seeded ; and that the juice contains bitartrate of potash and

tartrate of lime. But all this we might know although we had never tasted the grape or drunk a cup of wine. The student of chemistry may find as interesting a subject of analysis in a bottle of that claret which bears the venerable name of an eminent and versatile statesman as in a bottle of the rarest vintage ; but wine has other uses than that of affording a field for analysis. It rejoices the heart of man, and this quality of the juice of the grape deserves at least a certain degree of attention.

There is undoubtedly a danger that in accumulation, arrangement, observation, analysis, induction, we may lose some of the finer spirit of literature. With the great French critic from whom I have quoted such a danger could not exist. No wine-taster had a finer palate than that incomparable old taster of the vintages of literature, Sainte-Beuve. His intellect was not dogmatic ; he did not read to confirm a theory ; he did not force things, as his fellow-countryman, M. Taine does, to become mere illustrations of a doctrine ; he would hardly, like M. Hennequin, push scientific criticism to the point at which it conjecturally explores the “ third frontal convolution” in the “ cerebral organism” of a great poet ; he carried his weight of erudition lightly and gracefully. There is life and not mere arrangement in all that he has written. Acquisition of intellectual property is admirable, but only on condition that we are the masters and not the slaves of our possessions. “ Reading,” Edmund Burke wrote in a letter of advice to his son, “ and much reading, is good. But the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your own mind, and of applying it on every occasion that arises, is far better ; so don't suppress the *vivida vis*.” That we may lose ourselves in materials is the danger of our time. No word of counsel is more to the purpose at the present day than Burke's word. Let knowledge and erudition do their perfect work, only let us see that they do not suppress but rather subserve the spirit of life within us.—*Fortnightly Review*.

\* *Nouveaux Lundis*, ix. pp. 86, 87.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

IN the very pleasing verses sent us this week by the author of "Reuben Sachs," Miss Levy explains in two lines of packed meaning one of the forgotten attractions of a capital even for those who are not compelled by duty to reside within its limits. Those attractions are not limited to the greater range or higher qualities of its society, or to the general "liveliness," which is so pleasing to the uneducated, that when they have once lived in London for six months, they regard all other residences as places of exile, spoiled, whatever their other charms, by unendurable "dullness." Society is pleasant, no doubt, in moderation to all, and "liveliness"—that is, visible movement, whether of men or minds, something, in fact, to look at,—quicken the life of all who cannot think; but there are other impelling forces which drive the educated toward London, and among them the one given by Miss Levy, that London is a place—

"Wherein more lightly seems to press the burden  
Of individual life that weighs me down."

The denizens of cities are accustomed to think of the country as the home of peace and the place of restfulness, where the burden is lightest, and the self least obtrusive; but it is doubtful whether much of that feeling does not spring from their recollections of holiday, and if in a longer stay they would not find that the constant pressure of a few minds, and the perpetual consciousness of imperfect sympathies, disturbed them more than the crowded solitude of the town. At all events, it is certain that to thousands of minds, the first attraction of a great city, and therefore especially of London, is that it lightens the sense of individuality, reducing each to be only one of a countless crowd. An ordinary man, and still more an ordinary woman, has in London streets something of the independence of an invisible being,—moves about unseen, does his or her business unnoticed, feels no pressure from ever-watchful opinion, is released, in fact, from the burden of individual self-consciousness. To be

lost is not only the luxury but the necessity of many minds, and they do not feel lost on the least-peopled down or in the thickest wood as they do amid the endless crowd of the Strand or Piccadilly, where all men see and see not at the same time. They feel a sense of security, that "sweet security of London streets" of which Charles Lamb spoke, such as they enjoy nowhere else, and could enjoy only from a sense of being but grains of sand, drops in an ocean, imperceptible yet separate, and free though surrounded, touched, pressed upon by millions like themselves. They do not probably utter the epigram, but they feel, and hug themselves in feeling, that the pre-eminent charm of London is its solitude, the perfect liberation possible amid its crowds from all pressure from human beings. A million eyes and a million ears, and you pass among them all impalpable as a spirit,—that, to more than the world knows, is the most intense relief and refreshment, a lightening of the air, a positive increase of mental force, and of the capacity for enjoyment. Born Londoners feel it so keenly, that they hardly know how to endure its absence, and fly back to London from the country or the Colony with a sense of seeking a pleasant shade. We have known this consciously felt even by men who were also aware, as, no doubt, an immense majority of all whose trade is thinking are aware, that London imperceptibly increases their inherent force; that they obtain assistance from the presence of the multitude, and the rush of its movement, and the sense of the power that is being momentarily exerted.

The notion that London wearies is only half the truth; less than half perhaps, for London gives the force on which it makes such demands. The great capital, merely by its existence around you, quickens the brain, fosters thoughts which in the country would never come, and in some way by its own weight develops and facilitates mental industry. Laziness is of the country, not London, because it is in London that work, owing to a strength imper-

ceptibly derived from the vivid life around, is least distressing. What is three miles in London? and what in the country? And the difference perceptible even to the body is far more clearly perceptible to the mind, which is at once braced up to more exertion and relieved, as Miss Levy says, from the pressing burden of its individual self, and therefore more independent and strong. The mind thinks in London and meditates in the country, and thought is to meditation what endeavor is to purpose. This is, we believe, the grand attraction of the country for those thousands of men who seek it knowing they shall find in it no occupation they desire, who can neither cultivate nor garden, who hate sport and are unaccustomed to exercise, who know that country folk will bore them, and who do not feel that curious attraction, for some, of village life, the close human interest of the little drama of which they may, if they will, become permanently aware. The mind is unbraced, to its infinite relief. The horse not only stands still, but is unharnessed. It is not that there is so much less work to do, but that the mind, soothed half into sleepiness by the less invigorating mental atmosphere, is incompetent to do it, and incompetent without the sense that incompetence is failure. It is relieved of a pressure, as the body is relieved at night of clothes,—that is, of a weight which while it is borne is almost imperceptible, but the wearing of which is, in the athlete's sense, regular training. There is in the country an anodyne other than that anodyne derived from the "garden's silent sweets," of which Miss Levy sings, an anodyne generated by the less vigorous, or, rather, less bracing character of its life, the sleepiness of its existence, of which its tenants are so conscious and so often complain. They want unconsciously the tonic of the town, the invigoration and consciousness of force given by the multitudinousness and the restlessness of its crowds. The desire to sleep in solitude is instinctive, for in the presence of the crowd vitality increases, and with vitality wakefulness, and that longing for exertion which comes only with the power to exert oneself. To most men we hope, to numbers we know, the mere spectacle presented by

true country, the fields, and the trees, and the hills, the new shapes of the clouds, and that most entrancing of pleasures, an air in which you feel bathed, are attractions which hardly tire, and which fill them with the sense of peace only to be obtained from Nature, peace without fatigue; but the first attraction of the country is rest, rest not from toil, but from the coercion of the spirit toward exertion which London inflicts on us all. It is the impulse of work which the city yields, as it yields also, just as health does, the power to comply with the demand. "I am three times the man in London that I am in the country," said one whose whole bent was toward continuous thought, and who, his friends would have said, would think best amid the country quiet. He knew himself rightly, and his sentence is true of almost all who think; but then, in that increased manhood is increased waste, and increased necessity for the unbracing which, as we maintain, the country affords. That is why the rich, who everywhere tend naturally toward the life which is most recuperative, have been drawn by an instinct toward the double life, half in the country and half in the town, and find in it the reinvigoration which the majority find in alternations of labor and sleep. Of all their advantages, which the English world just now grudges them with such a novel, and we may add, such a wicked envy, hardly any compares with this,—that they can at will choose between the mental atmosphere of London and the country, and be stimulated at pleasure or relaxed. We grudge them nothing; but they should not make the mistake of declaring the country to be the tonic, when it is the town. London gives force and increases independence, though the over-tired cannot admit it even in their own minds, and hate the town because it exhausts the energy which without its invigorating influence they would never feel. Let them just try to work steadily five days a week for ten hours a day, amid the "silent sweets of the garden," and they will soon find that London, if it demands much, also gives something for which there is no substitute. "Blessed is the unpeopled down, blessed is the crowded town, where the tired



groan," sang Ebenezer Elliot in an outburst of religious optimism; and he was right thus far, that it is in the town that the true capacity for getting tired, for working straight up to the limit of the natural power, is best and most steadily developed. The poets are wise to hymn the country, for the business of Art is to give pleasure, and there is no tonic of which the taste is not bitter; but the reservoir of force is town, London, "stony-hearted London," in which the weak drop beaten. There is something

there in the air which was never on hill-side, and at once compels and enables men to make the exertion for which, and not to be happy, the only Being to whom effort is impossible set them down in this little world. "You prefer the country, do you, nevertheless?" Yes, and so do we; and so does the miner prefer the brae: but it is out of the mine, not the brae, that the treasure comes, and the energy to work it, too.  
—*Spectator*.

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A POET'S CORNER.

BY W. H. GRESSWELL.

THE true Poet's Corner is, we maintain, that little spot or inglenook, where, in each case, the individual poet in his life-time loved most to resort. Many nature-loving poets seem out of place in a promiscuous *Campo Santo*, or even in such a place—we say it with all deference to tradition and opinion—as Westminster Abbey. In this Abbey the soaring spirit seems thrust down into mediocrity amid the appalling and overwhelming number of its fellows, each telling its tale of the inevitableness of death and the eclipse of human greatness. Herded together the "great ones" lose their stature and procerity, nay, even their individuality. Upon the wandering pilgrim, who gathers a name here and there, and stores in his memory a casual inscription, the main impression left is that of the grim impartiality of death. It is difficult to worship greatness, or rather its poor relicts, *en masse*, the mind longs to distinguish and individualize, and pay homage to one form of greatness alone. The heroes pass before us in shadowy files, but for each eye there must be some "Great Achilles," some great one, who, in the judgment of the bystander or pilgrim, towers head and shoulders above the rest. Joseph Addison has said that when he walked in Westminster Abbey "every emotion of envy died within him," and Edmund Burke testified to a kind of awe that pervaded his mind. But Congreve, perhaps, more truly says that the place strikes

AN AWE  
And terror as of aching sight, the tombs  
And monumental caves of death look cold,  
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart;

a feeling which Francis Beaumont echoes when he bids "mortality behold and fear." To do justice to the memories of our great poets, we should scarcely cultivate so gruesome a feeling, especially in the case of our nature-loving poets. They themselves may not be wholly responsible for the gloomy and terrible associations of ideas, they the children of the sunlight, the minstrels of the groves and the companions of the moors. Could the disembodied spirits be questioned, they might repudiate the partnership of chilling greatness in a crowded mausoleum, come down from their niches and ask the bystander to accompany them to some favored corner where they had played as children, haunted as men, and in their true vocation as born poets celebrated in verse—

Singing hymns unbidden  
In the light of thought.

Doubtless many a poet would prefer an apotheosis in some very humble but congenial abode, far from the haunts of men, and near a

low cottage in a sunny bay  
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks  
And the sea-breeze as innocuously breathes  
On Devon's leafy shores,

as Coleridge has picturesquely described it. Therefore, their fires should be kept burning, as it were, on rural altars by the wayside, not in the precincts of

a national shrine where they are deified somewhat promiscuously. Even Horace, that courtly and cosmopolitan bard, has indicated his preference for one very especial corner of sunny Italy, near the ancient Tarentum, where spring is long and winter is mild. That little corner, he says, smiles for him more than any other in the world. No city poet but feels occasionally the irksomeness of streets and the dulness of a capital. The author of *Trivia* or *The Art of Walking the Streets of London*, has written in his description of "rural sports"—

Ye happy fields ! unknown to noise and strife,  
The kind rewarders of industrious life ;  
Ye shady woods ! where once I used to rove  
Alike indulgent to the muse and love ;  
Ye murmuring streams ! that in meanders roll,  
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,  
Farewell. The city calls me from your bowers,  
Farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

And perhaps we may guess where Gay's heart really lay after all ; not in the Strand, nor "the ungrateful hurry" of the town, where "life seemed a jest," but in some sequestered spot remembered of old. Then there is the picture of Cowper wandering silently along the banks of the Ouse, sitting in his little ingle-nook or summer-house, round which the roses and honey-suckle grew in profusion, and surveying the world with a quiet philosophy of his own. Here is the place and here are the surroundings which constitute in his case the true "Poet's Corner." In Westminster Abbey the absolute nothingness of human life, the *vanitas vanitatum* of all things human are borne in upon you, where even kings have walked to their throne over the dust and graves of their ancestors. Coleridge once said : "On entering a cathedral I am filled with devotion and awe ; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite—earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity ; and the only sensible impression left is, that I am nothing." Yes, Coleridge is right ; for the purposes of pious and religious humiliation a cathedral or abbey have their wholesome influences, but if you go there to worship a human ideal, or a mortal incarnation of wisdom and wit, living only its chill marble life, they are oppressive. You

can learn but little from an inscription or bust or memorial tablet, be the workmanship ever so exquisite, or the elegy ever so graceful. The once mobile features stare vacuously, the life is frozen, the hand is stiff, and the *rigor mortis* is over all. When I have been to our Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey I feel that I have seen something certainly, but learned very little about a poet, and I feel oppressed.

Perhaps no one would go there to be instructed by simply looking at the mere presentments and effigies of men. There is a gallery of busts and figures before you—nothing more—and the place is consecrated for them and to them. But I would prefer to go where the poet has consecrated his own place and made his own ingle-nook famous. Surely he lives there with a continuous life of his own ; he is not dwarfed by his compeers, and he ranges over a goodly space, the sole king of his domain. Could his disembodied spirit be localized anywhere it would be here ; here where his brightest fancies came, where his music ran wild and his heart tingled with the first glow of inspiration. Nature-loving and descriptive poets must have their mausoleum, but it will be one which they have chosen for themselves, and for which their thoughts and lives have prepared them. Keats and Shelley lie in appropriate graves—in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Keats, when nearing death, murmured, after lying still for a while, "I feel the flowers growing over me." And we know the flowers grow well in that southern country—to use the words of Shelley himself—"making one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Better here, surely, than in Westminster Abbey.

Such thoughts as these occurred to me when last I revisited Westminster Abbey, and especially when I stood in the Baptistry known as the "Little Poets' Corner," made famous by such names as Keble, Kingsley, Maurice, and Wordsworth. It had chanced that I had been living for some time close to spots in the country consecrated by the presence of Wordsworth and his companion, S. T. Coleridge, in 1798. The glen within a few yards of my door was

a favorite resort of the poet and his friends, and had been called "The Poet's Corner." And this prompted a train of reflection. It was a wild and romantic spot through which the echoes of a rushing stream ever sounded; the trees above were tall and umbrageous, and the sanctities of the place as great, if not greater, for their particular purpose, than those of ancient Westminster Abbey. Wordsworth's body lies most fittingly in Grasmere Churchyard; his seated statue is in Westminster, but his spirit is to be known wherever he has sung. He is "sole king of rocky Cumberland," and lord also of a goodly manor of Somersetshire, where I came to know him and his gentle rule, as many another can know him if he will. A poet acquires a kind of spiritual jurisdiction over the places he has sojourned in and the hills he has haunted. Not with trembling fear or with superstitious awe do we mark the footsteps of the minstrel. His progress is the progress of a prophet we love, his music the chords of everlasting song we hear and love also. At Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798, Wordsworth wrote (and how true always the living picture!) :—

I heard a thousand blended notes  
While in a grove I sat reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.  
The budding twigs spread out their fans  
To catch the breezy air,  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

Close by are the tall holly trees and lofty arbors of Alfoxden wood, beneath which the poet often paced with his sister Dorothy and with Coleridge planning great things. They all are dead, but by their presence they have consecrated that grove and immortalized those bird songs. And the grove is worthy of the poets, and meet to be a "Poet's Corner" and an ingle-nook of fame. The thousand blended notes rise daily in the spring-time from the throats of the birds. And one may learn to know them all. First in the spring you may hear the white-throated dipper warbling pensively his first note as he sits upon the mossy stone, the thrush is ever ready with his jubilant note, and the blackbird with his mellow whistle. In the tall gray trees above the hollies you will hear in May

the starlings chatter, mimicking the whole aviary of the wood; the woodpeckers, or "wood-walls," as they are locally termed, are heard everywhere, and the chaffinch gently warbles his amorous refrain. The chaffinch trills his short sweet melody, and the hedge-sparrow whispers, as it were, to its mate, the wren shouts exultingly, the tom tit scolds, and, above in the trees, the wood-pigeon coos in calm grave undertones. Not far off, by the fallow field close to the heathery moor, the lark from his height pours down his song of mirth. Beautiful and melodious is this chorus anywhere in green old England, but passing beautiful and melodious when through the cadence of the heavenly music is whispered the poet's name and told the poet's thought.

And yet another place and another consecration. Wordsworth, in his conclusion to the *Prelude*, wrote thus, addressing Coleridge :

But, beloved friend,  
When looking back, thou seest, in clearer view  
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,  
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or loitered midst her sylvan  
combes ;  
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man  
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;  
And I, associate with such labor, steeped  
In soft forgetfulness the liveliest hours.

Here we cannot but notice the joyous associations of the "indulgent skies" of that summer of 1797-98, the testimony to Coleridge's "happy heart." Joy is the key-note of the Quantock period, and if sorrow and tribulation were to come afterward, as we know they did, neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth anticipated it on "Quantock's airy ridge." The place tells of a poet's joy, a soul's kinship, a life's friendship, and the immortal companionship of genius. And these things are immortal as long as the world lasts and poets dream.

Wordsworth was so enamored of these hills and the open stretches of moorland that he used frequently to haunt them by night. On a still summer night no poet could find a more fascinating peregrination than this. Deep woods and sloping combes afford an endless variety of walks, whether he pre-

fers the more solemn stillness of the oak coppice or the freer aspect of the heather-clad ridges. The paths that in daytime had, as it were, almost shone as green veins along the dark wastes, become nearly indistinguishable gray lines beneath the starlight. As you move along their velvet tracery, trodden out at random between the ling and gorse by the wandering moorland sheep, you feel that you have been transported to a gentle, noiseless world, where the bleating sheep and the shaggy hill-ponies are your only companions. You will hear, now and then, the rustle of the leaves, as some stray rabbit darts away from such a strange apparition as yourself wandering at this unusual hour. You pause again and again to listen, and your eyes strain into the gloom to penetrate its wonders, for you know that there are more moving things beneath its mantle than you can know. You are face to face with the mysteries of the night, and are being introduced to the world of bats, owls, night-jars, mice, moths (for the Quantocks are famous for their moths), and to innumerable families of creation. The stately Quantock stag, that has couched all day among some dry ferns, steps forth in confidence upon the borders of the night. Now is his time, this is his kingdom. I have seen him before now in his full-antlered glory, glide rather than gallop—for the indistinct vision of man loses at night the minor incidents of form and motion—across some open glade, dark as a shadow, and nearly indiscernible but for the momentary glint of the moon upon his antlers and “beamed front.” Then his footfall is as noiseless as a cat’s. The hoof touches the soft carpet and expands as it touches along a swiftly marked “vestigium.” The Quantocks are famed for their velvet paths, and the hillside is covered, especially in a wet season, with a natural integument as soft and springy as a Brussels carpet. But it needs the morning light to confirm the vision you have seen, and the sight of a firmly indented hoof on a soft place to reassure your senses. It is no phantom stag, bred of the opiate humor of the night, but a noble deer, judging from his “slot” or track; a “warrantable” animal, with all his “rights,” and destined to lead the hunt a merry chase one day.

Then the Quantocks abound in owls and night-jars. If you go there during the nesting season you will hear them on all sides. That bird which, on silent wing, almost touches you as he swoops by, is a brown owl, descendant of a family that have nested in the coppice below for many generations. The white owl is commoner, and you hear him in May hooting round his well-known haunts. They are the soft spirits of the moorland, sweet ministers of peace and calm; their wings are the instruments of perfect motion, winnowing the perfumed air of night. To all the owl is a welcome bird. Who knows but that he carries on his rounds some bird news of the evening’s dusky border, that he is a night-watcher guarding their homes, a policeman with a beat, a postman carrying in his weird “Tu whit tu whoo” a revelation of a mysterious world, unintelligible to us. When Coleridge wrote *Christabel* on the Quantocks, he began with an inspiration on the owl:—

’Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock.  
To whit!—to whoo!  
And hark again! the crowing cock  
How drowsily it crew.

But the night-bird *par excellence* of the Quantocks is the fern-owl, or night-jar. Climb any ridge that divides one combe from another and listen to their purring, drumming challenge from hill to hill. How the sound rises and falls as the flaps of wind carry the note of the strange ventriloquist to your ears! Now it is but a murmurous prologue, thrilling the moor with a drowsy monotone, like a night minstrel attuning a weird note to the spirit of the scene, and sending a soothing lullaby among the tenants of the combes; now, again, the purring swells into a louder and more triumphant challenge, revelling in its own strange echoes and holding a dominion in the world of night-sounds, drowning the scream of the owl, the last double note of the wandering cuckoo—for the cuckoo is a belated bird, uttering his refrain far into the night along the moorland—and even the sound of the distant streams. If you move cautiously you may see him sitting along the branch of a fir or oak tree drumming away to his mate below. If you disturb him he will flit noiselessly away, and you will hear his low note as



he hawks over the furze for food ; but he will surely return to his accustomed perch, and send his bagpipe-note over the moor till morning. The Quantock cuckoo, which seems above all others to be especially jubilant in his note, like the Quantock lark, will seem, to use Wordsworth's own words, more like "a wandering voice" than ever. You have never had a chance of seeing him flitting on his strange evening errand hawk-like over the hills.

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy two-fold shout I hear ;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass  
At once far off and near.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring,  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

Over all, now that the voice of genius has spoken, lies "the consecration and the poet's dream." The earth is richer by his gift, the combs and hills made more jubilant by his verse. The harmonies of the classic land are greater, and yet one more "Poet's Corner" for ancient England ! We cannot wonder, then, that Coleridge should write to Cottle and say : "These hills and woods and streams and the sea and shores would break forth in reproaches against us, if we did not strain every nerve to keep their poet (Wordsworth) among them. Without joking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him." But they lost him ; and those heather-clad hills, near which the Severn sea makes pleasant music in summer, have been desolate ever since. Here, too, among the sequestered combs rises the sound of many "a beck" without which Wordsworth, we know, never was happy. Fit place to inspire *The Sonnets to the River Duddon* !

Just at this time there was, we know, an inspiration of another kind going on in the breast of Wordsworth. Not only was he a poet of nature but also of mankind. At the time of the *Lyrical Ballads*, there is, apart from his theories as a poetical reformer, a key-note of tenderness and humanity which breaks through the poet, strictly so called, and displays the man. His poetic ecstasy was, to use his own words, "Felt in the blood and felt along the heart." Words-

worth found in nature a great educating medium, a passion and a poem speaking, among other things, of the love of man to man. Upon the Quantocks the *Thorn Tree* suggests the story of poor *Martha Ray*, and a natural picture is sketched, throwing into relief human suffering and all the pathos of life. *The Last of the Flock*, also written on the Quantocks, introduces its own tale of suffering. *Simon Lee*, the old huntsman, is the worn-out veteran struggling with a mattock, in the vain endeavor to uproot a stump of wood.

Few months of life has he in store  
As he to you will tell ;  
For still, the more he works, the more  
Do his weak ankles swell.

The poor are always with us, now and then, although their social condition is considerably altered since Wordsworth's time. In the eighth book of the *Prelude* the poet strikes a note that should go sounding through the ages. The love of nature leads to the love of man :

In the midst stood man,  
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,  
As, of all visible nature, crown, though born  
Of dust, and kindred to the worm ; a being,  
Both in perception and discernment, first  
In every capability of rapture.

The first introduction of Wordsworth to London crushed and hurried him, and "a weight of ages descended upon his heart." But the sight of all the misery there was not able to "overthrow my trust in what we may become."

Thus from an early age, O Friend,  
My thoughts by slow gradations had been  
drawn  
To human-kind and to the good and ill  
Of human life : nature had led me on  
And oft amid the "busy hum," I seemed  
To travel independent of her help,  
As if I had forgotten her ; but no.  
The world of human-kind outweighed not her  
In my habitual thoughts ; the scale of love,  
Though filling daily, still was light, compared  
With that in which her mighty objects lay.

The voice of "poor humanity" was always pleading with Wordsworth, and his sympathy, as well as that of Coleridge, with the struggles for liberty and freedom in France, to be withdrawn only when the champions of liberty disgraced their cause and ran riot in blood and butchery, was an early sign of his compassion with the poor and down-trodden. The times seemed to be out

of joint, and it was a question whether the Susquehannah and a Pantisocracy were not preferable to England and prejudice. By the time Wordsworth had settled at Alfoxden he had probably forgotten his Pantisocracy, and was disillusioned of some of his French sympathies. Yet he was looked upon in this little corner of Somersetshire as a Jacobin, a smuggler, and a French spy, and poor Dorothy was regarded as a culpable accomplice. Yet what a monstrous charge to bring! Here "The Solitary" is engaged on lofty thought, and is contemplating his high mission. His heart is warm, and his sympathies are kind, and he loves the poor despised "hinds" and laborers around him, because his mind is elevated, and his affections are true. He is no dreaming enthusiast and fanatical worshipper of Nature. Man is the central figure; man, with his infinite capacities, high intelligence, and regal position. Of London he writes,

How oft, amid those overflowing streets,  
Have I gone forward with the crowd and said  
Unto myself, the face of every one  
That passes by me is a mystery.

To understand the wondrous web of human life, to face its problems, and grasp its difficulties, he says,

attention springs,  
And comprehensiveness and memory flow  
From early converse with the works of God.

Since Wordsworth composed the Prelude, nearly a hundred years have passed over London, making the problems infinitely more puzzling, and its life infinitely more complex. England threatens to be swallowed up in one vast metropolis, where every one crowds and jostles, rendering life and existence more unendurable than ever. The villages are depleted of their population, and the old rural life is being forgotten or obscured. This is an age when the steady influences of country life are needed more than ever to repair the waste of hurry and excitement. Is there not a bitter cry from depleted shires as well as from the overgrown metropolis? Cannot the cultured and the leisured give a little more attention to a Wordsworthian vision, or to the Wordsworthian ideal? To live with Nature, to know her transient moods, to love her as a nurse, to know her as a companion, to

feel that in rural England there is before the leisured the simplest and the noblest and most dutiful life for all, to be in touch with the harmonies of Nature, to go to the fountain sources of inspiration, and from all this to reduce a love of mankind and a practical philanthropy is a great and noble ideal. One may dream it, if nothing more, sitting by a "Poet's Corner," and following in the spirit of his high narrative reach the ultimate goal he points out. Of one thing I feel sure; poor neglected rural England requires a poet and a prophet. Can Wordsworth recall us to the realities of our rural life, and give us a cult as true, and a philosophy as sound as that of the great classic poets was false and unreal. I fancy I can hear from this ingle-nook the voice of those who object and say: A pretty, very pretty and taking philosophy, but is it attainable for many? In other words, is it possible for many to be Wordsworthians, and at the same time practical men of the world? I maintain that it is; and that many leisured and cultured people can find in Wordsworth a practical motive for philanthropy on very exalted lines. Wordsworth sets out with a passionate love of Nature, and all the works of the Creator. Man is the noblest of God's works, and he claims our first attention. It is monstrous that in the midst of all the beauty and salubrity of the outer world God's image should be defaced, and the divine lineaments obscured. Squalid misery is an offence against the beauty of the natural world, and the sight of it makes the charitable heart well up with sympathy. This feeling is different from the simple intellectual appreciation of beauty, which may begin and end with ourselves, and was the heritage of the ancient Hellenes to a greater extent, perhaps, than it ever can be with ourselves. No, it is a feeling that the symmetry of things, and the harmony of the world is disturbed by our social and artificial arrangements, and the voice of the natural world pleads against unsightliness. The feeling aroused is not precisely a moral law, but it is to the individual a strong injunction of right doing. It is perennial because it draws its inspiration from the outer world and the beautiful and fair things of creation which never fail, and are always renewed. Moreover, it tallies

with the direct injunction of Heaven, and the precepts of revelation.

Wordsworth left far behind him the age of Strepson and Chloe, and the artificialities of a vain classical revival. He has bequeathed to us, it seems to me, a great and wide philosophy, which is not necessarily esoteric or selfish, but one which many can take up when and how they please, either wholly or in part. Whenever the beauty and symmetry of the natural world come home to a receptive mind, whenever the observant eye can see, or the ear can listen, and the organs of our human body are sensitive to outward impressions, there is the germ of a philosophy. Taine, the French critic, has written of Wordsworth: "When I shall have emptied my head of all worldly thoughts, and looked up at the clouds for ten years to refine my soul, I shall love this poetry. Meanwhile, the reel of imperceptible threads, by which Wordsworth endeavors to bind together all sentiments, and embrace all nature, breaks in my fingers; it is too fragile; it is a woof of woven spider-web, spun by a metaphysical imagination, and tearing as soon as a solid hand tries to touch it." Not so; Neither the statement nor the description is true, although we may not wonder at M. Taine's difficulty in understanding Wordsworth. To such a critic, perhaps, the talent and genius of Richard Jefferies would be equally inscrutable. But an ordinary nature-loving Briton can understand him and follow him, if he can only come to close quarters with him and follow him to his hidden retreat, bask in his "light of thought," and track him along the paths of his revelation, and peer into his favored ingle-nook and the true "Poet's" corner. Very often we leave the appreciation of these local sanctities to colonists and Americans, who seem to have a better perspective than ourselves. But once approach the "adytum" in a proper spirit, and you are

face to face with the divinity that haunts it. We are standing by the well of inspiration, the very fount of Castalia, where we can watch the bubbles break, and hear the eternal melody of the hills.

We put off our shoes from off our feet as it were, and stand on sacred ground. We listen for the sermon, and it comes thrilling from the woods and down the leafy corridors. The stream bears a message, and the winds float a song of peace. From the "Poet's Corner" comes a voice sounding the eternal verities, and we stand listening as pilgrims at a shrine. The light strikes on the Memnon statue, and it speaks, and gives back the answer we crave.

So we may learn a poet by glimpse and intuition. Beneath the open dome of heaven, not the fretted vault of temples, where the object and motives of our devotions are completely different, beneath the leafy screen of the jubilant woods, not behind the carved and dusty screens of antiquity, in the glorious pageantry of the eternal hills, not behind the light of painted glass, be it never so dim and sacred, by the wayside shrine of the poet rather than in the awful precincts of a national Campo Santo, in the temple of the skies rather than in the temples made with hands, we catch the spiritual presence of the poet who truly loves nature, and is her best interpreter. Could we know a poet thus face to face and in the light of day, we should put aside our sense of gloom, and half forget the taint of his mortality. From the freshness of the natural world he speaks to us, and is the veritable *genius loci*. A close acquaintance will bring pleasurable emotions, and bequeath a life-long memory; and, with Horace, the pilgrim may say of his "Poet's Corner," wherever he chooses or chances to come across it—

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes  
Angulus risit.

—National Review.

## ON BEING ORDERED ABROAD FOR THE WINTER.

## A THREE-CORNERED ESSAY.

BY F. A.

ON comparing the impressions of one's youth with the state of things at the present time, it seems to me that the blessed art of making things pleasant all round has made considerable progress among the professors of medicine. They loom through the twilight of youth like so many *carnifices*, administering the frightful bolus, and, like Bob Allen, prepared to bleed you, on the slightest provocation. But now they prescribe very pleasant things, and they do so in the most genial and pleasant way. The only drawback is that the treatment suggested is frequently quite impracticable. Their advice is like the advice to the small boy to go in and win, to which the small boy has no possible objection, if he can only overcome the stronger fists of his adversary; or it is like the ironical saying of Mr. Justice Maule, in sentencing a man for bigamy whose first wife, and a very bad one, had run away from him, that it was the duty of the pauper to have had a Divorce bill passed through the House of Lords. I know several worthy parish doctors who tell the agricultural laborer that he requires a generous diet, with port wine and quinine. Where Hodge is to procure this treatment, except from the overburdened parson, is not stated. Similarly, if a professional man, whose time is his estate, who is chained to his business, whose children fasten him to home as the Lilliputians fastened Lemuel Gulliver to the ground, should visit the enlightened British physician, under certain circumstances, the great man feels bound to prescribe to the patient that he shall go abroad for the winter.

You go to see the great man for the purpose of obtaining his advice. And it is not always so easy to behold him. Sometimes there is a run upon a particular doctor, who is the fashion, and whom everybody wants to see. And it is not a bad thing to be a fashionable doctor, if only for this reason, that when the West-end patients go away from town the doctor may go abroad, and

partake of the remedy which he prescribes to other people. Sir Henry Holland, in his "Autobiography," said that he always took three months' holiday, and, rather than sacrifice any of it, heroically determined that his practice should never exceed five thousand a year. Such cases of professional modesty occur but rarely. Another celebrated physician, Dr. J. C. B. Williams, who has also published his "Autobiography," and who has sent legions of people abroad in his day, has practically carried out his own prescription by spending the evening of his days on the Riviera. It is sometimes, I was saying, a difficult thing to tackle the great physician when there is an irrational run upon him. There was, some time ago, a doctor whose morning levées were crowded beyond description. It was his pride and boast that he could feel his patient's pulse, look at his tongue, probe at him with his stethoscope, write his prescription, pocket his fee, in a space of time varying from two to five minutes. One day an Army man was shown into the consulting-room, and underwent what may be called the instantaneous process. When it was completed the patient shook hands heartily with the doctor, and said: "I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Forester, speak of his old friend, Dr. L." "What!" exclaimed the doctor, "are you Dick Forester's son?" "Most certainly I am." "My dear fellow, fling that infernal prescription into the fire, and sit down quietly and tell me what's the matter with you."

I may candidly say that I don't believe my own story, and, in fact, regard it with reprobation. I have known distinguished physicians spend an hour or two over a hospital case, when the diagnosis has been a difficult one. I expect that all our ailments are for the most part extremely vulgar, and that a doctor can read us off as the experienced reporter does so much shorthand. If you



want to see the great doctor, you must write and ask for an appointment. If you omit this form before calling, it is quite possible that you may wait three or four hours and miss him, after all. You may get a fine view of his back as he hurries to his carriage, perhaps munching a sandwich in order to sustain him on his round of visitation. You will perhaps observe on the mantelpiece a card stating that the fee for a first visit is two guineas, and for every subsequent visit a guinea. Some physicians conscientiously prefer receiving two guineas for each individual visit. There is another fee, however, which many of our physicians constantly receive, and that is—nothing. There is no body of men so persistently generous and self-denying in the matter of fees as English medical men.

Your name is written down on a slate and you are shown into the waiting-room. Perhaps you recognize this waiting-room as the physician's dining-room, and possibly in happier hours you have reposed your legs beneath that solid mahogany that is now strewn with books and periodicals to beguile the tedium of waiting. How the moralist might muse on the metamorphoses of the apartment! It is here that the light joke passed from the lips of the wit, and the slender foaming champagne glass was raised to the lips of the beauty, and the traveller brought back his strange stories from far regions of Asia or Africa, and the statesman unbent from the anxieties and telegrams of office. This wan wintry morning when the gleam of cold sunshine hardly wanders in, it is difficult to recall the light and festivity of the evening hours. In the comparison we waiting patients seem like a set of poor ghosts, shivering on the shores of Acheron. Of course the worst of the patients are not here; they are tossing on uneasy couches, and the good doctor will have to visit them at their own homes. There is a line of utterly unknown authorship which Dr. Johnson was very fond of murmuring to himself:

"Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

To-day the brilliant party and to-morrow the waiting-room of the consulting physician. I was going to add, for the sake of the antithesis, to-day "the foam-

ing grape of Eastern France" and to-morrow the "bolus," only I remember that, in these days of making things pleasant all round, the doctor frequently "exhibits" champagne as a remedial measure. Indeed, I have known one medical man of enlightened and cheerful views who prescribed a table-spoonful of brandy to be taken in a glass of champagne every three hours, a prescription to which the patient gave respectful submission.

What curious scenes these consulting-rooms have witnessed! I have known of men who have gone in very heavy-hearted, believing that they were suffering from every direful symptom known in the books, and have come back excessively happy, being assured that their fears were all mistakes and illusions. On the other hand, there are men who have made their calls, feeling assured that they are safe and sound, and have simply received sentence of death, and that within a very short time. A very pathetic story is told by Darwin in the life of his grandfather, Dr. Darwin of Derby. One day a patient entered the consulting-room of a London physician and detailed the symptoms of his illness. It was an obscure and difficult case, of a kind that was only imperfectly understood, and the London doctor confessed himself fairly puzzled. He could only say that the patient was in a most perilous state. "There is only one man in England who understands the disease," said the London doctor—"who understands cases of this sort, and you should go and consult him. It is Dr. Darwin of Derby." "Alas!" was the answer, "I am Dr. Darwin of Derby."

As we sit and wait, the attendant glides into the room and from time to time beckons one of us away. The odd thing is that none of us look at all ill; but in these days the doctors say that looking well has nothing at all to do with things. Still we are shy and reserved, and a little anxious, and I notice that any well-meant attempt to open a conversation generally collapses. I suppose we are all more or less hopeful as we have been able to make our way to this trysting spot. Then we go into the doctor's private room—his sanctum, his confessional, where at times very strange

confessions are heard, and also with no power of absolution. If you offend against the laws of Nature, Nature will give you no forgiveness. As Professor Huxley says, Nature does not give you a word and a blow, but she gives you the blow at once, and you must find out the meaning. You must be very clear and explicit during those precious moments of conversation. The man is a fool who prevaricates with his doctor or lawyer, and yet doctors and lawyers have found such fools in their experience. The doctor hears all you have to say, and brings out a lot of facts you had never thought of, and regulates your diet, and probably puts you on the oil of the liver of the cod, and finally sums up the case by saying, "You must go abroad for the winter."

You hear the sentence, and you go down to your club; and as you walk along the streets you ruminate on it. You are rather dazed to think you will be surrendering your club, and your customary chambers, your favorite places of call, the haunts and retreats you have made for yourself. You are not likely to find abroad so good a club as your own, or indeed any club at all. As the old friends drop into reading-room or smoking-room you endeavor to gather up their impressions and experiences for your own profit and use. But not much is to be gained this way. Your friends speak of a place as they have happened to find it, either *en bon* or *en laid*. If they have been pleased with the place you ask about, they extol it extravagantly; if they happen to have been cheated at their hotel, they probably inform you that it is an "infernal hole." The rebellious thought occurs to you that you will give up the idea and not go at all. You will change your doctor until you find some enlightened physician who will advise you to stay at home and follow your own sweet will. You say that at your time of life you must either be a fool or a doctor; forgetting that a combination of the two is perfectly possible. If you must change your doctor, you would not have to go so far before meeting a superior man whose opinion may coincide with your own. Still, after all, you own a difficulty in going against your regular doctor, who knows your constitution and

has helped you on honestly and ably all these years. In fact, the doctor is the one absolute power left in the country, and imposes on your scarce-resisting conscience the dogma of his infallibility. He has prescribed to you a place, and he is graciously willing to listen to anything you have to say on behalf of any other place you may prefer. Of course, the upshot is that you surrender yourself entirely to that Protestant Pope, your doctor. He kindly advises you the best way to travel, and gives you an introduction to the local *medico* who will understand your case, and dismisses you with his best wishes and a final prescription as a *viaticum*.

As you think of your engagements and responsibilities, and the heavy expenses, the prescription seems almost an impossible one. You might as soon be ordered to take a voyage to the moon, or make a tour among Jupiter's satellites. But there are no limits to the powers of human contrivance, and as you settle steadily to the idea, things seem to adjust themselves, and your way opens; and if things do *not* adjust themselves and the way does *not* open, this, too, may be for the best. The southern seaboard of our own country for many people is quite as good as going abroad. That sea-board is so good that Italian physicians have actually sent their patients to Penzance. Hastings, Ventnor and Torquay interpose their screen of hills against the unfriendly east wind. There is many a sheltered cove, unknown to fame, because unsung by any poets, which means in this case unrecommended by any physician. And that high temperature of the sunny south has sharp alternations of hot and cold, from which we are saved in our own country. Moreover, England is the land of organized comfort, and many people who go abroad with limited means and very little knowledge of the language, and very little society, English or foreign, lose more than they can get any compensation for. On the south coast the treatment of invalids has become a positive science, and all other interests seem subordinate to them. It is a curious fact that in these days asthmatic patients are sometimes ordered to London, the London smokiness, which, when pierced by the sun's setting rays, gives such

wonderful effects, being thought to possess great value in many cases of asthma. So before you allow yourself to be ordered abroad, make quite certain that you will not be better off at home.

The great region for England's invalids has always been the southern seaboard of Europe. Thence they have spread to Algiers and to Egypt and the happy islands of the far Atlantic. There was a time when the voyage to Australia was highly recommended. The sea voyage is no doubt an extremely good thing, both on account of the iodine and ozone of ocean, and also because one is enabled entirely to escape the winter. But the climate of Australia itself is very doubtful. Some American writer strongly advocated a prolonged stay in the mammoth cave of Kentucky, but the notion never took root. I imagine that, where there is a good staying-power, a sojourn among the Rocky Mountains would be likely to be more effective. There has been a great run on some of the Pyrenean watering-places, such as Eaux-Bonnes on the French, and Panticosa on the Spanish side. But from what I have seen of them in my visits, I am very distrustful of any good effect. If I am to go to any of the remoter places it is necessary that I have some costly interviews with the army of tradesmen, not to mention seeing a lawyer, making a will, and coming to an understanding with an insurance company. But if I am only visiting the fringe of the Mediterranean, barring the fatigue of an overland journey, it is little more than going out of one room into another. When men have been ordered abroad on military service, or have often gone immense distances in search of big game, there has often been the happiest effect on worn organs and debilitated constitutions.

It may be interesting and perhaps not without use to notice the vagaries and varieties of taste in winter resorts. For many people it is the constant object of interest to find out some new climate and invent some fresh health-resort. People do not go now to Montpellier and Lisbon as they used to do, but perhaps the ancient reputation of those places will revive. Most of the modern favorites are the result of sheer accident. Lord Brougham being turned back from

the Italian frontier, discovered Cannes, where he is rightly esteemed the founder of the place. Ruffini's lovely story, "Dr. Antonio," is thought to give the veritable history of Bordighera. One or two watering-places are being opened up on the Spanish coast, especially one at Huelva, which has a delicious climate, but is in the neighborhood of a large mining population and wants the accessories of an Anglican service. The most remarkable effort in this way is bringing the Canary Islands forward as a winter residence, and a great deal has been done in the way of cheap fares out and home, and also hotels and services. Mrs. Stone's recent large work, "Teneriffe and its Satellites" is a perfect mine of information on the subject. There are reasons, however, which this season are hindering the flow of immigration. The people of Madeira are somewhat fearful that the new resorts may overshadow their established reputation. There is probably also a very good case to be stated on behalf of the Azores islands. Of late years there has been a great tendency among bronchial patients to spend the winter in travelling in India. Moreover, as "globe-trotting" becomes the predominant amusement, the voyage round the world becomes established on hygienic principles, so as to insure the best climatic changes. It is obvious, however, that such very extended travels will hardly suit genuine patients, but presuppose a large amount of constitutional strength.

It will be seen, then, that those who are ordered abroad have the widest possible selection; in fact, it may be said of our invalids,

"The world was all before them where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

It must not be supposed that being ordered abroad for the winter is necessarily a gloomy affair. Many of the health resorts are especially fashionable, Cannes being the gay metropolis of the Riviera. Some people repair thither on the faintest shadow of valetudinarianism. Some go to recruit after the labors of the law term or the Session, and others in pursuance of a policy of precaution. Many will frankly say that they go entirely and avowedly for the

sake of the amusements. Mentone is the place to which the real invalids mainly resort. Monte Carlo, of course, is a place which has a most delicious climate, and the most exciting amusements. Unfortunately, the combination of the two is not the most healthful for the invalid. Nice has all the attractions and conveniences of a gay, bright city. But we must avoid the temptation to give a *catalogue raisonné* of the many sunny spots along that enchanting sub-tropical coast. There are some families who select a lonely sea-girt castle or a mountain *palazzo* for hibernation, apart from the presence of crowds. It is also to be remembered that a whole family and their *entourage* often go abroad for the sake of a single invalid, to whom, on the "making pleasant" principle, amusement and change and society are especially prescribed; so that the wide region which we may call "Pulmonaria" is practically one of a very lively character, *exceptis excipiendis*, and of late years has been found extremely fertile in giving materials to the artist and novelist.

Many of us would bear with most Christian resignation a sentence of banishment that sends us to such a lovely climate. We have perhaps murmured to ourselves the words of the poet—

"And I would see before I die  
The palms and temples of the south."

Change is the great natural alterative. "If you cannot change your country, change your town; and if you cannot change your town, change your room; and if you cannot change your room, change your furniture." This, I think, was Sir Henry Halford's famous saying. There is no doubt a healing, vivifying effect in change, if we do not fall into the error of trying it when too late. But you are not really bound to any particular region. You may spread the map of the world before you and choose your own place of retreat.

When you are distinctly ordered abroad, one of the first things to do is to resolve yourself into a committee of ways and means. It makes a great deal of difference whether you are a bachelor or an excessively married man; whether, when you put on your hat you cover your family or whether you have a tail as long as a comet's. It is a very sim-

ple calculation whether you go *en garçon*, living a kind of ideal existence—coming, going, and staying as you like—or with half-a-dozen, a dozen, or a dozen and a half in your train. In the latter case you simply multiply your own expenses by the number of the party, and you get the product desired—or undesired. The servants will be a little cheaper, but then the ladies will be a little more expensive, so the result will be very much as I state it. Only, in the latter case, the luggage assumes very serious dimensions. In the interest of railway porters—for whom, in these days of missions, some people have a very special interest—let me drop a word of advice by the way, and recommend the big boxes that run upon little wheels. They will immensely lighten the labors of those who are at times idle enough, but at other times are immensely overtaxed. Porters and waiters are sometimes treated as if they were natural enemies, but as the unfailing companions of one's travels they have a claim upon us. I remember at a big hotel in Paris we missed one of the waiters who had gone away with chest complaint. I knew a man there, who, in distributing doles to the servants, directed something to be taken to the sick man's home. I remember the buzz of excitement that ran through a circle of amazed waiters at this token of sympathy for their order. Once when I pointed out to a friend the large space which this item filled in his expenses, "My dear fellow," he replied, "that was the money best spent of all."

The question of climate is a much more difficult question than might be supposed. A physician orders a patient abroad to a particular locality, and the locality may have half-a-dozen climates, according to such matters as these—whether the residence is above or below the cliff; whether it has a northern or southern aspect; whether it is sheltered or not by woods and cliffs. Very often a patient goes to the climate that is diametrically opposite to the one that is fitted for him. I have heard a great physician groan over the perversity of his patients in selecting wrong sites. So many and so constant are the chances that we all have of blundering. By a mysterious Providence, there are many people who when they have a right and



a wrong presented to them, invariably choose the wrong, especially if it is a very important and crucial occasion. The great controversy of recent years has been one on the respective merits of the warm and the cold climate. Formerly a consumptive patient was treated like a hot-house plant. He was, so to speak, hermetically sealed up. If he were a hopeful patient he was sent to one of the more bracing places of the south—but to the south he must go. Almost accidentally a new way of thinking rose up. There was a man whose death-warrant was considered as sealed because he was ordered to the far north; and contrary to all sound opinion he recovered. People who were sent to Dartmoor as to the grave were found to be greatly benefited. Indeed, it is popularly said that no one born and bred on Dartmoor ever was consumptive. There was a very sensible Member of Parliament who, instead of going to the Riviera, went to the Ural Mountains and made a good recovery. It is found that no consumption exists beyond a certain altitude in the Andes, and consequently South American patients go to the Andes. The last theory is that the extreme cold kills the *bacilli* that are supposed to cause the lung mischief. The result of the theory in Europe is, that not only do we have the lofty health resorts of Davos and the Engadine, but mountain sanatoria are becoming increasingly common, and patients will even brave the climate of Switzerland in the winter and dwell among "the towers of silence." It would be quite possible to give an equally favorable account of the good effects wrought in the southern latitudes. It is here that the art of the physician and the wisdom of experience come into play. It is very noticeable how in these days medical men visit in succession the different health resorts which they may have to recommend to their patients. A doctor told me the other day that he had been out hundreds of times to the Riviera. It is not to be supposed that this is simply done for the interests of climatic science, but to pay a visit to a patient, for which call five hundred pounds is not an uncommon fee. Still, medical science has very accurately registered all the facts and phenomena that afford

a sure basis for conclusions. Every patient is as a new book to a doctor, who will advise for the best in each several instance. Patients may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are facts in a wide induction, that their cases are registered and tabulated, that they are making or marring the reputation of health resorts, and that they are helping gradually to build up a science of health in such matters.

Sometimes, when a patient has found a locality abroad that suits the case, it becomes impossible to live in any other. This is curiously seen at Davos Platz. The population is entirely made up of invalids. They go to Davos and get decided benefit, and if they stay away from Davos they decline and die. The industrial Germans, understanding that this is the case, set themselves carefully to work to find means of earning a subsistence in the place. They are shopkeepers, porters, domestic servants, lodging-house keepers—in fact, in every variety of occupation they manage to subsist in this climate that suits them. The fear is that the narrow Landwasser valley will become too crowded, and spoil that pure bracing air; and we are afraid that the new railway from Landquar bodes no good to it. A charming book recently published, "Three Generations of Englishwomen," records a very similar instance. That brilliant and beautiful woman, Lady Duff-Gordon, fell a prey to the disease which seems specially to single out the brilliant and beautiful. She tried many climates, and at last found one that suited her in a Theban palace on the Upper Nile. Again and again she tried to leave the borders of the desert, but was always driven back. She tried to revisit her native land. She went to Syria and to Cairo—there was no help for her anywhere else. For when she had left Luxor for Cairo, then she died. Many a man who is ordered abroad finds a new country, and strikes his root deeply into the new soil. Thus I have repeatedly met with old Indians and Australians who have looked forward for years to their English home; but, without knowing it, they have become so strongly acclimatized, that they are restless and dissatisfied till they go back to India or Australia.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer once said in the House of Commons that any honorable member might imagine that he had seven or eight sovereigns of his own in his pocket, but that one of these sovereigns was sure to find its way into the national exchequer. Now there is a very unpleasing analogue to this. Whenever you find seven or eight people in company, you may venture to say that one of them is sure to fall into the hands of the doctors for *malaise* of the respiratory organs. One eighth of the mortality of these islands is due to phthisis, bronchitis, laryngitis, *et hoc genus omne*. It is the national shadow and bane. There are some cheering points in this unhappy state of things that attest the progress of medical science. The duration of consumption, that used to be two years, is now ten years, and in its earlier stages the illness is now held to be curable. Many therapeutic agencies have been discovered, but the favorite prescription of all is to go abroad for the winter. Our subject has a sadly wide area of interest.

As I write these lines the winter sun is invisible, the earth is shrouded in fogs and vapors, the unfriendly east wind is sending forth its assassin blasts. It is wonderful to think that it is possible, with the aid of steam, to pass beyond zone and zone of land, beyond belt and

belt of sea, to those lovely regions "by the bluest of seas, and beneath the bluest of skies." This was the scenery that Goethe had in mind when he wrote Mignon's song of the wildernesses of olives, the groves of orange and citron, the marbled terraces on the water, and the paths among the mountains. At the present moment multitudes of our countrymen and country-women are forced to leave those loved shores that have proved inhospitable to them, in the hope that kinder Nature may heal their hurt and attune both body and mind. In the words of the pathetic old phrase, "The Lord send them a good deliverance." May they have a prosperous return, with the swallows, to their native country. And it may be well for them also if they take the wings of the morning, and seek a still better country. Even Lucretius could speak of those who are sated with life's banquet and can retire satisfied from the feast. And we can do better than that. There was a good man who after a long day's prosperous study would rise up devoutly and say grace over his books. So let us say grace cheerfully over life's good and great things, and look to see still fairer scenes in "the light that never was on sea or shore," even those new heavens and that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—*Murray's Magazine*.

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PARIS, JANUARY, 1789.

PARIS on the eve of the Great Revolution differed so greatly from the monumental city of to-day that if, by some occult process, we were able to live back a hundred years and visit it, we should scarcely recognize a single quarter, unless, indeed, it be the rapidly-disappearing Rue Galande and the labyrinth of streets surrounding St. Séverin, or that great area of narrow streets and alleys which stretches from the Temple to the bottom of the Avenue de l'Opéra, very rarely traversed by strangers, but which is so worthy of their inspection on account of the numerous archæological remains which it contains. Let us imagine that we have recently alighted on a fine day in January, 1789 at one of the many hotels which then, as now, border

the Rue St.-Honoré. If we take a stroll in this neighborhood, we are immediately struck by the amazing number of churches and convents, several of which are still in a fairly flourishing condition; but the majority will be either totally destroyed or else suppressed in a year or two. The irregular space round Notre Dame is usually occupied by a motley collection of booths of the commonest description, devoted to the exhibition of monstrosities and to the sale of gingerbread, rosaries made of nuts, and cheap crockery. The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville is so full of pigs and so filthy that ladies and dandies are carried across it by men at the rate of two sous a lift. There are scarcely any quays along the Seine, the waters of which

river on the slightest rise inundate all the lower quarters. The principal public promenades are the Grand Cour or Champs Elysées and the Cour de la Reine, separated from it by a deep ditch, used as a bowling alley. The public gardens are those of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the Arsenal, the Palais Soubise, the Temple, and, lastly, a space of waste land behind the Cathedral, where games are played by the people on holiday afternoons. We are bewildered by the great number of carriages and carts of every description. The coaches of the nobility are drawn by as many as four or six horses; but already much of this state is being rapidly curtailed. The public conveyances are numerous and cheap, and the fiacres have their bulgy bodies painted a vivid canary color. The costumes of the people are nothing like as picturesque as one would have imagined, and are as a rule sombre in color, and we see very few persons dressed otherwise than in black, dark blue, gray, or brown cloth. We note that a good number of men are already wearing trousers instead of knee-breeches, and the ladies are beginning to discard powder, and are wearing broad-brimmed Rubens hats, with bunches of flowers stuck on the one side. The shops are but fairly well supplied. Very few have glass windows, and almost all are closed at nightfall to save the expense of candles. The Palais Royal is much as we see it to-day, and is magnificently illuminated every evening with countless wax-lights and oil-lamps. It is very dear to English tourists, who haunt its principal restaurants and cafés, and amuse the Parisians by their odd way of dressing and obtrusive behavior. A particular gallery of the Palais Royal is considered one of the sights of Europe. On each side are book-shops alternated with dressmakers' "establishments." The booksellers deal in that class of work which is best left unread, and the *modistes* illustrate to the life the manners and customs described in the books. Every night this resort is thronged with smart-looking men, who have come to pay their court to the *Princesses*, as the merry milliners are popularly called. Arrayed in the most extravagant toilets of the period, and painted an inch thick, *ces Dames* parade

up and down the Gallery with their cavaliers until the small hours of the morning. In addition to the *Princesses* there are gamblers and gambling-houses by the score in this vicinity, making it altogether about the "hottest" corner in Europe, only surpassed in this respect by the contemporary Piazza of San Marco, Venice.

Parisian society in 1789 is represented by the *salons* of Mme. de Sabran (this is extremely aristocratic), of Mme. de Genlis, who has turned pious, and of Mmes. de Coigny, de Vauban, de Dampierre, d'Epeuilles, and de Rochambeau. The literary world goes principally to Mme. de Beauharnais, a pretty lady, only recently returned from Martinique, and who little dreams that she will in a few years hold a *salon* as Empress at the Tuileries, which are nearly opposite her windows. Mme. Necker receives the political world, and is introducing into it her precocious daughter, already celebrated as Mme. de Staël. Mme. de Condorcet devotes herself to celebrities of all kinds, from Mirabeau to Anacharsis Clootz. Curtius, the famous wax-modeller, receives each Thursday evening at supper people of the highest distinction or greatest notoriety—the Emperor Joseph II., for instance, when he condescends to visit his sister, Marie Antoinette, also Robespierre and Marat, who are his particular friends. Meanwhile his very pretty niece, Mlle. Gresholtz, occasionally appears at these festivities, and relates with some pride how she modelled in wax the face of the late M. de Voltaire, interlarding her conversation with pleasing little anecdotes of Court life, for she is "in waiting" on Mme. Elizabeth. The good people of London ten years later will form her acquaintance and she will become very dear to them as Mme. Tussaud. Not at all to be despised is the *salon* of Mme. Julie Talma, wife of the tragedian, who has great taste in furniture and arranges her rooms more artistically than anybody else. She lives in the Rue Chantierine, dresses exquisitely, and has a passion for everything revolutionary. If we drop in here rather late we shall possibly meet Lavoiseur, Roederer, or Camille Desmoulins, certainly Greuze, and possibly Cazotte, who a little time ago startled

(if we choose to believe *La Harpe*) the city by prophesying the decapitation of all the illustrious ladies assembled in the drawing-room of *Mme. de Rohan*. At all these conversazioni the gentlemen wear costumes made of the lightest silks and satins, richly embroidered, and the ladies hoops, powder, and patches. The patches have political significations far too numerous for us to detail. The Opera is the meeting-place of good society. It is, or rather was, the identical *Porte St.-Martin*, which the Communists destroyed in 1871. The boxes, or *loges*, are sumptuously furnished, notably that of the Duke de Richelieu, which contains an elaborate bed. In the Royal Box, perhaps, we may see the King and Queen; but Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette go very rarely to the theatre now, having been already more than once publicly insulted. The principal singers are *Jelyotte*, the celebrated tenor, *Lois*, *Cheron*, *Sophie Arnould*—who is over forty—and *Mme. Sainte-Huberty*, who in a few years will come to *Richmond* and end her existence by a terrible tragedy in real life. The old *Théâtre Français*, situated on the left side of the *Seine*, is small, inconvenient, severely decorated, and very dirty. The scenery is execrable, and the actors and actresses usually wear cast-off Court costumes, for the sale of which there is a bazaar near *St.-Eustache*. The favorite performers are *Molé*, *Dazincourt*, *Favart*, and *Mlles. Gaussin*, *Dumesnil*, and *Raucourt*. A young actor named *Talma* is playing third parts with much success. There are about a dozen other extremely dirty and inconvenient little theatres, where the acting is often most amusing and not a little risky, and where the Court and great world occasionally appear under protest.

Let us return to the streets. On a Sunday or fête-day—there are fifty-three Church fêtes observed besides the Sundays—we shall be edified by not a few ecclesiastical processions; but these are beginning to be less and less splendid and numerous. Several have been already suppressed, and it has been thought fit to prohibit others because the Host and some of the sacred images have been latterly frequently and grossly insulted. However, in Holy Week and on Corpus Christi Day the Court and

official world, the University and the Sorbonne, walk solemnly before the Bishop and clergy, and, as a rule, the cortège is well enough received. On these occasions altars, called *réposoirs*, are arranged in the public squares, with flowers and lights, and are sometimes extremely magnificent. In 1787 one of them cost a merchant of the *Chaussée d'Antin* over 2,000*l.* The churches are very sparsely attended by the middle and upper classes; but "the people" are fairly religious, and the working classes go to Mass regularly. Everywhere you hear the same kind of conversation. People seem never tired of talking politics, and of predicting a coming and radical change—for the better or worse nobody can tell.

If we are inclined to be literary in this year of grace 1789, we shall hunt up *M. Ducis* or the *Abbé Delille*, who are the leading poets, and possibly they will introduce us to the young and handsome *André Chénier*, who has unquestioned genius. Everybody will tell us that *M. de Beaumarchais* is rapidly declining in popularity, and that folks are tired even of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. We shall find *M. Mercier* very cynical, but extremely clever and witty, and, above all, filthily dirty. Another odd personage is *Restif de la Bretonne*, who is by turns dull, dirty, and a man of genius. *Dorvigny*, who is reputed to be an illegitimate son of Louis XV., and who is very like that King in face and person, is witty and odd, and, moreover, the third dirtiest man in Paris. He is the author of the popular *Jeannot*, altogether the most successful piece of the day. *M. Desforges* is a man of note, and no less so is *M. Legouvé*. *Louis Ange Pitou*, with his friend *Mme. Angot*, and his charming songs, must not be forgotten, nor should we omit *Boilly*, who is always shedding tears as he prophesies the terrible times which he feels sure are rapidly approaching. The chief painters are *Greuze*, *Lagrenée*, *Mérimée*, and *David*. The composers of the day are mostly foreigners, but highly appreciated. The most renowned are *Cherubini*, *Sacchini*, *Grétry*, *Piccini*, *Mehul*, *Paesiello*, *Spontini*, and *Mozart*.

In 1789 Louis XVI. is thirty-five years old, and lives almost entirely at Versailles; he is a stout, kindly man,



blessed with a prodigious appetite. In appearance, and even in mind, he is observed to have aged considerably since the affair of the diamond necklace. The Queen, Marie Antoinette, is just thirty-four, still supremely elegant, and has conceived a rage for everything simple and rural, preferring Trianon to any of the Royal palaces. Dressed like a Dresden china shepherdess, with her friends Mmes. de Polignac and De Lamballe, she makes butter while the Comte de Provence, her brother-in-law, teaches the little boys and girls in the village school, and the King, disguised as a miller, carries sacks of flour on his back to the little mill, one of those graceful constructions which help to make Trianon the most delightfully unreal rural spot on earth—a farm à la Watteau. On Sundays the King and Queen still dine in public, and a great many English people flock to Versailles to see the sight. The Dauphin, a pretty little fair-haired boy, is five years of age, and very lively and talkative. A few years later he will not utter a single word in response to the menaces and even blows of his tyrant Simon. The future Duchess of Angoulême is three years older than her brother, and remarkably quiet and thoughtful for her age. Of the two brothers of his Majesty, Charles, Count d'Artois, is given to society and sport; and M. de Provence is heavy and devoted to learned society, the conversation of which, he says, helps him to fall asleep. Philippe of Orleans has already lost his good looks, has grown fat and coarse, has quarrelled with Mme. de Genlis, and is living openly with Mme. de Buffon. These worthies five years later will be eating their dinner one afternoon when the bloody head of the Princesse de Lamballe, stuck up on a pole, will be thrust up to their windows for their better inspection, and a few months afterward Philippe Egalité's head will roll in the dust unpitied even by his own kin. Mme. Elizabeth, the holy sister of the King, is in the zenith of her beauty—a sort of saint, with an excellent appetite. His Majesty's aunts, the two surviving daughters of the late King—Mmes. Adelaide and Victoire—are a pair of cantankerous old maids, quarrelling with everybody and each other.

Of the principal actors in that forthcoming tragedy, "the Reign of Terror," we note that Robespierre in 1789 signs his letters *De Robespierre*, has aristocratic tastes, and has turned his thirtieth year. Danton, everybody says who knows him, has the green eyes of a tiger and a miserable temper. He is well known to the King and Court, and admired for his caustic wit. His clever but bitter sayings are repeated all over the city. Marat is quite a literary and scientific celebrity, and talks of Edinburgh and London, where he has lived, and frequents Curtius's studio, where he is occasionally seized with paroxysms of demoniacal rage, and breaks the models. Charlotte Corday, his Fate, is in a convent at Caen, rapidly growing up into a fine, handsome girl, with a distinct taste for literature. The Sisters have recently discovered in her possession, and much to their horror, a volume of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and Mlle. "de" Corday's friends and relations are consequently terribly scandalized. Camille Desmoulins is pushing his way to the front. Everybody thinks he is marvellously handsome. Collot d'Herbois distinguishes himself at popular reunions by the violence of his language. Fouquier Tinville has lately sent the King a set of verses, signed, by the way, "de" Tinville, and he tells his new acquaintance Danton that he hopes to receive in return a few francs from His Majesty, and a word of recognition. He will have a long time to wait; and those unanswered verses will eventually cost the good King his head. This is the reversal of the fable of the lion and the mouse. The mouse this time helps to kill the lion. Cambacérès is a pretty youth, with a face as smooth as a girl's; but for all that already a town councillor at Montpellier. M. le Marquis de La Fayette is detested by the Court party, and is so full of his American adventures that people, tired of hearing them repeated, declare them to be as fabulous as those of Munchausen. Talleyrand is Bishop of Autun, forty-five years of age, and notorious for his blasphemous wit. St.-Just, as handsome as a young Apollo, has recently left college, and is full of admiration for the heroes of antiquity, and sheds tears over the fate of the Gracchi. The Ro-

lands, husband and wife, are living quietly at Lyons, and have yet to make the acquaintance of Vergniaud, who is dreaming in the sunny South. Far away in Andalusia Mme. de Fontanay, *née* Cabarus, is already famous for her great beauty, but has still to hear for the first time the names of Tallien and Talleyrand. Carnot has just celebrated his forty-ninth birthday, and is an officer of the King's Guard. Hébert is begging in the streets for funds to start his paper, the future *Père Duchêne*. Hoche is a mere youth; Marceau, a pretty lad, with the face of an angel; and last, but certainly not least, in this month of Jan-

uary, 1789, if by chance we meet anybody who has lately returned from Corsica, we may hear news of Napoleon Bonaparte, a young gentleman of good family, turned twenty, and already a sub-lieutenant of artillery. They will tell us that he is very rough in his manners, has a noble head, beautiful features, sallow complexion, and is fearfully untidy. His superior officers dislike him, and predict that he will end badly. His companions call him "*La paille au nez*," in derision of the Italian manner in which he pronounces his name—Napoléone.—*Saturday Review*.

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#### SUCH A FOOL!

HE was always a fool—Tom Lake—and we always were telling him so, But where was the harm in that? It was just as well he should know. And he didn't mind it a bit—not he—or but once in a way— Vex him? I think that he liked it? What else *would* one think here to-day?

We'd a holiday given last week, and we walked—d'ye see it, the mill A-twirl like a fly on a pin? But that morning its sails stood still. Well, just below it, the lane and the railroad meet. Some deserve To be hung for that level-crossing, not twenty yards from the curve.

And there, as we came to the place where we saw the smooth metals a-shine, The mill folks' bit of a child, that's blind, had strayed down on to the line, And had lost itself, and got frightened—it couldn't have told you why; It owns little enough to lose, since it's lost both the earth and sky.

But to see it crying there, in the dark, with its curls in the sun, Made you feel like a sort of fool—only *feel*, for you'll hear *I* was none. It's hardly three year old, and it's blind: anyway, no better it knew Than to stand right between the two rails, with the Western Mail just due.

Due? No! but thundering round with a whirl and a clank and a screech Down on her—down on them both—for Tom somehow had rushed within reach, And had tossed the child safe on the bank, and got knocked down dead for his pains, Killed on the spot, with a fractured skull. Well, well, if he'd had more brains,

He'd maybe have stopped to consider—we did, as you'll please remark— Before he dashed out of the light, to leave the child here in the dark. Yet we didn't call him a fool when we picked him up. There's no need To be telling a lad the truth, when he hasn't the sense to heed.

And I don't think Fool's the word we'll get carved on yon slab of a stone, Though he *was* such a fool—oh aye, *such* a fool as I've seldom known.

—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## SOME CURIOSITIES OF DIET.

BY ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

BETWEEN the bewildering profusion of the Food and Cookery Exhibition, held in London last spring, and the penury of the very poor, what an interval ! On one hand, all the richest viands the world can produce, on the other, starvation. On one hand, cooking of the most exquisite description, that would almost make a savory dish of a pair of old kid gloves ; on the other, ignorance, hopelessness, and indigence so profound that a salt herring is cooked in a most primitive fashion—lighted at a piece of burning paper and allowed to flare for a minute or two, then extinguished and eaten. Such extremes almost necessarily mark modern society, and are inseparable from the highly artificial conditions attending it, but they fill the thoughtful with sadness, and make one half wonder if this is, after all, the best of all possible worlds. And then the revelations, so far from new to the worker among the poor, but so startling to the rich, brought to light by the recent Commission on the Sweating System, are enough to appall the hardest hearted ; and, nevertheless, who can suggest any remedy as long as the labor market is glutted with incompetent and needy applicants for work. Life a heritage of woe, work done amid conditions destroying hope, strength, and vigor, a veritable battle for existence, a struggle to keep body and soul together, come what may to others, suffer who may. All very sad, and it is little consolation to perceive in it the working of great economic laws resulting in the survival of the fittest ; in short, a beneficent struggle for existence.

Man is that one animal who can adapt himself to the changing conditions of life, and the vicissitudes of climate. He can live in the coal-mine and on the lofty mountain summit. He is equally at home in Greenland and in the hottest parts of Central Africa. He can exist upon every kind of food—flying, creeping, swimming, running. Every plant yields him its produce ; all nature is under subjection to him. It is to cooking, however, that he owes a great part of his

superiority to other animals ; it fits much food for his wants which otherwise he would have to throw away, and careful preparation and skilful cooking enlarge his resources a thousandfold. Were it not for cooking, what could he live upon beyond a few fruits and nuts ? and as he could only get these in warm climates, half the earth's surface would be closed to him as a permanent residence.

How much of the greater vigor and better health of our times is due to more wholesome food would be an interesting question to discuss ; and that a well-arranged dietary has a great deal to do with the increasing longevity of our generation cannot be denied. As recently as the time of Queen Elizabeth vegetables were little cultivated, and still less used ; and some of the kinds, which are now seen in every house half a dozen times a month, were absolutely unknown. The breakfast of the Maiden Queen commonly consisted of salt meat, bread, and strong ale. It was not till the introduction into England of artificial grasses from France that much livestock could be kept through the winter. As lately as 1724 Dr. Cheyne wrote that no distemper was more common, fatal, and obstinate than scurvy, one of the most easily prevented of all diseases, and Dr. Cullen lamented that women, from their indoor and sedentary lives, suffered greatly from the effects of bad diet. Sir John Hawkins introduced the potato into Ireland in 1565, and twenty years later Sir Francis Drake introduced it into England, and in 1586 Sir Walter Raleigh also brought it over here, but two centuries passed before it became a common food. Sir Walter Scott, in *Waverley*, describes the cottages of Tully-veolan as having gardens filled with gigantic plants of kale or colewort encircled with groves of nettles, where the "now (1804) universal potato" was unknown. In 1800 the quartern loaf sold at 1s. 5d., while in January, 1801, it was 1s. 11d. ; in July, 1810, it touched the appalling figure of 2s. 5d. Rhubarb is quite of recent introduction, and is said to have been brought to this coun-

try in 1573 from the Volga, but for 200 years remained a gardener's curiosity. Mr. Joseph Myatt, of Deptford, was the first Englishman to cultivate it on a large scale, and in or about 1810 sent his sons to the Borough Market with five bunches, of which they could only sell three. They took ten the next time, and sold them all; and Myatt then resolved to plant an acre the following year. Now rhubarb is so commonly grown that early in summer it ceases to have any money value, and a little later is thrown away in vast quantities: and we have seen cartloads tossed carelessly on one side. Vegetable marrows have also grown in favor of late years, and are now a valuable addition to the national dietary. The same is equally true of the tomato, which continues dear, however, especially in small towns, though it has of late wandered from the precincts of first-class fruiterers' establishments, and is at last being seen in small shops in obscure streets. It is so prolific and easily cultivated that before long it ought to be found in every grocer's, and in hundreds of thousands of houses.

Much curious information can be given about food, treated not scientifically, but as a source of amusement; and we purpose laying before the reader some facts that cannot fail to interest him, although some of them may be rather startling.

National prejudices regarding food are an endless source of merriment to the philosopher. The Turks, not very squeamish in their diet, according to Dr. W. F. Ainsworth, of Euphrates exploration fame, will not touch oysters, which we and our American cousins regard as dainties. The Digger Indians, of the Pacific Coast, among the wretchedest of mortals, laid in a store of locust powder, sufficient to last seven years, after the great swarms of 1875. According to Frank Buckland, whose dietetic experiments showed a brave spirit and a singular disregard of conventional prejudices, the flesh of the boa constrictor is good, and tastes like veal. Quass, the fermented cabbage water of the Russians, is described as tasting like stale fish and soapsuds, but, in spite of its somewhat objectionable flavor, it has millions of votaries. Rats in Chinese

cities sell at two shillings the dozen, and in the butcher's shop the hind quarters of the dog hang side by side with those of the sheep, and command a higher price per pound. The edible birds' nests of the same omnivorous people fetch double their weight in silver, the finest varieties, indeed, commanding six sovereigns the pound. The West Indian negroes refuse to touch stewed rabbit, but eat palm worms fried in fat, and baked snakes. Parrots, though tough, are eaten in Mexico, while the Argentine Guachos hunt skunks for the sake of their flesh. In Corsica the octopus is first boiled and then roasted, and is esteemed a delicacy. Lizards' eggs are devoured in the Pacific Islands, while the natives of the Antilles eat alligators' eggs. Turtle, now the luxury of the rich, is said only to have been eaten by the very poorest inhabitants of Jamaica up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Ants are consumed in Brazil, served with a resinous sauce, while in Siam they are taken curried. The Cingalese, after robbing the bee of its honey, eat it; and the Chinese, always models of thrift, after winding the silk from the cocoon, eat the chrysalis of the silkworm.

Raw fish must have been eaten in the twelfth century by the Norwegians, if William of Malmesbury, in his account of the Crusades, is to be accepted as an authority. That quaint writer, after remarking "that the most distant islands and savage countries were inspired with the ardent passion" to take part in the crusades, continues, "The Welshman left his hunting, the Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, and the Norwegian his raw fish." But what is raw fish compared with satisfying the appetite on human flesh; the lowest depth to which degradation can descend. Never surely was cannibalism invested with greater pomp and circumstance than among the Aztecs, at the time of the Spanish Conquest of Mexico. This great people, a singularly fierce and warlike race, had, in some directions, made great advances in civilization, and, judging from what they had achieved, might, under favorable circumstances, have ultimately developed into an enlightened and scientific people. The Spanish Conquest de-



stroyed their power, threw them back irretrievably, and caused suffering and misery of almost unexampled severity. The siege of Mexico, less interesting to the world than that of Jerusalem by Titus, can be compared with the latter in the number of lives sacrificed, and the privations of the besieged. The Aztecs were sufficiently civilized to have sumptuous banquets furnished with all the luxuries of that favored region, but human flesh was a principal feature of the repast, though probably partly a survival of barbarism, partly a religious rite. Prescott's description will bear reproducing:—

The most loathsome part of the story—the manner in which the body of the sacrificed captive was disposed of, remains yet to be told. It was delivered to the warrior who had taken him in battle, and by him, after being dressed, was served up in an entertainment to his friends. This was not the coarse repast of famished cannibals, but a banquet teeming with delicious beverages and delicate viands, prepared with art, and attended by both sexes, who, as we shall see hereafter, conducted themselves with all the decorum of civilized life. Surely never were refinement and the extreme of barbarism brought so closely in contact with each other.

Cannibalism could never have originated among people as enlightened as the Aztecs, though such is the force of custom that, handed down from their ancestors, it continued to be practised as a religious ceremony: religion has always been eminently conservative, and faithfully retains the rites of long past ages. Probably in its inception cannibalism had a less noble excuse, and was the outcome of actual starvation. It is recorded that during the terrible war waged by Elizabeth against the revolted Irish, the sufferings of the latter were at times so awful that three children were once found feeding on the dead body of their mother; and in William's merciless subjection of Yorkshire, the wretched inhabitants who escaped the Conqueror's fury in part supported life on the dead horses left by his army, and then had to greedily devour human flesh. Among the wretched savages of Australia, compelled at times to support existence on roots, snakes, and other reptiles, and regarding the rotten blubber of a dead whale flung upon the beach as a great luxury, cannibalism would have been more excusable than in ancient Mexico.

The repasts of the Aztecs were on a scale and sumptuousness which entitle them to attention. Nothing shows this better than the following passage from Prescott's brilliant *History of the Conquest of Mexico*:—

The table was well provided with substantial meats, especially game, among which the most conspicuous was the turkey, erroneously supposed, as its name imports, to have come originally from the East. These more solid dishes were flanked by others of vegetables and fruit of every delicious variety found on the North American continent. The different viands were prepared in various ways, with delicious sauces and seasoning, of which the Mexicans were very fond. Their palate was still further regaled by confections and pastry, for which their maize, flour, and sugar supplied ample materials. Another dish of a disgusting character was sometimes added to the feast, especially when the celebration partook of a religious character. On such an occasion a slave was sacrificed, and his flesh, elaborately dressed, formed one of the chief ornaments of the banquet. Cannibalism in the form of an epicurean science, becomes even the more revolting. The meats were kept warm by chafing-dishes. The table was ornamented with vases of silver, and sometimes gold, of delicate workmanship. The drinking-cups and spoons were of the same costly materials, and likewise of tortoise-shell. The favorite beverage was chocolate flavored with vanilla and different spices. They had a way of preparing the froth of it so as to make it almost solid enough to be eaten, and took it cold. The fermented juice of the magney, with a mixture of sweets and acids, supplied also various agreeable drinks of different degrees of strength, and formed the chief beverage of the elder part of the company.

The Aztec Emperor took his meals alone; the well-matted floor of the Imperial dining-hall being covered with innumerable dishes; and sometimes the monarch, but more often his steward, pointed to the dishes which the former preferred, and which were kept hot by means of chafing-dishes. That veracious chronicler, Bernal Diaz, has related certain particulars as to some of the dishes which show the credulity of the Spanish conquerors. The first cover, he said, was a *fricassée* or stew of little children; but he was not prepared to vouch for the accuracy of the statement. The royal bill of fare comprised hundreds of rich dishes, and, besides domestic animals in abundance, included game from the most distant regions and fish from the Gulf of Mexico, which the day before had been swimming about in its native element, and the most luscious

fruits were unsparingly heaped upon the board.

Between the sumptuous repasts of Aztec monarchs and the scanty fare of Inuit hunters what a contrast! The Inuit sits for hours at the blow-hole of the seal with the thermometer forty or fifty degrees below zero, patiently waiting for his prey, and when he has speared it, gorges himself on its warm blubber and hot blood.

Charles Augustus Murray, half a century ago, in his charming *Travels in North America*, a valuable work seldom looked at now, gave a lively account of his residence among the Pawnee Indians of the then remote regions of the Platte; he describes the following picturesque but strange scene. The religious character of cannibalism is distinctly shown in much that follows:—

The Sioux and the Winnebagoes had been for some time at war, but had agreed upon a temporary cessation of hostilities, when a party of about eight warriors of the former tribe came down to the bank of the river and saw on the island a Winnebago encampment containing eleven persons, all women and children, the men having gone out upon a hunting expedition. The sight of these helpless victims aroused the thirst of the Sioux for blood, and, regardless of the truce, they plunged into the river, swam to the island, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre. One heroic boy only escaped: he drew his little arrow to the feathers, buried it deep in the breast of one of his enemies, then, plunging into the thickets, fled, not for safety, but revenge. Swimming the river, he ran down its eastern bank to Fort Crawford, where his dreadful tale soon drew to his side many of his own tribe, who instantly returned with him toward the island. When they arrived at the scene of slaughter their shouts and yells were deafening. Women and children had joined them in great numbers, and mingled their shrieks and lamentations with the revengeful cries of the men. At length they espied the body of the Sioux whom the brave boy had pierced with his arrow; he was by this time quite dead, but had contrived to crawl a few hundred paces from the encampment, and thus his companions had, in the hurry of their flight, forgotten to carry off his body. The Winnebagoes now surrounded it and prepared to wreak upon it all the indignities which fury and revenge could suggest. The minister on whom the office devolved was a handsome young girl of eighteen, who was the nearest relative present of those who had been massacred: she stepped forward with a countenance calm and unmoved, seized the scalping knife, divided the bones of the breast with a skill and rapidity which proved that the work was neither new nor unpleasant to her, and tearing out the heart cut it into small slices, which she presented, warm and reek-

ing, to the savage men around her, who ate them in gloomy and revengeful silence.

The religion of the wild Red Indian tribes cannot be compared with those softer tenets and more exalted principles and practices in which we have been brought up; nevertheless, there is no doubt that custom and familiarity might prevent any feeling of repugnance at customs strangely repulsive when seen by other races, and even the most civilized people may have habits objectionable to their neighbors. Eating the flesh of one's enemies was singularly enough thought to transfer some of the best qualities of the slaughtered man to his foes. As recently as the latter half of the last century the fierce warriors of the Six Nations—that merciless people who carried the brand and the scalping-knife over half the Atlantic States—are said by an eminent writer to have eaten the flesh of slaughtered foes, and the hand of an enemy was, a hundred years ago, actually fished out of some soup which was being prepared for table. The Maori love of human flesh is asserted not to have had any religious or ceremonial significance, but seems to have sprung from a less poetical origin. It is generally ascribed to the craving for flesh, not otherwise easy to gratify in those islands before the arrival of the English and the introduction of the pig, with the flesh of which the Maoris are said to have compared human meat. "Marco Polo notices a civilized people in south-eastern China, and another in Japan, who drank the blood and ate the flesh of their captives, esteeming it the most savory food in the world. The Mongols, according to Sir John Maundeville, regard the ears 'Sowced in vynegre' as a particular dainty."

Hunger and scarcity often force people to partake of loathsome diet, or rather, of food which, at other times, and in more favorable circumstances, they would not touch. Flesh does not differ very materially in taste whatever its source, when its juices are squeezed out. Our British repugnance to horse-flesh seems rather due to the inexplicable prejudices of the early Christian Church than to loftier motives, at least, so says Professor Huxley. In France that prejudice is being overcome, and in this matter the French are teaching us a

most useful lesson. Bulwer Lytton tells us, and the statement is confirmed by other authorities, that the early Christian priests, more particularly in their relations with the Scandinavians, were often compelled to give their fierce converts greater latitude than we should consider quite decorous in these more squeamish times. They were obliged to permit indiscriminate polygamy, that being a weakness, a natural failing of the flesh, but when it came to permitting their neophytes to eat horse-flesh—that was too much. A score or two of wives more or less, well, that was only a mild, far-away imitation of David and Solomon, but horse-flesh, never! and though their stern refusal might imperil the salvation of their converts and drive them back to heathenism, horse-flesh eaten in honor of Odin they must forever abjure, contenting themselves with a few additional wives. Our ancient British ancestors, though they esteemed horse-flesh a delicacy, regarded the hare with abhorrence, and, like the Hebrews, shuddered when it was proposed that they should eat it. We loathe the horse, but wage such merciless war on the hare, in and out of season, that it is approaching extinction. Murray, in another part of his *North American Travels*, gives the following graphic narrative. He and his companions had been short of food for some time, and were ready to devour anything that presented itself :—

We were now savage and hungry, and ready to devour a wolf if we could get nothing better, so I levelled my rifle and shot this unknown skulker by the stone. On going up to him he proved to be a gray badger. I know that in the north-west Highlands of Scotland this animal is sometimes eaten, and his hams (when cured) are considered a great delicacy. My young companion made rather a wry face at the idea of feeding on what he had always considered abominable vermin, but professed himself open to conviction, and willing to make the experiment. So we forthwith skinned and cleaned the creature; and as I felt sure that neither my German friend nor my Scotch servant would taste it if they knew what it was, I determined to play them a trick for their own advantage. We accordingly cut off his head and tail, and, carrying it back to the camp, told them we had brought them a bear cub. They both examined it and neither discovered the imposition. We made our soup and I broiled my badger; his own fat was all the basting he required, and when he was served up we all agreed we never had

eaten more sweet or excellent meat; it had but one fault, being so exceedingly fat it surpassed in that respect any pig or other animal that I ever saw; fortunately it was young, or it could not have been even so tender as it actually was. While we were eating it the younger John cast many significant and comic glances at me, and I had the greatest difficulty in maintaining my gravity. However, I did so, and in order to heighten the effect of the joke, I contrived to turn the conversation upon the various meats and animals which prairie travellers might be often constrained by hunger to eat. After mentioning in succession the beaver, the fox, the bear and the wolf, I said to the elder John: "Supposing we were hard pressed for food, how would you like to partake of a badger?" The answer was emphatically delivered with a visage of horror: "Lord, Sir, I'd rather starve than eat that nasty vermin." We concluded our dinner, and our two unconscious badger-fed companions prosecuted their journey merrily, congratulating themselves on the excellent dinner which the young bear had afforded. So much for prejudice.

When we were staying at Richmond, in Virginia, we found that young opossum was a great delicacy. A friend obtained one, and stewed it according to the most approved fashion, and it was then served up. Even at the dainty meals of our Oxford days we had never partaken of anything more delicious; perhaps the only fault was that the dish was rather too fat and rich, but beyond that trifling drawback it was perfect. Young opossum would, no doubt, be regarded in England as vermin or little better, and no one would, we are sure, touch it. So much for ignorance and stupidity.

As a boy we used to try innumerable culinary experiments, and we remember stewing squirrels and jackdaws. The former were rich, tender, and palatable, but the latter were indescribably tough, although they made delicious gravy. Starlings, which we found rather bitter, we also often cooked, as well as many other kinds of birds. It is better to skin than merely to feather them, and it is far easier to prepare small birds for table in that way. Personally we were without prejudice, though it is curious to notice the inexplicable prejudices which the ancient Jews entertained for foods not exactly tempting, but, at the same time, not unpalatable. The snail, in common with other creeping things, was prohibited; certainly the snail is not nutritious, though, in other respects,

it is harmless enough, and is still eaten largely. "These also shall be unclean unto you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth—the weasel, and the mouse, and the tortoise after his kind, and the ferret, and the chameleon, and the lizard, and the snail and the mole."

Prejudice is at the bottom of much of our repugnance to good, wholesome food. Kid is not particularly dainty—rather gelatinous and insipid; at least, when we were living in Cornwall, where kid is not infrequently eaten in the form of pie, we found it so. In some parts of the world it is a favorite and common dish. A handsome present of kid was once sent to an English gentleman, who, with that urbanity and good feeling so conspicuous a trait of some of our countrymen, returned it, with the curt message that he did not eat dog. Stewed kid might be a more savory and palatable dish than kid pie, but we do not know, never having tried it done in that fashion.

No systematic attempt after the Revolution of 1688 was made to enforce the old laws against meat during Lent, though they remained on the Statute Book, and consequently continued to be the law of the land till 1863. In Catholic times fish was, as every schoolboy knows, the common food of the healthy during Lent, only the sick being permitted, under medical orders, to take the flesh of animals and birds; but the craving for the more savory viands was sometimes too much for the weakness of the flesh. Woe, however, to the offenders if discovered; and heavy penalties for infringing the law continued to be enforced for a century or more after the Reformation. In 1563, in the house of the landlady of the Rose Tavern, St. Catherine's Tower, raw and cooked meat were found during Lent, and for thus disregarding the law she was put into the pillory, and five other women, who had eaten of the prohibited food, passed the night in the stocks. In 1636, at Hull, the plague was raging, and the mayor applied for a general dispensation to allow the citizens to eat meat during Lent. The Archbishop of York, however, refused to grant it, arguing that general dispensations were not contemplated by law, but that each case must be judged on its own individual merits.

A very curious license to eat meat in Lent from the parish of Wraxall reads as follows:—

Somsett. Whereas Samuel Gorges, of Wraxall, in the said county, Esq., aged sixty-three or thereabouts, and Jane his wife, aged about sixty years old, have been both long sick of the gout and the stone, and are not able to eat fish all this time of Lent and other fasting days wout manifest hurt and p'judice to their healths. These are ther'fore that Ezekiel Pownell, Rector of the Psh Church of Wraxall aforesaid, doth certifye and doe by these presentes, Licence the said Samuel Gorges and Jane his wife to eat flesh according to the lawe in that case made and p'vided. Given under our hand this eleventh day of March. Thomas Evans, Churchwarden. Anno Domini 1660.

In Frank Buckland's charming *Curiosities of Natural History*, which every lover of nature ought to read and study, there occurs the following amusing passage. Mr. Buckland's works are a perfect treasury, and abound in racy anecdotes and delightful adventures felicitously told:

Dean Buckland used to tell a good story relative to otters. On one occasion, when travelling abroad, in a Roman Catholic country, a waiter at a *table d'hôte* brought round a dish, and wished to know if he "would have a little fish." He took some fish, and when eating it discovered a bone, which he well knew was the bone of no fish, but rather of some mammal. Wrapping it up in a bit of paper he preserved it, and found out ultimately that it was the bone of an otter, which the landlord of the hotel, not being a naturalist, had considered to be fish and a proper dish for a fast-day. On telling this story to my friend, Mr. Petterick, Her Majesty's Consul at Khartoum, Upper Egypt, who lately brought over the young hippopotamus to England, he informed me that the appetites of the Arabs caused them to stretch their creed as regards eating fish still farther than did the landlord who served up the otter. For the Arabs cook, eat, and relish the flesh of the hippopotamus, calling this monstrous mammal "a fish," for it often suits their purpose so to do.

The Normans used to eat the crane, curlew, bustard and heron, and these birds continued to be eaten in times long subsequent to the Conquest. It is related of William the Conqueror that he struck his favorite, William Fitz-Osborn, for bringing a half-roasted crane to table. As the heron and the crane feed chiefly on frogs, fish, and other animal foods, they can hardly have a delicate and agreeable flavor according to the fastidious taste of our times; they



were larded with pork or bacon fat and eaten with ginger. At high festivals the swan and the peacock were also served up. On the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Chatsworth, December 20th, 1872, they lunched with the Duke of Rutland at Haddon Hall and were served with boar's head, and peacock pie.

The familiar Spanish *Olla Podrida*, described as consisting of a handful of every kind of food, animal and vegetable, that can be come at, and covered with water and stirred till thoroughly tender, would not be a bad way of preparing doubtful foods; in that guise they could not be recognized, and would not offend the dainty palate of the most fastidious. In what we are pleased to call highly civilized countries the preparations for meals are on a scale that compare rather strangely with the meagre diet of St. John the Baptist, while the frugal habits of Cardinal Manning—a small allowance of bread and water—show on how little human life can be sustained in vigor.

No greater mistake can be made than to imagine that physical and intellectual vigor can only be maintained or can be best maintained on a rich variety of meat and other savory foods. It is a prejudice which entails indescribable suffering on our countrymen, and finds constant and well-paid employment for hundreds of physicians. No one knows on how little he can support life in comfort until he has tried. Among our friends we have the honor to number a man of culture and refinement, who, in early life, lived at Glasgow University on five shillings a week; he candidly admits that he did not like his fare; but he found that there was a great deal of spending in that small sum, and out of it he paid for a room and for his food, and succeeded in getting an education which has enabled him to rise to eminence and to fill a distinguished position as a public man in Birmingham. As an experiment, too, we ourselves once lived for several weeks on three shillings and sixpence a week; we lacked nothing, and we learned that a man leading an active and busy life could keep in perfect vigor on food costing only sixpence a day, but then some knowledge of the properties of food and the arrangement

of dietaries is necessary to make such an experiment successful.

In Colonel Strahan's valuable report on the survey of the Nicobar Islands a curious passage occurs. Small services among the inhabitants are usually paid for, we read, in rum or castor oil, which they generally mix together, and then eagerly drink; that reminds us of one of our brothers, who when a child, was fond of castor oil, and would drink it in small quantities with gusto, and, we believe, without unpleasant consequences.

Luxurious eating and drinking are not confined to England, and we can vouch for the truth of the following extract:—“In America the elaborateness of the menu for breakfast, dinner, and supper is very striking—the breakfast in the large hotels lasting from eight to eleven, luncheon from one to three, dinner from six to eight, tea from eight to nine, and supper from ten to twelve; making ten hours a day for the consumption of most elaborate meals.” And, believe one who knows, Americans do not allow the banquet to leave the table untasted. The Romans, as every child has been taught, carried their sumptuous cuisine even farther than the Americans of our day. The lavish expenditure of the Romans on the *cæna*, the great meal of the day, was often fabulous. Vitellius is actually reported to have squandered 400 sesteritia, about £3,228, on his daily supper, though surely this must be a monstrous exaggeration!!! The celebrated feast to which he invited his brother Lucius cost 3,000 sesteritia, or £40,350. Suetonius relates that it consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish, and 7,000 of fowls, and this did not exhaust the bill of fare. His daily food was luxurious and varied beyond precedent. The deserts of Lybia, the shores of Spain, and the waters of the Carpathian seas were diligently searched to furnish his table with dainties, while the savage wilds of Britain had to bear their part in replenishing his larder. Had he reigned long, Josephus says that he would have exhausted the wealth of the Roman Empire itself. Ælius Verus, another of those worthies, was equally profuse in the extravagance of his suppers. It is said that a single entertainment, to which only a dozen guests were

invited, cost six million sesterces—6,000 sesteritia, that is, or nearly £48,500. History relates that his whole life was passed eating and drinking in the voluptuous retreats of Daphne or at the luxurious banquets of Antioch. So profuse, indeed, was the extravagance of those times that to entertain an Emperor was to face almost certain ruin; one dish alone at the table of Heliogabalus is said to have cost about £4,000 of our money. No wonder these imperial feasts were lengthened out for hours, and that every artifice, often revolting in the extreme, was used to prolong the pleasure of eating, or that Philoxenus should have wished that he had the throat of a crane with a delicate palate all the way down. One does not like to associate the name of Julius Cæsar with habits of low gluttony that would disgrace a prize-fighter, and yet if our memory does not play us false, even he did not disdain to take emetics to return to his banquets with a keen appetite. Time sooner or later lifts the veil from the secret life of the great men of past times; and it is humiliating to have such a revelation afforded us of the habits of poor Humboldt, as Dr. Moritz Busch gives:—"The conversation then turned for a time on matters of the table, and it was said among other things that Alexander von Humboldt, the ideal man of our democracy, was an enormous eater, who, at Court, heaped on his plate whole mountains of lobster salad and other indigestible delicacies and then swallowed them down. At the last course we had roast hare, when Bismarck remarked, 'This French thing is not to be compared with our Pomeranian hare, which gets its fine flavor from the heath and thyme on which it feeds.'" Bismarck is a large man, physically and intellectually, and requires a great deal of food; but his mode of life is not altogether to be commended for imitation. At one time he seems to have taken next to nothing in the earlier part of the day, and to have reserved himself for a supreme effort in the evening, when he more than made amends for his abstinence, and, mention it not at a temperance gathering! to have done wonders in a fashion not approved by the total abstainer.

A most amusing account of a man-

darin's banquet, which would almost approach a Roman *cœna*, has been given by Mr. Cochran. The dinner began with hot wine prepared from rice and sweet buckwheat biscuits. The first course comprised custards, preserved rice, fruit, salted earthworms, smoked fish and ham, Japan leather—have we not said that good cooking would make a pair of kid gloves palatable—and pigeons' eggs, the shells of the last softened by immersion in vinegar: all these were cold. Then followed sharks' fins, birds' nests, deer sinews, and other dishes of an equally dainty and digestible character. More solid foods followed, such as rice and curry, chopped bears' paws, mutton and beef cut into small cubes and floating in gravy, pork in various ways, the flesh of cats and puppies stewed in buffalo's milk, *shan tung* or white cabbage, and sweet potatoes, fowls split open, flattened and grilled, their livers floating in hot oil, and cooked eggs of every description, not quite new-laid though, as they were found to contain young birds. On the removal of some of the flower-vases there came a surprise; a large covered dish was placed in the midst of the feast, and when the cover was removed the board was in a moment covered with young crabs, which scrambled out of the vessel with astonishing agility, for the poor little unfortunates had been plunged into vinegar at the beginning of the banquet; this made them run wildly, but the guests pounced upon them, and putting them into their mouths crunched them up alive. After this *soi* was handed round; this is a liquor made from a Japanese bean, and is used to revive the jaded appetite. Relays of soft and shell-fish followed, and these were succeeded by broth, and a dish of the costly and dainty birds'-nest soup. A sumptuous dessert brought the banquet to a close.

The exhaustive character of the menu at our well-filled tables makes it rather difficult to appreciate the greater daintiness of our pre-Roman ancestors, or, more accurately, fellow-countrymen, who are reported to have held it to be wrong to eat fowls, geese, and hares, though they bred and reared them for pleasure. In those days, tradition says that the hare was a domestic animal,

and that British fowls were reared and exported to Rome and Gaul in large numbers for the cockpit. Simplicity of diet, not to say insufficiency of food, could hardly go farther than in the provisioning of the navy at the time of the Spanish Armada, when the daily allowance was shorn of all luxuries, and when the fleet seems at times to have had on board supplies for only half a dozen frugal meals. Some of the records recently published in the *Times* should teach a valuable lesson as regards the economical management of large bodies of fighting men.

The exhausted appetite of gourmands and gourmets craves variety. What a pleasing sense of change there would be were bread and water for a few days substituted for the elaborate menu to which it had been long accustomed. If on the first day the appetite did not rise to the occasion, then, patience; and next day matters would improve, or, at the worst, all would be well on the third or fourth. The wonderful properties of the gastric juice must be thanked for the impunity with which many rich, highly spiced, and most unwholesome foods are taken. How otherwise could game be eaten with safety when it had been hanging a modest three weeks, and mutton that, to give it a venison flavor, had been waiting until the mould forming upon it had changed the original red hue of the joint to a very decided green. The gastric juice sometimes fails to render its accustomed service, and then the system seriously and inexplicably suffers. A Spanish naval surgeon, Señor Don Antonio Jurado y Calero, has recently described the serious effects observed on board his ship, the gunboat *Magallanes*, from eating fish caught in the bay of Buena Esperanza on the south coast of Cuba. Twenty-seven officers and men were affected with dangerous constitutional disturbance, and others with nervous symptoms. It was some time before the sufferers got over their ailments, and even those least seriously affected were indisposed for a long time, and were troubled with great sleeplessness and headache for three or four weeks; even the worst cases, however, returned to duty in two days. As the gastric juice is strongly antiseptic, and so robs many a poisonous dish of its

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danger, a curious inquiry would be afforded by an investigation of the causes which sometimes defeat its beneficent operation, or, shall we say, of the particular changes in the foods and drinks taken into the system, that make the gastric juice powerless to discharge its normal functions. Every one knows that a food or dish, which does not as a rule disagree, will at times act like a powerful drug, and occasion serious inconvenience and derangement of the digestive apparatus. Why is this? Can any one answer?

The unprecedented cheapness of food has no doubt had something to do with the success of the penny and halfpenny dinners of which a good deal has been heard of late. In Johnson's time two-penny dinners were sometimes all that indigent men of letters could afford, but a penny dinner! whoever heard of such a thing before? Three-halfpence has been for years, in the poorest districts of London, the usual expenditure for dinner on the part of children: a penny going in pudding, and a halfpenny for potatoes. When twopence is reached, the weary little creature is allowed to sit down and have a little gravy. The *à la Squirt* dinners of the Parisian poor presented some peculiar features: tin soup-basins were nailed to the table, and the attendants drew up the soup in a huge syringe, and the basin was then charged with its allowance. The price of the meal—four sous—had to be paid on the moment: if there was any difficulty in getting payment the syringe was called into requisition, and the inexorable waitress sucked up the mess into it again, to deposit it in the basin of some more wealthy customer.

To pass to eggs—one of our commonest and cheapest foods—a few words may not be out of place. A well-known writer says:—"It is only within narrow limits that there can be said to be variety, for there is no egg of a bird known which is not good for food, or which could not be eaten by a hungry man. This is due to their similarity in chemical composition, for there is always a white portion and a yolk, the former consisting of nearly pure albumen with water, and the latter of albumen, oils, sulphur, and water."

Eggs are cheap, convenient and whole-

some, but if too freely taken for a long time satiate the appetite. At one time we used to have eggs of many descriptions seldom seen at English tables in inordinate quantities—large and small—highly colored and white, full flavored and nearly flavorless, and we had such a sickening of them, that, at our own table, we now rarely touch them; that does not, however, imply that we deny their virtues and wholesomeness. They are general favorites and are rarely declined, but cases occur in which they are disliked, and the stomach loathes them. An admirable leader appeared in the *Standard* a few months ago on this subject; the writer most humorously and pleasantly dwelling upon their good properties and exceeding cheapness. Directly afterward a correspondent objected as follows:—"In the excellent article of the *Standard* of to-day—December 9th—it is stated that no honest appetite ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. May I remind you that there are persons to whom eggs in every guise are more or less poison? I am very intimately acquainted with the case of an honest and healthy appetite, and a sound and robust constitution, to which even so small a portion of egg as may go to lighten a shaped cream, eaten at luncheon, will cause an afternoon of agony. I believe the case is not isolated." This practically amounts to saying that some people cannot take those foods which their neighbors relish, and on which they could live for weeks or months. That antipathy may not be due to daintiness, but to some peculiarity of the system or of the constitution. A learned physician of our acquaintance finds that red currants occasion him extreme indigestion, and make his face flush scarlet; otherwise he is a strong, and not a fanciful man.

Sea-birds are rarely eatable, their flesh being overpoweringly full-flavored and strong, as, for that matter, are their eggs, which require long cooking—boiling, indeed, for forty minutes—to be palatable. At one time we used to *pick* and eat sea birds' eggs; but the latter soon ceased to be a pleasure. The little auk, or puffin, is the least disagreeable sea-bird with which we are acquainted, and skinned and cooked in a pie with lean beef is not unpalatable; indeed,

we are not sure that it could be distinguished from wild pigeon: though, of course, it would not do to disclose the bird's name. "The flesh of a fish-eating bird, as the sea-gull, and of a carrion-bird, as the crow or buzzard, is disagreeable; and even a domesticated fowl, as the duck, may be rendered unpalatable by being fed on fish." The eggs of domestic fowls fed on fish or other coarse food, will not be found pleasant. Some north and west Scotch islanders eat sea-birds in large quantities, almost living upon them; but their palates must be less dainty than ours, and it may be that necessity, "the mother of invention," in their case compels them to eat with apparent relish what they would not touch under happier circumstances. Sea-birds, well salted—an excellent way of eating them—may possibly in some small degree lose their piquancy and full flavor, but under the most favorable conditions, and with every care in their preparation, can hardly be more palatable than jackdaws.

French cooks, though often dirty and unpleasant in the preparation of stews, excel in them; and we often sigh as we try to masticate meat, closely resembling leather or oak-bark, for the skill of some foreign housewife, who would, at any rate, know how to make the tough food palatable, and would extract rich gravy from meat that an Englishman would consign to the dogs.

To turn to culinary triumphs under difficulties, "During the Siege of Paris, in December, 1870, the resources of the epicure were severely taxed, and the following is said to have been the menu of a *dîner de siège* given by the Paris Jockey Club. It was entrusted to the famous epicure, Baron Brisse, and consisted of the following items:—Hors-d'œuvre, radishes, herring marine, onions à la Provençale, slightly salt butter, gherkins, and olives. First course—soup of slightly salted horse, with vegetables; ass flesh cutlets with carrots; mule's liver sauté aux champignons; horses' lights with white sauce; carpe à la matelotte; fried gudgeons, celery heads with seasoning. Second course—quarter of dog braised; leg of dog roasted; rats cooked upon the ashes; rat pie with mushrooms; eel à



la broche; salad of celery and small salad. Dessert—Dutch cheese, apples, pears, marmalade au Kersch, gâteau d'Italie au fromage de Chester." The banquet, which was served in one of the principal establishments of the Chaussée d'Antin, is said to have been a complete success.

During this same siege a time before long came when every article of food had to be utilized; it was then found that the fat of horses made an excellent substitute for butter. Payen, indeed, claimed for it a marked superiority over the fat of oxen, since it never got that unpleasant tallow-like smell, which distinguishes the latter when it has once been raised to a temperature above that of boiling water. Our unconquerable English objection to horse-flesh has not a shadow of reason to rest upon; and abundant proofs are forthcoming that it is palatable and wholesome. A friend of ours, now dead, told us that a fine young hunter, accidentally killed in Worcestershire we believe, was served up by its fond and disconsolate master to a large party of guests, and was on all hands admitted to be delicious, tender, and full of flavor, but to taste rather too sweet, as though containing sugar.

Reference has often been made to the strange uses to which the Parisians, during the famous siege, put many of their four-legged companions and humble friends. "After all supplies from outside had been cut off (22d September, 1870) it was determined to sacrifice the inmates of the Zoological Gardens (the Jardin des Plantes). The animals were slaughtered and eaten. Geoffrey Saint Hilaire has drawn up a list from accounts kept at the time, from which we learn that from the 18th of October to the end of 1870, the following were sold and eaten in the order given:—One dwarf zebu, £14; two buffaloes, £12; two Sambour stags, £20; twelve carps, £6; two yaks, £15 6s.; three geese, £2 8s.; one small zebra, £16; one lot of hens and ducks, £34 10s.; one lot of ducks, £4 12s.; eleven rabbits, £4; four reindeer, £32; two Nilgau antelopes, £40; one doe, £12; two Wapiti stags, £100; one antelope, £26; two camels, £160; one yak calf, £8; two camels, £200; two elephants, £1,080. Most of these creatures were sold to an

English butcher named Deboos,"—the name, by the way, has not an English ring,—"who had a shop in the Avenue de Friedland, well stocked through the siege with all possible and previously impossible kinds of meat. Killing the elephants, Castor and Pollux, presented some difficulty. The former was fired at three times, and was finally despatched by means of a steel bullet from a Chassepot. A single shot behind the ear brought Pollux to the ground. The flesh of the elephant was sold at fifty to sixty francs a kilo. Trunk and feet were regarded as particular delicacies by the gourmets. The same butcher sold the flesh of a young wolf at twenty-four francs a kilo. The flesh of the cassowaries was bought by Baron Rothschild, one of the best customers of Mr. Deboos. Almost all the parrots were consumed by Mr. Arsène Houssaye and Dr. Ricord. Horses were not exposed for sale in the Avenue de Friedland, but foals were, and their meat was called 'inspiring flesh' (viande d'élan)."

Mr. Washburne, in his curious recollections, gives some interesting figures on the advance of prices of provisions during the siege. In the middle of November he says that "these people would endure wonders, could you convince them there was anything to be gained. They are getting down to what we call in the Galena lead mines, 'hard pan.'" Butter cost £1 per lb.; chickens were 30s., bread was still cheap, and wine abundant, as it always continued. A few days later the quotations for cats, dogs, and rats were: "A common cat, eight francs; a Thomas cat, ten francs; a common rat, two francs; long-tailed rat, two francs and a half; and for dogs, a cur of low degree, two francs a pound." On Christmas day a moderate-sized goose was selling at £5, and a chicken at £1 15s. Nevertheless, what with chicken, canned meat, and fruit, Mr. Washburne contrived to give a grand dinner of ten covers at the American Legation.

Paris has been lately, according to its wont, leading the way in eccentric food and fashions, and frogs were a short time ago, perhaps they still are, in season, as well as other delicacies, and, despite the ridicule of the Anglo-Saxons, the French gourmet continues to eat and

enjoy them. They make their appearance at the poulterer's every morning, strung on brochettes, or wooden skewers, looking like skinned diminutive monkeys on sticks. These curious morsels are eagerly bought by cooks, housewives, and menagères, and the appearance of cooked batrachians, floating in a *sauce poulette* or *à la maître d'hôtel*, is common at the tables of thousands of Parisians. The *grenouille* is liked, not only by gourmets, but by invalids; the flesh being more tender than that of a spring chicken, and, when served with cunningly prepared sauce not too pronounced in flavor, is palatable and refreshing; but some people go farther than merely picking batrachian thighs. They like frog broth, and maintain that a dozen *grenouilles*, stewed gently for a short time, make an excellent potage. Others vaunt the merits of a "frog fricassée," surrounded by white caper sauce. Many years ago a friend of ours used to be much interested watching the dexterous Roman women bisecting frogs and preparing the hind-quarters for table; it was, he said, a common sight in some of the streets of Rome in the early morning.

In the following statement we give the quantities of flesh food consumed in that same omnivorous city of Paris. As our figures are taken from the last municipal report dealing with the sale and consumption of food in the French metropolis, and contain an estimate showing the average consumption per head of the population, they may be relied upon as trustworthy. From this it appears that each inhabitant eats 169 lbs. of meat, 9 lbs. of *triperie* (which includes calf's head, tongue, and kidneys), 26 lbs. of fish, 25 lbs. of poultry, 8 lbs. of oysters, 17 lbs. of butter, 5 lbs. of cheese, and 15 doz. eggs. The report does not give the quantity of bread eaten by the population, but the average price during 1886 was, as nearly as possible, allowing for the fractional difference of money, 3½ d. per lb.; the total quantity of meat consumed during 1886 was about 150,000 tons, representing 302,894 head of cattle, 188,593 calves, 1,979 526 sheep, and 352,001 pigs, while nearly 4,000 tons of horse, mule, and donkey flesh were sold in the city, at an average wholesale rate of 3d. per lb. The quantity of fish was

considerably in excess of the total of the previous year, the increase being most marked in oysters, the total weight being greater by 1,720 tons. These liberal figures hardly justify the common boast of non-abstainers that alcoholic beverages economize the amount of other foods required by the system, for teetotalism is very exceptional among the native inhabitants of the French capital. During the ever-memorable siege, Dr. Moritz Busch, the author of that most interesting work, *Bismarck in the Franco-Prussian War*, gives much information as to the habits and tastes of the Iron Chancellor:—

The conversation turned [he says] for some time on culinary and gastronomic matters. In the course of this we learned that cherries are the Chancellor's favorite fruit, and, next to them, large blue plums called "Bauernpflaume." The four carp, which formed one of the courses at dinner, led the Chief to speak of the carp's place among edible fish, on which he expressed himself very fully. Among freshwater fish he gave the first place to *Maränen*, not to be confounded with *Muränen*, and to trout, of which he had some very fine ones in the streams about Varzin. Of the large trout which are so prominent in banquets at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, he thought very little; he preferred sea-fish, and among them all he placed the cod first. A good smoked flounder is not at all bad, and even the common herring is not to be despised when perfectly fresh. Oysters were discussed, and he said: "In my young days, when I lived at Aachen, I conferred a benefit on the inhabitants such as Ceres did when she revealed the art of agriculture to mankind; in fact, I taught them to roast oysters." Laner begged for the recipe, and he got it. If I understood rightly, the fish was strewn with bread-crumbs and Parmesan cheese, and roasted in its shell on a coal-fire. I stuck quietly to my own opinion that the oyster and cooking have nothing to do with each other. Fresh, and nothing with them, that is the only true recipe. The Chief then spoke as a thorough connoisseur of wild fruits, bilberries, whortleberries, and mossberries, and of the numerous tribe of mushrooms, of which he had eaten many in Finland, of kinds not known among us, but excellent. Then he spoke of eating in general, and said jocularly, "In our family we are all great eaters. If there were many in the country with such a capacity, the State could not exist. I should emigrate." I remembered that Frederick the Great had done great things in the same line.

To turn from the foods eaten in Paris and exposed for sale in the shops to some of the curious spoils recovered from the Seine is suggestive. These figures can be relied upon, as they are drawn from authoritative sources. Dur-

ing the year 1887 the following dead animals were fished out of the Seine, within the city walls :—2,021 dogs, 977 cats, 2,257 rats, 507 chicken and ducks, 3,066 kilos of butchers' refuse, 210 rabbits and hares, 10 sheep, 2 colts, 71 pigs, 49 geese and turkeys, 10 calves and goats, 3 monkeys, 1 snake, 2 squirrels, 3 porcupines, 1 parrot, 609 miscellaneous birds, 3 foxes, 130 pigeons and partridges, 3 hedgehogs, 8 peacocks, and 1 seal.

The value of fruit as food was, we need hardly remark, thoroughly known to our remotest ancestors, and a curious proof of this was afforded some years ago by a discovery made in a tumulus on the Ridgeway, near Dorchester. In the cavity of a human pelvis, then exhumed, there was found a large mass of a black-looking thick matter, which turned out, on examination, to contain seeds. Some of this matter was removed and sent to Dr. Lindley, of Kew. He pronounced the seeds to be those of the wild raspberry. Dr. Wake Smart, of Cranborne, Consulting Physician to the Salisbury Infirmary, saw some of the seeds and also a spray of one of the plants produced from them, an incident little less interesting than the germination of wheat from the tombs of ancient Egypt.

It is rather curious that Siberian cold has preserved unchanged the contents of the stomach of the mammoth. Benkendorf, in 1846, was fortunate enough to obtain possession of one of those extinct monsters, still standing firm and erect, with its hind limbs stuck securely in the frozen earth, and in its stomach was found, well preserved, a quantity of pine-needles and fir-cones, the remains of the last meal the poor creature had made before sinking into the treacherous soil. A similar discovery was also made in New Jersey, which brought to light the character of the food of the mastodon. Within the protecting enclosure of its bare ribs were found seven bushels of dry green stuff, principally cypress leaves and minute twigs, but in this case it was not Arctic frost that had preserved the food entire and unchanged, but an air-tight envelope of mud at the bottom of a pond, where the unfortunate mastodon had found its untimely grave.

Our object in this article has not been so much to amuse the reader as to give him solid and trustworthy information. The subject of food, and everything concerning it, is inexhaustible; and its lighter and more popular features would furnish material for twenty long papers. But as in these days we are nothing unless practical, we are justified in lamenting the execrable cooking of many of the poor. Our professional duties take us into many cottages in the course of the year, and we have, moreover, seen the interior of thousands of small houses in all parts of the country. As a broad rule, the cooking of the poorer classes calls for emphatic condemnation. The meat is usually badly done, the vegetables are served up half boiled, the bread and the pastry are heavy, something very like putty, and resist the feeble powers of the human digestion. Wherever money is scarce and the most should be made of food, there the ignorance, carelessness, and incompetence of the housewife are proverbial. What can possibly be the cause of this careless cooking? for hundreds of thousands of working-class wives have been servants in respectable families, and have seen good cooking, and have often had to do it for years. Nor is it true that the working classes are proof against indigestion, and can eat with impunity what persons of greater refinement and delicacy could not touch. We shall be revealing an open secret when we say that the poor are, as a rule, not to be envied their digestion, and that the professional classes suffer far less from imperfect assimilation of food than their humbler and less robust countrymen. If the poor could be taught the value of well-cooked food, and be made to feel the discomforts of their present mode of life, something practical would be accomplished. What can you do with men who eat lumps of raw bacon, cutting them with a rude pocket-knife that has been used for fifty disgusting offices? When once men become discontented with the miseries of their lives there is a chance of their trying to rise, but not before; and the improvement of the condition of the poor will have to come from beneath, not from above.—*National Review*.

## HELEN AT TROY.

*(From Æschylus's "Agamemnon," 681-716, 737-49)*

BY GEORGE C. WARR.

WHO named her? What weird tongue unknown forestalled  
 Their doom with deft surmise?  
 Helen! The spear-won wife,  
 The hell of towns and ships and men at strife,  
 From her rich canopies  
 She sailed with giant Zephyr, where he called;  
 And mailed huntsmen in the rowers' wake,  
 Though Simois' forest sighed  
 Above the beached galley, plied  
 The murderous quarrel for her sake.

Aye, Heaven's wrath, upon its purpose bent,  
 Sped her unkindly kin  
 To Ilium in time;  
 And her new brethren, whose loud bridal chime  
 Attainted them of sin  
 'Gainst hearth and home, abode their punishment.  
 So Priam's ancient burgh, in other strain  
 And dirgeful, last and first,  
 On Paris cries, the bridegroom curst,  
 For those her children's blood and bitter pain.

That presence softly brooding, for an hour,  
 Seemed to the town a trance  
 As of the waves at rest,  
 A jewel smiling there on Ilium's breast,  
 A gently darted glance  
 Of love, that bourgeoned into poignant flower.  
 But love with death consorting, joys with fears,  
 On Priam's house she trod,  
 To vengeance the hospitable God,  
 A Fury fed with widows' tears.

## MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

AN unbroken strip of dazzlingly white sandy beach, fading out of sight in the dim distances north and south,—a background of dark-green palms fringing the beach, and contrasting vividly with the sandy shore,—a few red-tiled or thatched houses peeping sparingly out from amid the dark-green foliage,—a whitewashed circular light-house tower, reaching above the tall tops of the feathery fringe of palm foliage,—low flat-topped plateau-like hills, rising inland beyond the palm-tree screen,—one of them more advanced in position than the others, crowned with feathery casuarina trees, and studded with low red-tiled, yellow-

washed, prim-looking buildings, betokening the presence of that world-wide policeman, the British soldier,—other hills of the same kind, lying farther back from the beach, but crowned with the same graceful Australian tree, the sacred tree of the English, as the natives hereabouts regard it, marking the presence, though unseen, of other European houses rising on the hill-tops to woo the grateful sea-breeze which is whistling through the rigging of our ship,—in the farther distance loftier hills, grass and forest-clad,—and towering above them all, some twenty miles inland, the Camel's Hump, highest of a line of rugged



forest-clothed mountains, hemming in an outlying mountain buttress of the Western Ghats, with peaks rising to near 8000 feet above sea-level;—the scene above, imperfectly sketched, gentle reader, is the capital of Malabar, the ancient town of Calicut, and its surroundings, as viewed from the deck of one of the many steamers frequenting its roadstead, under a tropical sun slanting toward the watery horizon in the west.

Look to the right past the mountain buttress above sketched, and in the dim distance you will see a still higher mountainous flat-topped plateau, with just a peak or two, the rounded Nilagiri bluff, and the sharp-pointed nose of Mukurti, breaking the mountainous line of the western or Kundah edge of the famed Nilagiri plateau.

Beyond that again to the right, the mountain wall is of lower elevation, and that sugar-loaf hill marks the confines of the Silent Valley, where never human habitation now is reared, for the coffee industry has been deluged out of that remote spot, and naught but thorny scrub, with here and there a guava-tree, rapidly reverting to its wild state, remains to mark where the forest giants were laid low to give place to the cool, glossy, dark-green leaves and brilliant scarlet berries of *C. arabica*.

If your eyesight is good, you will see still farther to the right another mass of mountain heights; and in the still more remote distance yet another, indicating that remarkable break in the long chain of the Western Ghats, known as the Palghat Gap, through which road and rail run, connecting the Malayâlam-speaking race of Malabar with their Dravidian kinsmen, the Tamils, Telugus, and Canarese, of the east coast of the Indian peninsula.

In the immediate foreground a ship or two swing easily to their anchors, and close inshore lies a whole fleet of lateen sail—native craft, with dipping sharp noses, and elevated sterns of a type that has known no change for centuries.

But where is Calicut? you very justly remark. Well, a city of nigh 60,000 inhabitants lies comfortably covered up in that dense palm-foliaged belt.

Calicut, as we have already said, is the metropolis of Malabar, and Malabar reaches far and wide, embracing within

its area scattered bits of land stretching over four degrees of latitude, and more than four of longitude. Up in those Ghat ranges you will find, if you care to go at Christmas-time, and seek for them, woodcocks and hoar-frost-covered crisp grasses, and bright frosty nights. And by way of contrast, away out in the ocean behind us, lie little specks of Malayâli-land amid

“ . . . The glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world.”

It is not, however, with the mountains and forests and broad rich belts of palm-trees on the mainland that we are concerned at the present moment. Steam is up to the required pressure; the chief engineer, in spotless white, is down below in the engine-room, among his grimy and perspiring subs.

“Stand clear there! Give her a turn ahead, and then one astern, just to make sure that all is right.”

We feel for one instant the familiar throb of the screw, and then all again is quiet, but for the spasmodic rattle of a donkey-engine forward, hauling steadily away at the anchor-chain as it comes slowly clinking in, link by link, through the hawser-pipe.

“All ready below, sir.”

“Thank you.”

The skipper and his lieutenant, the third officer, are on the bridge; the chief is forward watching the anchor weighing; the second officer is aft, standing on the bulwarks of the quarter-deck, with his head and shoulders above the awning, watching for a sign from the bridge.

“All right for’ard?”

“All right, sir.”

“All right aft?”

“All right, sir.”

“Half speed ahead.”

The tinkle of the bell in the engine-room is immediately followed by an answering tinkle on the bridge, and we are off.

“No recall signals up at the light-house, eh?” asks the eldest of the party assembled on the quarter-deck of another, who has been busy sweeping the horizon in all directions with a ship’s telescope.

“None. The port-admiral has even forgotten to run up good-by to us.”

"No boats with the flag coming out?"  
 "None."

With a heartfelt sigh of relief, as he takes up the latest novel from the station library, and subsides, with a cheroot in his mouth, into a comfortable canvas-backed ship chair, the questioner adds—"Then farewell to telegrams and *tap-pals*\* for a fortnight, and hey for Minicoy and its silken-clad dames!"

The party assembled on the quarter-deck, we may tell you, consists of the collector and some of the district officials of Malabar, outward bound on the annual trip to the Laccadive Islands and Minicoy; and in the fore-part of the tight little steamer is clustered a motley crowd of surveyors, medical subordinates, clerks, belted peons, and half a party of that fine body of men, the Malabar Reserve Police, not a man of them under 5 feet 8 inches in height.

As the steamer's bows swing slowly round to two points to the S. of S.W., we begin to realize that our mission lies in that direction. We project our course onward 243 miles, and there, lying solitary in mid-ocean, directly in the fairway from Aden to Colombo, is a speck of an island, almost invisible on the chart.

That speck on the chart is Minicoy, and the district officers are on their way thither to visit that part of the wide dominions under their control.

Let us follow them in their journey to that speck of coral-limestone in mid-ocean, and see what is to be seen, and hear what is to be heard.

"Coral!" Did we catch the word correctly? "Coral-island!" Is it that we are bound for? Ah! what delightful memories those two words conjure up—memories of boyhood, when we read of coral-islands and coral-reefs in enchanting books,—memories of manhood, too, when coral-islands and coral-reefs and reef-bound lagoons, were realities within our ken.

Now there are at least two ways of inspecting a coral-reef. You may walk through the shallow water among "the living mounds of coral," as Mr. Darwin did at Direction Island in the Cocos group. But that plan we do not recommend. Coral is sharp, and cuts the

feet and boots—coral is uneven, and gives the unwary one a fall—coral clings tenaciously to the bottom, and cuts the fingers,—coral, in short, is a stubborn thing, and will not readily yield itself to the investigations of the most eminent of wading philosophers. Naturally, therefore, perhaps Mr. Darwin was in a great measure untouched by the beautiful things that lay among his feet: he admitted, however, that it was excusable to grow enthusiastic about them, while he condemned the "exuberant language" of other naturalists, who possibly took our plan of investigating the wonders of a coral-reef. So let us to our plan.

We are not naturalists, except in a general sort of way. We doubt if we could at sight distinguish a *madrepore* from a *millipore*. *Porites*, *astræas*, and *meandrinæ* occupy only waste and neglected spots in our cerebral tissue. But we have an eye for beauty of coloring and form; and variety of type combined with radiant loveliness, such as are to be met with on a coral-reef, excites our admiration without any hankering after a closer and more intimate knowledge of the things themselves.

Come with us, then, gentle reader, and while our good ship is

"Slipping through the summer of the world,"

on her mission southward, let us introduce you to a coral-reef on our plan.

First of all, let us select the calmest and clearest day for our purpose,—a day when the blazing sun in the heavens looks down on a glassy sea. It will be hot of course; but a giant white umbrella will keep off the sun's most ardent glances as you lie along the high-peaked decked-in fore-part of a Laccadive rowing-boat. Lie flat on your face, let us recommend, leaving room for yourself to peer down comfortably over the sides of the boat into the watery depths below.

The tide is near the end of the ebb—the water is nearly at its lowest on the reef. By the time we return the tide will be making, the turtle will be swimming into the shallow waters of the lagoon in search of food, and after seeing the reef we can divert ourselves and replenish our ship's larder by catching a turtle or two for soup on our way back.

\* Mails.

"Gently there with the oars ! gently ! gently ! ship the oars and let us drift—and now, look over from your point of vantage in the bows."

The first sensation is—"Why, we are floating on air !" Not a ripple from the oars or boat serves to break the exquisite crystal clearness of the buoyant element. Every grain of sand and tiniest pebble can be distinguished as we lean over the bulwarks and try to touch the bottom with a cane. Vain endeavor ! Why the water is still ten feet in depth if it is an inch, and the cane foreshortened in the limpid water attests the depth which lies below.

The floor of the lagoon is carpeted with the most exquisite colors. Here a stag's-horn coral throws up its many gray branches, each tipped with the brightest of bright blue. There, nestling down among its taller brethren, is a tuft of bloom that might almost be a tuft of heather in its brilliant autumn coloring. Near it is a "leech," as the natives hereabouts call it—a harmless creature, jet-black in color, and from a foot to fifteen inches long. If you touch it, it will exude a liquor which will stain your fingers red. John Chinaman holds it in high esteem for the concoction of soups, and as *holothuria* or *bêche de mer* it is an extensive article of commerce. Here again is a thick stem supporting a flattened arborescent type of polypifer, each of its innumerable branches occupied by countless hosts of coral insects, and all of them in purple robes.

Now for a stroke or two of the oars, and we shoot into a shallower basin, protected by ramparts of broken coral from the rough swell of the sea. Why, we are floating in the air above the loveliest carpet of flowers ! Visions of sunny Himalayan slopes, from which the snow-wreaths have just melted away under the genial warmth of early summer, leaving behind them a robe of exquisite sweet-scented flowers, involuntarily obtrude themselves upon the mind. There, every step seemed to be a desecration of God's fairest creations, for at every footfall we crushed wild hyacinths and other lovely flowers into the dust ; here, however, we ride buoyantly above the blaze of color, and can admire without injuring others of God's fairest gifts.

As the scare of our boat's approach

dies off, we see that the water is teeming with life. A tiny hog-nosed fish comes cautiously out of its retreat among the living coral-branches and watches us till reassured that all is safe ; then, with a whisk of his tail he darts at some minute crustacean on the coral rock, over which he hovers for a second with his fins—we had almost said his wings—in rapid motion ere he pounces on his prey. Hanging over the spot, we can see his jaws move as that crustacean is being reduced to pulp ; then, with a flick of his tail, he is off like a humming-bird. Now a host of tiny whitebait suddenly flash into view, swimming out and in among the variegated rocks at the bottom. They are red, they are black, they are striped, and green, and yellow, and white, and purple, and blue in all shades. The diversity of color is perfectly marvellous. The rays of the sun, peering through eye-holes in the coral-rock, seem to break into a hundred rainbow colors, and stamp themselves on the fish sheltering beneath.

Gradually, and without disturbing the water, we have drifted into a still shallower basin, and are now on the reef itself. The water is but a few inches deep. Crabs of strange forms shelter themselves in the many sinuosities of the broken coral fragments which strew the reef. We lift a piece of it, and out runs in alarm a bloodthirsty-looking hirsute crustacean on to our hand. Ugh ! with a splash he and his house are dropped into the water, and our blood runs cold with visions of tarantulas and other such horrors. That wavy yellow-and-black soft-looking substance conceals the shell of a *chama*. Be careful about putting your fingers into its open mouth, for its strong stony jaws will close upon them with the power of a vice. Here is bright-green wavy seaweed, and clinging to and feeding on it are hosts of cowrie-shells of a creamy greenish-yellow, still used as money in some parts of the East. The fish spreads a membranous envelope over the back of its shell, and slowly withdraws it when disturbed. There, too, are other *cypræas*, which slowly disclose their spotted beauties to view as we lift them from their soft couches among the sheltering sea-weed.

But how shall we describe the wealth

of the mollusk world which meets us in our researches in the treasury of a coral-reef at low tide? Let us land on this shell-strewn spit of sand.

Why, the whole place is alive! Can it be that the mollusks we have just been visiting in their quiet homes among the sea-weed have taken to walks abroad, and on dry land, too, in their leisure moments? For as we jump ashore, numberless shells of all shapes and sizes start suddenly into life on the beach, and run aside to give us place. Legs they *must* have, to go that pace over the uneven shore. There goes a *turritella*! We shall be safe in handling him by reason of the spiral pyramid which those legs—*legs* they must be—carry upon their back. Moreover, he makes comparatively bad time in getting out of our way, for a *turritella* is an unwieldy thing for legs to carry over an uneven shore. We lift him up gingerly with thumb and forefinger to look for those legs, and the secret is out. Of legs we can see nothing, but closely fitted into the opening of the shell, as if originally made for the place, we discover the brilliant scarlet and white mandibles of a hermit-crab.

These, then, were crabs that were in such a hurry to get out of our way,—crabs, certainly, and of considerable size, too, some of them; some babies among them, only big enough to fit the smallest whelk; others large enough to fill with their mandibles the opening in a marbled *turbo*, largest of its species.

But why call these gentlemen hermits? So far as we can judge, they are the most gregarious of their kind. Of their battles to secure a coveted tenement we could tell some stories; and their wars and loves and hates would fill . . .

Ugh! a sharp nip on the thumb from the fighting mandibles of a big hermit-crab is a thing not to be easily forgotten! He interrupted us in our discourse, and shall suffer for it. But how are we to get at him? It is not an easy thing to coax a hermit out of his shell. Pull him out? Oh no! He would allow us to tear him limb from limb rather than quit his domicile. We are humane, and only want to frighten him a bit, as well as to inspect his interior structure and economy. The end of a lighted cheroot deftly applied to the apex and sides of his calcareous tenement will make him

uncomfortably hot without hurting. Look out for your fingers while you are about it, else the fighting mandibles will again close sharply and painfully on thumb or finger. His shell becomes hot, and our friend becomes restless. It becomes hotter; frantic are now his efforts to reach the enemy's thumb and fingers; but they are of no avail. "This really cannot be borne a moment longer;" and, suiting the action to the words, out he comes with a flop. A sorry and a despicable object he looks, as every one too lazy to build a house for himself ought to look—a miserable soft body, covered only with skin ending in a prehensile pointed sort of a tail, one pair of huge fighting mandibles, and legs. These make the sum total of our hermit's parts. Moreover, he is evidently ashamed of himself, for he tucks his body under his legs till it is nearly out of sight—a wretched and miserable object. Now let us give him back his shell. In a very gingerly and careful manner he examines it, till satisfied that the abnormal heat has departed, then with a backward step or two, and a ludicrous sort of a jump, his prehensile hinder-end is again safely ensconced in its secure retreat, and the brilliant scarlet-and-white mandibles are again ready to do battle with all comers.

The tide has been making fast while we have been trifling with the hermits, so let us to boat once more, and this time take a seat at the stern, for now we have other work in hand.

Kutti Ali, a spare but sinewy boatman of middle age, takes our post on the high-peaked, decked-in bows, and standing up, shades his eyes with his hand, and looks abroad. He is intent on action, for as he looks he tightly girds his loins, after stowing away securely in a corner of the boat his small packet of betel-leaf, areca-nut, tobacco, and lime, and a bright-colored handkerchief, of which he is very proud. His skull-cap, too (for is not he a true follower of the prophet of Mecca?), is laid aside, and all superfluous clothing with it, and he stands before us with loins girt, looking, in his bronzed and sinewy strength, a perfect athlete, ready for action.

A word or two from him puts spirit into our boatmen, who quicken up into



a short, sharp, steady stroke, and an excited quiver runs through us all, for our game is in sight. Where? We look intently in the direction in which our boat is heading, but can discern nothing. The water is deep, ten, twelve, fifteen feet or more, but the bottom is of pure white coral-sand, illuminated by the blazing sun overhead. Patches of living coral of a darker shade are strewn here and there about the lagoon, and it is for one of these that we are evidently now heading, though it is still one hundred yards away. Kutti Ali, from his point of vantage in the bows, has seen a small dark shadow pass into that clump of rock; he has been watching intently since, and that shadow has not passed beyond the clump in any direction. At a word from the look-out, our boatmen slow down as we approach the dark patch. Can Kutti Ali have been mistaken as to that shadow? For we reach the place, some ten or twelve yards in diameter, and still nothing appears. The boat has almost stopped, the oars are still, and we are just beginning to peer down into the clear depths, when, with a flash, something suddenly springs into active life down below. The rogue! he has found safety in the dark shades of a living coral-patch before in his lifetime, else he would not have lain so still, to be started at last almost like a hare from its form.

Out into the clear sunny depths overlying the coral-sand he flashes. We catch a sight of him for an instant as he shoots away; but now it is all eyes in the boat to get her round, for he has taken us at a disadvantage, and is off on our port quarter. Even Kutti Ali, still standing in the bows, helps in getting the boat round, using for this purpose a long bamboo pole, laid ready to his hand, but without taking his eye for an instant off that quickly fleeting shadow under water. The boat is round at last, but with all our haste that fleeting shadow has gained seventy yards on us or more in the interval, and is making for a much larger patch of rocks lying close to the reef and the deep sea beyond. If he gains that patch, we shall in all probability lose him, for he will gain the reef and reach the sea while we are looking for him. That patch of rocks he must not be permitted to reach.

As the boat's head comes straight, six pairs of lusty arms settle down to get us to that patch of rock before that swiftly fleeting shadow can reach it. "*Valli — valli — oraka valli, kuttigalé!*" (Pull—pull—pull strong, O my children! ! ) shouts Kutti Ali excitedly, capering about on the fore-deck, brandishing aloft his long bamboo pole the while. We are gaining undoubtedly, but half the distance is done, and still the shadow fleets steadily ahead of us. A quarter of the distance only now remains, and the flying shadow is still ahead, though distinctly visible now. Can he keep it up and do the best time on record in the turtle world? I believe he would have escaped, only that knowing fellow in the bows is up to tricks. With the stump-end of his bamboo pole he suddenly brings a resounding thump down on the hollow deck planks of the boat, and as the sound reaches below the turtle shoots quickly forward, for a few yards distancing us, but as quickly comes back as soon as the increased effort dies away. Another thump, another spurt, and the pace is evidently beginning to tell. Those spasmodic efforts have tended to exhaust the stock of air in the turtle's wind-bag. Next instant he for the first time leaves the bottom, close to which he has been all along racing, comes suddenly to the surface with outstretched head and neck, springs nearly clear out of the water to take breath, and again dives.

As we race alongside of him, he sheers off from his original line—that coveted patch of rock and safety are never to be reached again. Kutti Ali again induces him to further efforts, which end in further exhaustion, and all the while he is being headed away from the big rocky patches near the reef.

The boatmen, all breathless, perspiring, and excited, ease off a little, and having got our quarry to a safe distance, now take up his line directly. As we near him, however, he suddenly doubles and shoots off to the side, thereby gaining twenty yards or so before the boat can be brought round. Again we approach, again he turns, this time diving right under the boat, and racing away by the stern, thus gaining ground once more.

But we can see as he passes astern

that his flippers are beginning to flag, and are working convulsively.

Round comes the boat, the men quicken up, and quickly overhaul him on the starboard bow.

Now comes the time for the man in the bows to display his skill. Watch him as he poises himself preparatory to his spring—fists clenched, arms bent at the elbows, and pressed closely to the sides. Watching his chance, he swings his body slowly back, poising it on his left leg, and as the boat, still going at racing pace, reaches alongside within a yard or two of the turtle, he springs clear into the air over the starboard bow, and turning face toward us in the air as he springs, disappears feet downward into the water, a yard or two ahead of the turtle. As the boat shoots rapidly past the spot, we see for an instant in the troubled water a confused jumble of legs and feet and arms and flippers. But our quarry has evidently been hunted before, for as the boatman touched the water he turned suddenly, and just in time to evade the fatal grasp of the flippers. Turning back under the boat, he again puts his old game in practice, and in the excitement of the moment our steersman springs headforemost into the water to intercept him, and fails.

Two men in the water to be picked up, besides sundry things, which in the hurry and excitement of the moment have gone overboard on voyages on their own account, give our quarry abundant time to make tracks; but he cannot now go the pace he did. The men are picked up, the floating things too, the boat is turned round, and again we are off in pursuit.

Quickly overtaking him once more on the port bow, Kutti Ali this time vows to have him. Again the spring in air, again the quick face-turn toward his antagonist, again the confused jumble of feet and legs and arms and flippers down below, and once more the old dodge of doubling sharp back,—but our quarry's movements are not now so nimble as they were. A hind-flipper comes within reach of Kutti Ali's vice-like grip, and is held fast by the one hand, while, reaching forward with the other, a fore-flipper is also grasped high up. The race is over; our prey is captured.

As man and turtle rise quickly to the surface, another boatman—they are all amphibious—jumps overhead to assist the laughing, breathless, but exultant diver. The turtle is turned on his back in the water, puffs out his chin, draws a long wheezing breath through his horny beak and nostrils, struggles for an instant with his captors, and then submissively yields to fate.

One gunwale of the boat is gently inclined downward, hands in the boat help those in the water, and with a heave and a shout, and much laughter and excited talk, our quarry is pulled into the boat, and slides on his back into the bottom beneath the stretchers, smartly slapping his yellow-and-green oozy stomach the while with his horny flippers.

This was a smart race, for our quarry was young and vigorous. The full-sized lusty fellows—we once caught one in this way that weighed 350 lb. avoirdupois, the shell measuring 3 feet 8 inches in length by 3 feet 4 inches in breadth—do not, as a rule, show so much sport. Their dimensions are aldermanic, and their wheezy breath, as in the case of portly middle-aged bipeds, is scanty and soon exhausted. They are more easily overtaken and caught, but not so easily brought to the surface or hoisted into the boat. Sometimes two divers go down below to bring them to the surface, one of whom passes his hand warily—for that powerful horny beak can nip off a finger or two with the greatest ease—over the neck and head, and plants a thumb and forefinger in each eye of the turtle. Thus blinded, the turtle, it is said, rises to the surface at once. Turned on his back, and his head released from chancery, the fight then recommences—a second a third, sometimes a fourth, boatman jumps into the water and lays hold each of a flipper, amid much laughter and excitement and splashing. Tired out at last, all hands are turned on to the task of hoisting the turtle into the boat, and not unfrequently the boat capsizes and fills. Crew, turtles, and all are launched into the water, and a scene of boisterous mirth and excitement follows, till the boat is righted and baled out, and all the missing things recovered, including as many as possible of the turtles thus restored unexpectedly to their native element.

We could tell you of other sources of sport and amusement furnished by these brilliant lagoons—of fish and turtle spearing by torchlight—of boats being dragged about by gigantic skates and sharks, which occasionally find their way across the barrier reefs into the quiet lagoons, and of many other things; but it is time to return to the good ship, which has all this time been steadily ploughing her way toward that speck in mid-ocean with which we are chiefly concerned.

The skipper and his officers have been busy at night with their sextants shooting stars to determine the ship's exact position; for a little dot of an island only a mile or two wide lying solitary in mid-ocean, and showing, palms and all, not 100 feet above the water, is an easy thing to miss. As day breaks we should, according to the ship's reckoning, have the island dead ahead and within sight. As yet, however, the lascar on watch on the foreyard-arm makes no sign. We strain our eyes and sweep the horizon with our telescopes, but it is of no avail—not a speck of land is visible anywhere. It is the chief officer's watch, and he is on the bridge, binoculars in hand, steadily gazing ahead. The skipper turns out of his snug cabin on the upper deck, and goes up to the bridge too. He is clad in the airiest of sleeping garments, with an old pea-jacket atop; he, too, can make nothing of it. It is dangerous to chaff a skipper when you think he has made a bad land-fall, so give the bridge a wide berth till all is settled up there. The chief is sent aloft to spy the land; not satisfied with his report, the skipper himself follows. The sun is up, an hour of daylight is gone; for half an hour more no word comes down from the foretop. Have we run past it in the night? Impossible: the glare of the lighthouse would have been seen, even if the light itself were invisible; for Minicoy has a lighthouse we may tell you—one of the first magnitude too; but of that more anon.

"Land ahoy!" at last comes down from the watch.

"Where is it?" is shouted in reply from the bridge.

"Straight ahead, sir."

"Just where it ought to be," growls the skipper, looking more pleased than,

from his gruff words, you would judge to be the case.

Now we may speak—now even some mild chaff may go round; so we crowd up to the bridge, all eager to get a first glimpse of our destination.

"We have had a strong current against us all night—should have been here at daylight."

"Oh! that's the reason, is it? Now, did you ever yet know a skipper out in his reckoning but he hauled in a current or something to put himself square? Currents are handy things at sea to explain away knotty points."

"Knots is it? why, there's fifteen of them gone clean out of the ship's run in twelve hours."

Whereat we all laugh and take to our telescopes and binoculars.

A long low line of shadowy somethings showing above the filmy mirage to the left—then a break and a white pillar (that is the lighthouse, of course)—another break—and, finally, another and shorter line of shadowy somethings—that is all we can see. But as the ship holds on her way, the nearest of the shadows to the left are quickly taking shape and resolving themselves into palm-trees, and we can make out that an unbroken semicircle of them runs from the northernmost corner of the island right round to and past the lighthouse, which is close to the southernmost point of the land. Then there is a break, and further west lies a detached clump of palms, marking the quarantine islet of Viringilly. A square object we could not at first make out begins to loom larger in the filmy haze, and we discover it to be a big boat, carrying a huge square sail, set well forward, and without a jib. Another, and another, and another seem to spring up and set their sails. "These must be the *mds* boats going out to fish," says one of the party, who has been here before.

Now we come in sight of high combing rollers as they flash white in breaking on the shallow reef at the northernmost point of the land. Beacons are also visible, hardly distinguishable at a distance from the bare masts of other *mds* boats, still at anchor in the lagoon, laying in their stock of whitebait before proceeding to the fishing-ground outside the barrier-reef. These beacons mark

the boating passages in the coral-reef, which we can now distinguish stretching away in a wide western semicircle from the north as far as the islet of Viringilly, near the southernmost extremity of the land.

A low-lying, piratical-looking craft, with raking masts, showing an immense capacity for spreading canvas, is anchored inside the lagoon. A workman-like boat she is—owned, we find on subsequent inquiry, by the Sultan of the neighboring Maldivé Islands, and commanded by a smart Minicovite born and bred. They are born seamen, these Minicoy islanders, as we shall presently learn. Three or four other native boats are now distinguishable lying at anchor in the lagoon opposite the little township. Island-built, island-rigged, and manned by smart island-seamen, familiar with the use of the sextant and European navigating tables, these boats set out on trading voyages annually—to the Maldives, to the Malabar coast, and Colombo, and farther still, to the Bay of Bengal. The "James and Mary," and other treacherous quicksands of the Hooghly, are familiar to them. Chittagong is perhaps their farthest point eastward on the coast of India, and Bombay their farthest point west.

The annual setting out of the fleet after the S. W. monsoon has moderated its squally force, and its annual return in March or April, are the two great events in island life. For four months, May to August, the sailor lads are at home to gladden the hearts of their island wives and sweethearts; for eight long months the latter remain in their island-home, looking longingly forward to the day—well watched for—when the shiny white sails, dimly visible on the horizon, come sliding safely homeward over the summer seas, or when, at night, blue lights come flashing their weird gleams through the gloom, and rockets flying skyward proclaim to weary watching women on shore that the sailor lads are safely back again.

"Safely back again." Ah! who knows? Did not one hundred and twenty sailor lads in the prime of life sail gallantly forth with the fleet in 1867, and only a few of their shipwrecked comrades return to tell the sorrowful tale of disaster and ruin—how three of

their fine island-vessels had gone down in the cyclone waves in the Hooghly at Calcutta? Twenty years have passed away, and still that sorrowful tale is told; and many a Minicoy heart is yet aching for the loved ones who perished amid the crash and splinters and wreck of vessels broken loose from their moorings, and driven madly and blindly, pell-mell, in a heap on the wreck strewn shores of the Hooghly.

No such catastrophe has happened this time, however, for there floats at anchor the Dharía Dowlat, 700 tons burden, with her spars and rigging intact. Yonder comes the Dharía Beg, the other 700-ton leviathan of the fleet, with every inch of canvas spread to woo the loitering breeze, and flags floating gayly from all her masts. And the Kuduja Pali (Small or Saucy Polly?) can just be descried on the horizon bearing down upon the island.

As the truth is realized that the fleet has really returned, a great long-drawn shout goes up from those upon the watch; this is caught up by those who hear it, wherever they may be, and however engaged, and the great volume of sound travels up and down the township, men, women, and children joining in it, and then rushing tumultuously out upon the sandy coral-strewn shore of the lagoon, to verify for themselves that the joyful and exciting news is really true. Glad tidings, indeed, it is, for those ships are freighted with all sorts of goods of value in feminine eyes, besides the stores of rice on which the islanders chiefly subsist.

In order that you may not bear away the impression that we are romancing, we will not attempt a description of our own, but will quote here from a staid and solemn official report:—

*"Every woman in the island is dressed in silk. The gowns fit closely round the neck and reach to the ankles. The upper classes wear red silk, and earrings of a peculiar fashion. The Melacheri\* women are restricted to the use of a dark striped silk of a coarser quality. Every husband must allow his wife at least one candy† of rice, two silk gowns, and two under cloths a-year. He also presents her on marriage with a fine betel-pouch (brought*

\* The lowest class or caste, whose men are occupied chiefly in climbing the palm-trees to draw palm-toddy or to pluck the nuts, etc.

† 5 cwt. or 560 lb.



from Galle), and a silver ornament containing receptacles for lime and tobacco, and instruments of strange forms intended for cleaning the ears and teeth."

And again—

"The women appear in public freely with their heads uncovered, and take the lead in almost everything except navigation. In fact, they seem to have as much freedom\* as there is in European countries. Inquiry into their civil condition (whether they are married or unmarried) is regarded as an unpardonable affront. Unmarried men may converse with maidens, and *courtship is a recognised preliminary to marriage*. The girl's consent is, in all cases, necessary, and the *Adasi* (priest) will not perform the ceremony unless he has sent two *mukris* (sextons) to ascertain that she is willing."

An Eastern people like this, which treats its women with such marked respect, deserves to be intimately known; and so, with your permission, gentle reader, we will now revert to our voyagers, who have all this time been steaming gently onward to the anchorage indicated by the ancient island-pilot, who has been fetched to show the way.

What wind there is coming from the east or north-east, so the skipper and pilot in consultation decide that we shall cast anchor on the south-west corner of the reef, so as to be under the lee of the island.

There is no need to take precautions here against hidden rocks and reefs as we approach the anchorage; for the chart shows a hundred fathoms *at least* of depth almost within gunshot of the barrier-reef enclosing the lagoon! And the same freedom from shoals holds good all round this tiny island. It is only about five miles in length, by about the same in breadth; and it rises sheer, so far as we know, from the bottom of the ocean, lying probably 6000 feet (over a mile) † beneath the surface on which our good ship floats.

Realize the fact for an instant,—remember that there is no other land anywhere near it: it lies solitary in mid-ocean, as we have already said more than once, a tall and comparatively slender column of rock over a mile in

height; perhaps even the column is not so large below as it is on the surface, and the island and its rocky foundation may be umbrella-shaped—who knows?

It was Mr. Darwin who originally suggested, in regard to coral-reefs in general, that the land had slowly sunk beneath the waves, and that the reef-forming coral insects kept it from submergence by their ceaseless labors in elaborating limestone from the briny deep, and piling it up on the mountain-tops. How much of that 6000 feet have they built up in this way? How long have they been about it? Is the land slowly sinking still? These are questions which we will not attempt to answer. Some doubts have recently been cast on the accuracy of Mr. Darwin's theory; but we would suggest to the doubters to visit Minicoy, and account for its formation in any other way.

Our skipper is a Scot, and therefore cautious—too cautious as it turns out; for he not unnaturally dislikes the idea of his ship swinging in close to the barrier-reef should the wind suddenly change to the S.W. point, and he therefore lets go the anchor on the sloping limestone, worn smooth by the wild waves of the S.W. monsoon. The day is calm, the barometer steady, and coals are dear within the tropics. Our fires are allowed to go out. In the first watch of the night the ship begins to change her position. Is the anchor holding? No; we are distinctly moving. "Pipe up all hands and see what has gone wrong." The anchor-chain hangs perpendicularly from the bows; the anchor has slipped down the smooth sloping limestone, and tumbled over the edge of the stupendous submarine precipice beneath us; and we are helplessly adrift on the Indian Ocean, with fifty fathoms of heavy anchor-chain, and a heavy anchor at the end of it, hanging from our bows! Fortunately the night is calm, and the current carries us away from the island. "How soon can you get up steam?" "Two hours, sir." "Then get it, please, as fast as you can." These words ring out sharp and clear in the night air, and so for two hours at least we drift helplessly about. The light from the lighthouse is growing fainter; at last the donkey-engine begins to snort, and farewell sleep. Link by link the

\* We should rather say more freedom—see what follows.

† The Beagle expedition found, at a distance of only 2200 yards from the edge of the Cocos or Keeling group of islands, no bottom with a line 1200 fathoms (7200 feet) in length.

chain comes laboriously in through the hawser-pipe, amid much spasmodic snorting from the donkey-engine, and convulsive quiverings of the ship from stem to stern. The anchor is at last recovered, and we steam slowly about till daylight enables us to fetch up to the island once more and drop our anchor, this time more securely, in a pot-hole among the living coral-rocks closer in-shore.

The islanders have been on the watch, and, as we come up to our anchorage, we can see boat after boat hoist their huge square lug-sails, and come away from their bait-grounds inside the lagoon, under a spanking north-easterly breeze. They are all making for that narrow passage through the barrier-reef marked by a line of beacons; and handsome they look, as one by one, with curving lines and full-breasted, they shoot through the narrow passage into the open sea, and then with the wind well abaft, sweep down toward our ship. The clean sharp stems of the boats show to great advantage as they approach under full sail. Those boats can sail, it is very evident; moreover, they are prepared to meet with heavy winds—for line above line of reefing-points can be seen flying freely in the breeze as they approach. The number of lines seems extraordinary, for when the last reef is taken in there can be but a foot or two of the sail left aboveboard to sail with. And yet the men evidently know perfectly well what they are about, and can be trusted to put no more reefs in their sail than are absolutely required for navigation. As they approach our ship we can see the order given, without any fuss or needless talking, to lower the sail, and on the instant a dozen hands are hard at work taking it in, and stowing it securely away to prevent its getting wetted. The sail is of finely plaited matting, with a quaint device or two in black on the outside. Having stowed the sail securely, they are busy next with the mast,—a man at the bows is gradually slackening the ropes which keep it in position, and half-a-dozen hands are standing on the thwarts of the boat ready to catch it in its descent and guide it to its place of rest, an upright post just in front of the rudder. No lifting of the ponderous mast is neces-

sary, you see; for, as the ropes are slackened forward, the mast comes gently backward and downward of its own accord, till it is securely lodged in the hollowed-out top of the upright post aforesaid.

And now look at the boat itself. Where have we seen that shape before? The gondola-like, graceful, upright sweep of the cut-water, terminating in an elegant and quaintly painted stem-post rising high above the boat, reminds us powerfully of moonlight nights on the Grand Canal, and musical Italian voices singing "Stali-i-i!" The great breadth of beam, and weather-boarding on the sides—the fine lines and great depth of keel—remind us, though we cannot exactly remember where we have met them before, of cloudless Mediterranean skies, and deep sapphire-colored waves. The bows are decked in as far back as the mast, and the stern ends in a lobster-tail shaped platform, projecting considerably beyond the sides of the boat. That platform is useful when the boatmen congregate at the stern with their fishing-rods to catch the *bonito* as their boat, under full sail, passes and repasses through the shoals of that fish, which periodically visit the neighborhood of the island in the fair season. You can see their rods lying, tied up in a bundle all ready for action, above the weather-boarding forward. A closer inspection reveals the facts, that the rod consists of a stout pole, and that the line and hook together are exactly of the length of the rod. Moreover, the hook is unbarbed, and consists of a piece of white metal flattened out for an inch and a half or so, and then turned up at one end into a barbless hook, while at the other end (also curved) there is a knob to which the stout cord forming the line is securely fastened. Trailing these bright metal hooks over the stern, the boat under sail passes and repasses through the shoals of fish, which, mistaking the hooks for silvery fish-fry, dash at them and are hooked,—the point of the rod is raised, and the fish is without further ado swung round into the boat. Disengaging itself readily from the unbarbed hook, it is left to flounder about in the bottom of the boat, while the fisherman proceeds to capture another. To attract the fish,

the wells in the boat you see are already stocked with the brilliantly colored tiny whitebait, with which we became acquainted in our excursion to the coral-reef, and which is ladled out by a scoop from the water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided at the thwarts as soon as the boat comes among the *bonito* shoals.

The *bonito* they thus catch is of two kinds. One is the *Khalubida mds*, vulgarly called *Komboli* or *Combally* or *Combally mds* by the Portuguese writers (*Scomber pelamys*—Linn). It is striped lengthways with blue or purple stripes, with a small silver thread in the middle of each stripe. *Khalu* means black in the language of the island (*Mahl*). *Bida* may mean striped, but we are not very sure about that. And *mds* is certainly fish. The other kind is called *Kanali mds*. It is not striped, and it probably corresponds with the *skip-jack* well-known to English sailors. The prevailing hue of both kinds is black.

Let us go ashore with the boatmen and see what is to be seen on the land. As soon as our intention is known, the whole of the cargo of living whitebait is unceremoniously bundled overboard, except some which we reserve for a real whitebait dinner on board. Stepping on to the stern deck-platform, we are at once charmed with the extreme cleanliness and neatness of all the appointments of our craft. There is absolutely no fishy odor, although the whitebait has just been bundled overboard before our very eyes, and although the boat was probably loaded to the gunwale yesterday with the catch of *bonito*. The Minicovites evidently take great care of their boats, and scrub them well after each day's fishing.

The men themselves are smart, active, sinewy fellows, with no spare flesh about them. They are dressed in brilliantly colored pantaloons, and each wears a coarse goat's-hair girdle round his waist, pendent from which hangs a regular seaman's knife hooked to the girdle by a solid silver twisted wire. Their jackets are of various makes and of various materials; and on their heads, in addition to the orthodox skull-cap of the Mohammedans, they wear some of them brilliantly colored handkerchiefs—others have helmets of European pat-

terns, much battered by rough usage—and one in particular, the skipper of the boat, has a well-worn military forage-cap, with a stiff projecting brim to it to shade his eyes.

The skipper, taking his stand behind where we sit on the stern platform, proceeds to steer the boat, working the rudder with his feet and knees, standing the while on a plank projecting inward at right angles from the rudder-post. Beneath this plank there is a square box, holding spare wooden pins and sundry other things belonging to the boat, in addition to some quaintly carved coconut shells, which serve as drinking-cups.

At a sign from him the oars, all lying snugly shipped along the inside of the boat, are shot out through the rowlock-holes in the weather-boarding forward, and a dozen pairs of sinewy arms pull us some fifty yards from the ship. Then at a word from the skipper—these Minicovite boatmen are remarkably sparing of words—the oars are again slid inboard, and all hands set to work to step the mast and hoist the huge mat-sail. We shall have to beat up to windward in order to reach the narrow passage through the reef, and the boatmen will be able to display the good sailing qualities of their craft. Two of the men attend to the sheets which control the peaks of the huge lug-sail, while the skipper himself hauls in the main-sheet, which he secures to a peg in the upright post already mentioned for supporting the mast when it is lowered.

The boat has good weathering qualities we can see directly the wind catches the sail, and we are off in a spanking breeze and a smooth rolling sea. Talk of centre-boards and wedge-shaped boats, these Minicovites have evidently learned the art of boat-building; and as the boat lies over under the huge press of sail, we feel that we are as safe as in a house ashore, thanks to the great beam and deep keel with which the boat is furnished. The rippling water comes coursing in along the lee gunwale, and splashes in at times through the rowlock-holes in the weather-boarding forward; but on the weather side she is as dry as if floating in a mill-pond, although every now and again she dips her nose into the long ocean-rollers.

We have already weathered on the

ship considerably, when again, at a word from the skipper, all hands prepare to tack. How is it to be done? Shall we have to lower that huge heavy sail and haul it laboriously round the mast? Not a bit of it. As the helm is put down the boat's nose runs up into the wind's eye, and such is the pace we are going, and so fine are her lines, that she is round and ready to go off on the other tack inshore almost in three times her own length. Haul in the forward peak, slacken away the aft, let go the main-sheet and pass it forward to the bows, and pass aft the other sheet which has secured us to the stem on the port tack we have been making. The thing is done in a couple of seconds, the boat has lost no way, and in far less time than it takes to write or read the description of it, the huge sail comes bellying round the front of the mast to the starboard side, is instantly secured, and again our craft heels over, and goes spanking through the water on the shore tack.

The smart handling of such a big boat is interesting and pretty to watch, and as we become better acquainted with the boat and boatmen, our admiration of both increases. A joyous sense of bounding freedom possesses us, such as a rider knows with a strong-going horse beneath him, and a limitless grassy down in front. The exhilaration of our spirits is such that we feel inclined to shout or dance a hornpipe on the sloping deck!

But at last we have weathered the narrow entrance through the reef, and for the last time the helm is put down, the boat comes round, and running free, we glide swiftly in toward the reef. Shoaler and still more shoal the water becomes. We catch flying glimpses of lovely living coral-rocks below the surface, magnified to double their actual size for an instant as a smooth ocean-roller slides quietly over them. A turtle raises its head above the glassy swell, and then with a flip dives beneath, and shoots away like an arrow. We can see the bottom now quite easily, and mark that the arborescent kind of polypifer has disappeared, the hard limestone bottom has been worn smooth by the fret of the waves and the grinding of the masses of coral-rock they churn up and

strew about on the shallows--rock which either goes to maintain the barrier-reef, or drops in time back over the stupendous submarine precipice, to find a resting-place at the bottom of the ocean several thousands of feet below where we are now floating.

The channel narrows as we approach the first guiding beacon, a cairn of poles kept in an erect position by laboriously piling round their butt-ends, resting on the hard limestone-rock, the pieces of coral wrenched from their places by the waves, and thrown broadcast by them during the heavy weather of the southwest monsoon season. It is a laborious business keeping these narrow channels open, and on the day appointed for the purpose the whole of the male population of the island assembles to perform the task.

As the actual reef is reached, we find the passage through it just wide enough for one boat to enter at a time. We leave the swell of the ocean behind us, and find ourselves in the lagoon in perfectly smooth water, except that it is rippled slightly by the wind, and with a brilliantly white coral sandy bottom below. We take a pull at the main-sheet, and bring in the after-peak of the sail a little to correspond, and then our course is set on the starboard tack, straight across the lagoon, to where the township lies embedded in that huge grove of palm-trees. A line of beacons, and sundry others dotted here and there, denote shoal patches of coral-rock to be avoided. These beacons are the favorite resting-places of a solitary sea-gull or tern or cormorant, which obtain a comfortable footing among the bundle of dry twigs at the top of each, and lazily take flight as we swiftly rush past them.

These coral patches in the lagoon are the bait-grounds of our fishermen, for the fish-try congregate for safety and shelter about them. A narrow-meshed net, lying out to dry on the deck forward, is employed to catch them. When caught, they are transferred to one of the transverse water-tight compartments into which the boat is divided by plank running across it under the thwarts of the boat. A plug is withdrawn, and in rushes the water through the boat's bottom: it rises till it is on a level with the water outside; and as the plug is



not replaced, the water in the compartment is kept fresh for the whitebait, which are thus kept alive until wanted.

As we approach the shore, one of the first objects that attract our attention is a snow-white egret standing on something floating in the water, and eagerly watching something below. That floating thing is a huge rough basket structure anchored in the lagoon, and used

for storing the live whitebait until they are required for the fishing, and the egret is dining off incautious specimens which come too near the surface of the square hole in the lid which gives access to the basket. There are several such baskets floating about, and on nearly every one there is an egret, or perhaps two, thus engaged.

(*To be continued.*)

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ON THE EAST COAST.

BY F. P.

"We are in God's hand,  
How strange, now, looks the life he makes us lead."—R. BROWNING (*Andrea del Sarto*).

THE boat went out with the ebb to sea,  
That June-tide in the morning.  
My bonny boys waved their hands to me,  
That June-tide in the morning.  
I stood and watched them from the door,  
My bonny, brave boys came back no more,  
That June-tide in the morning.

The sun shone bright and the wind was low,  
That June-tide in the morning;  
And I kissed them ere I bade them go,  
That June-tide in the morning.  
The leaves were young upon the vine  
When my boys' warm lips were pressed to mine,  
That June-tide in the morning.

I watched the boat as it left the bay,  
That June-tide in the morning;  
And ever until my latest day  
That June-tide in the morning  
Comes back to me when the skies are clear  
And the roses bloom—yet I felt no fear,  
That June-tide in the morning.

A mist came up and it hid the sea,  
That June-tide in the morning.  
Little I thought what awaited me,  
That June-tide in the morning.  
How those lips had been pressed to mine,  
Here on earth for the very last time,  
That June-tide in the morning.

The rising tide brought them home no more,  
That June-tide in the morning.  
Ere noon the boat drifted safe ashore,  
That June-tide in the morning.  
The mist had hidden the Dead Man's rock,  
And never a boat could withstand its shock,  
No matter how fair the morning.

They found their grave in the great North Sea,  
 That June-tide in the morning—  
 My boys who came never back to me,  
 That June-tide in the morning.  
 Yet the waves were stilled, and the wind was low,  
 Thank God, I kissed them ere they did go,  
 That June-tide in the morning !

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RAILWAYS—THEIR FUTURE IN CHINA.

BY WILLIAM B. DUNLOP.

THE question of the introduction of railways into China is one which, to the exclusion of almost every other, engages that little modicum of attention so generously bestowed by the British public on the affairs of the Flowery Land.

There is no doubt that the Central Government at Peking has for several years been seriously considering the question, though principally from a military point of view. The late war with France brought it to the front, as one of the highest strategic importance ; because, during that war the coast of China was blockaded by French fleets so powerful that the Chinese navy, convoying transports, could never attempt to cope with them. It therefore became impossible, except by marches of inconceivable difficulty, to send reinforcements from the armies of the North, drilled and disciplined by Europeans, to the aid of the courageous but badly armed and undisciplined irregulars who were fighting on the frontier of China and Tonquin. When one recalls the not unfrequent defeats which the French arms sustained at the hands of those dauntless bands, aided as they were by the fearful climate, it is difficult to predict what the result might have been, had the Imperial Government possessed the means, as it did the will, of largely reinforcing their frontier armies. The Chinese Government is therefore naturally anxious that another war with a European Power shall not find them laboring under the same disabilities.

Hence the oft-repeated rumors—unreliable they often are—of negotiations in reference to railways. The Imperial Government, with a keenness of mental vision for which the would-be railway financiers and constructors by no means

give it credit, is anything but blind to the intense desire of each and all of the representatives or syndicates of the great commercial Powers to secure contracts for such important undertakings as railways in China may prove. In the hope, therefore, of securing their own terms in the end, the Government in the mean time dallies with them all, playing one off against the other, and quietly laughing in its sleeve at the game of competitive underbidding which goes on.

Two difficulties—visionary, we maintain, rather than real—have been put forward in regard to the introduction of railways.

Firstly, there is the hostility—undeniable—of the provincial governors and officials, who know full well that extensive railway construction would be a mortal blow at their supremacy, and the death-knell of their ill-gotten gains. Assuredly Mr. Colquhoun has good ground for his statement that a great trunk-line from Peking to Canton, some 1500 miles in length, would prove the "regenerator" of China. Passing over the commercial advantages of such a line, which would act as a feeder to several of the great water highways, striking them at right angles, there can be little doubt that the practical carrying into effect of this scheme would do more than anything else toward the destruction of the present system of local government. The corruption of the unspeakable Turk is as purity itself when compared with the unbridled rapacity and elastic "squeezing" capacity of the provincial officials of China, from silver-buttoned mandarin to coral-crested Viceroy. But their opposition must succumb to the ever-increasing authority of the enlightened men now at the head of

the Imperial Government, as it has, within recent years, been again and again compelled to yield. It must not be forgotten that the Central Government will now probably be backed up in a progressive policy by Prince Chun, the father of the youthful Emperor. We ought not to place very much faith in the rumors that have recently reached this country to the effect that the young Emperor is about to place himself in the hands of the apostles of the old dispensation. The report that the Imperial sanction for the extension of the existing Kaiping-Tientsin Railway to Tungchow or Peking has been withdrawn for the moment, may be true, but the extension to the capital cannot now be long delayed. China has at last put her hand to the plough, and with the Marquis Tseng at Peking, Li Hung Chang at Tientsin, and a young generation of progressively inclined statesmen likely to come to the front, it will be almost impossible for her to go back. But, nevertheless, it is certainly true that the Emperor, if he elects to range himself on the side of progress, has it in his power to give the forward motion a greatly accelerated momentum. It may seem a puerile argument in favor of the probable construction of railways in China, to mention that the Son of Heaven possesses a model railway within the Imperial Palace grounds at Peking, and that it is reported that one of his favorite amusements is to act the rôle of engine-driver; but, at least, he will be familiarized with the idea. And it must not be forgotten that the ruler of China is a secular potentate of unlimited power; but he adds to his temporal power a sacred authority, the sanction of which is greater far, for he is not only the high priest of religion, alone thought worthy to offer expiation for the sins of his people on the great white marble altar of the Temple of Heaven at Peking; he is not only an earthly vicegerent—he wields a sacred power more absolute than ever Jewish high priest or Pope of Rome has done; for the Son of Heaven is looked upon by his subjects as the reigning representative of Deity itself, and the local governments of China stand in such awe of a few strokes of the dread vermilion pencil, that an autograph letter of the Emperor is received with the

burning of incense and the performance of that abject form of worship known as the *kolow* or nine knockings, a ceremony which the refusal—on the part of foreign envoys—to perform at the foot of the Dragon Throne formerly gave rise to no little difficulty, and much discussion in Chinese official quarters.

The people, too, are becoming gradually inoculated with and accustomed to Western ideas. They have seen these ideas practically carried out—as, for instance, in telegraph construction—and they perceive and feel the benefit.

Secondly, there is to us the almost unintelligible argument against railways expressed by the single word "Feng-shui," a word which to the Celestial conveys more meaning than columns of explanation to the uninitiated "barbarian." As, however, a discourse on "Feng-shui" might prove as wearisome to the reader as it would be here irrelevant, I shall content myself with a single word of explanation. China, be it known, is one vast charnel-house. The dead are for the most part buried, not, as with us, in ground set apart for that purpose (though one frequently lights upon cemeteries duly chosen with regard to their "lucky" positions), but they are simply laid down anywhere and everywhere. Few things strike the traveller more than the Chinese mode of sepulture. Burial-mounds and coffins—the latter sometimes exposed in all their hideous bareness, at other times wrapped up in matting like large chests of tea—meet the eye at every turn. The Chinaman, as is well known, maintains a sacred reverence for the spot where his relatives, and especially his ancestors, have been buried, and for his native locality as the religiously desired place of his own ultimate sepulture. Whatever, then, interferes with the sacredness of the spot, and with the ministering services of the "wind and water spirits," is looked upon as anathema. Railways are considered decidedly uncanny. There is no denying the fact. But there is also no denying that the reverence of the average Celestial for the graves of his ancestors is only second to his reverence for the almighty dollar. This has been proved times without number in the neighborhood of the

treaty ports, where the foreigner has erected his own "uncanny" abodes, which frequently interfered with the "Feng-shui" of places of burial, or, as was often the case, necessitated the removal of the burial-mounds or coffins; but a few dollars to the representative of the family almost invariably smoothed the difficulty. In a country, then, like China, where there are fertile plains of vast extent, and which, therefore, present few engineering difficulties; in a country where the cheapest labor in the world exists in an inexhaustible supply—labor which, from the wonderful aptitude for acquiring proficiency, inborn in every Chinaman, would soon become skilled labor—the sum at which the Chinese assess the damage to the graves of their ancestors would add but a small amount to the mileage cost of the Iron Roads. It may be remembered that a few years ago a railway about eight miles in length was laid down between Shanghai and Woosung, near the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. It succeeded extremely well—so well, in fact, that the provincial authorities became alarmed lest the success might be used as a precedent and an argument for further construction, and it was bought from the British house which had constructed it; and then, to the horror of the foreign community, the rails were torn up and shipped to Formosa, on the shores of which they lie rusting at the present moment. This railway was carried through one of the most densely confined districts I came across in China, but the "Feng-shui" opposition was easily overcome. Besides, it is not impossible that the vermillion pencil itself may be called into requisition in the form of an edict dealing in a summary manner with the question of ancestor compensation.

The thin end of the wedge has now been inserted, in the laying down of a railway from the Kaiping coal-mines to Tientsin on the Peiho. The effect of this railway will be an immense increase in the output of Kaiping coal, and in the demand for it, especially by steamers engaged in the coasting-trade between Tientsin and Shanghai. These steamers formerly burned Takasima or Mikke coal brought from Japan; but Japanese coal will now be superseded, owing to the advent of the railway, as well as to

the placing of the agency of Kaiping coal in the hands of a British house at Tientsin, which insists on the coal sent to that treaty port being selected from those seams suitable for steamer consumption, and the highest ambition of which is, not to cheat the steamer companies, as was the short-sighted but chief end of the Chinese agent, to the temporary ruin of the reputation of the Kaiping coal. The railway will enormously increase the export of coal to Shanghai; and once it establishes a position for itself in that great emporium of the far East, it will doubtless, from its undeniable superiority to Takasima or Mikke coal, drive the Japanese article from the market, and be exclusively used in all the coasting voyages.

In connection with the Kaiping-Tientsin Railway, there is a curious and interesting note in Williams's "Middle Kingdom," that splendid monument of nearly half a century's residence in China. At the time of the conversation referred to, Mr. Williams represented the Government of the United States at Peking. He says:—

"The reserved force in the Chinese character was very strikingly brought out in a New-Year's call at Peking, which the writer remembers, in 1870. The topic came up as to how to diminish the expense of getting coal from the mines to the city (which up to that time was carried on camels and mules), so as to put it within the reach of the poor people. I suggested a tram-road as the best plan for the fifty miles' distance from the mines, and involving trifling expense. After listening to the plan, Wan-siang, one of the members of the Board of Revenue, and Prince Kung, together exclaimed, 'Tieh-lu lai liao! Tieh-lu lai liao!' (Railroads are coming in time!)"

But the real difficulty which blocks the way of extensive railway construction in China is financial in its nature. It is primarily a question of ways and means, qualified, so to speak, by the important question of management. The Chinese Government is not in a position to advance the capital necessary for any great undertaking, except by borrowing. Now, though the credit of the Imperial Government stands high on the foreign bourse, as evidenced by the London Stock Exchange quotations of Chinese loans, it must be remembered that the *foreign* debt of the empire—which, by the way, is almost entirely held by those



interested in the country, who understand the value of the interest guarantee—is a mere bagatelle, the total amount being under £5,000,000, redeemable in the course of a few years. The interest on the foreign debt is guaranteed by the revenue derivable from the dues on foreign commerce, collected by the Imperial Maritime Customs. But the gross revenue under this head is by no means very large—at present (whatever it may be in the future), under £4,000,000 annually—so that the surplus, after paying the interest on the existing foreign debt and the maintenance expense of the customs service (even supposing such surplus were altogether free), could not support a huge foreign loan brought out for the construction of strategic railways in China, which might or might not prove financially and commercially successful. Of course the total revenue of the Chinese Empire must be something enormous; but owing to the pro-consular system of provincial government, it is quite impossible to arrive at a trustworthy estimate, while the reticence of the Pekin authorities baffles any attempt to calculate even the net revenue at the disposal of the Central Government. The Viceroy may be said to farm the revenues of their respective provinces, and they are left pretty much to their own devices in regard to taxation, as long as they annually pay the customary tribute into the Pekin exchequer.

When one thinks of the capital which might be profitably employed in the construction of railways to act as "feeders" to the great water highways—i.e., through those parts of the empire where they are an *absolute commercial necessity*,—in 1886 the average interest return on the total railway capital of India amounted to 5.9 per cent, in 1887 to 5.3 per cent—it is clear that to borrow in an *adequate* manner, the Chinese Government would have to remodel the system of revenue collection, either by placing the *entire* customs revenue under trustworthy foreign control, or in some other way altering the present system of local government. Until some tangible and reliable interest guarantee, similar to that of the customs revenue derivable from foreign trade, is held out, China can never float *large* railway loans,—at least as long as it is made a condition that the

management of the railways shall remain in Chinese hands.

But the question may be asked, supposing there is an opening for the profitable employment of foreign capital in Chinese railways, why do foreigners themselves not find the necessary funds and take the risk, as they have done in those Indian railways the interest of which is not guaranteed by the State? The reply is very simple. The Chinese Government would be charmed to get European or American financiers to find the necessary capital to construct the railways; but they are *not yet* prepared to intrust the management to foreigners with whom they might any day find themselves at war, when the foreign managers would for obvious reasons receive their passports, and the whole system would be disorganized, with no skilled management available at a time when of all others it was most necessary. I am aware that the financial result of the working of some twenty-seven miles of the Kaiping Railway has been such as to warrant the declaration in the first annual report of a dividend of 6 per cent; but, on the other hand, taking the past history of the native China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company as a typical example of what honesty in Chinese railway management might mean, foreign financiers would naturally refuse to risk their capital without a reliable Government guarantee, except on the condition of their being allowed not only to construct the railways, but also to manage them. I recollect discussing the railway question with a gentleman in China, who, as head of one of the greatest commercial houses of the far East, was in a position to express an opinion to which too great importance could hardly be attached. He stated that he knew for a certainty that the Government was most seriously and anxiously considering the railway problem, and further, that his own long experience of China led him unhesitatingly to express the opinion that as surely as railways were built and placed under Chinese management, so surely would they come to utter ruin, and that then at least, if not before, the Government would realize the impossibility of honest native management. The moment the Government is prepared to intrust railways com-

mercially necessary to foreign management, there will be little difficulty in raising the capital required.

These two difficulties of ways and means, and management, account for the failure which has hitherto attended the attempted introduction on a great scale of railways into China.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Chihli, a powerful advocate of the necessity for the immediate building of railways, is desirous also of seeing the immense coal and iron fields of the empire energetically worked, and he is also desirous that the rails should be manufactured in China itself. It is known that great coal and iron deposits exist in close proximity to one another; but further investigation is necessary before it can be definitely stated that the deposits can be worked with an economy sufficient to keep out foreign rails. The evidence we have at present points in this direction, though it is not yet conclusive. It would therefore be premature to express any opinion on the patriotic Viceroy's proposal.

Having now briefly sketched the difficulties which for the moment bar the progress of any great development of railway enterprise in China, it remains for us to look at the question from a point of view which I venture to think has not yet received the consideration which is its due.

Travel in China, and inquiry and investigation conducted on the spot, lead me to believe that in many quarters an exaggerated importance is attached to the commercial, as distinguished from the strategic, value to the empire of a great railway system.

One often hears India put forward as a proof of what railways will do for China. It is stated, and with perfect truth, that the Indian railway system is the main cause of the present vast commerce of that empire, and it is argued that the extensive introduction of railways into China would produce a similar result. And no doubt it would, provided only that a great railway system were a *sine qua non* to China as it is to India. But the two cases are not only not analogous—they are widely different. In India, railways are an absolute necessity for the maintenance of the present volume of trade. In China, a railway

system can never occupy more than a secondary position. It will be a powerful and most important *auxiliary*, but not the *mainspring* of commercial activity.

And for this reason. In India, save in the north, there are few rivers of any importance navigable for large craft to any great distance from the sea. For the distribution, therefore, from and to the coast of the imports and exports, and of the vast internal local trade of the empire, India is very largely dependent upon her iron roads. But the case of China is far otherwise, intersected as the richest and most productive provinces are by a water-system, natural and artificial, of unparalleled magnitude and efficiency, whereby China appears to the traveller, journeying in the interior, as a huge network, or labyrinth of water-highways, with which, for economy of transport, railways cannot compete.

Roads in the interior of the empire are few and far between; and my own experience of travelling in springless carts over the now deeply serrated surface of the ruins of these once magnificent highways, paved as they had been long centuries ago with colossal stone slabs of enormous weight, and now long left without repair, was an experience of such intense physical agony that there are few things I should look forward to with more abject horror than a repetition of one of these bone-breaking expeditions. "Good for ten years, bad for ten thousand," as the Chinese proverb puts it. And taking into account the extremely meagre supply of beasts of burden other than human beings who, when it becomes necessary to diverge from river or canal, form to an extent almost inconceivable in this country the pack-carriers of China, and taking into consideration the marvellous facilities for cheap water-carriage, it is not a matter for much astonishment that a large proportion of the ancient land-highways have been allowed to lapse into ruin. In any adequate calculation of the commercial as distinguished from the military value of railways to China, an impartial opinion of the legion of water-highways radiating through the provinces ought to be the foundation upon which a true estimate is based.

I do not for a moment desire to min-

imize the importance of *specific individual* railway enterprise to China. Mr. Colquhoun—and it would be difficult to light on any authority whose opinion is entitled to more respect—says in a letter to the "Times" in 1884:—

"In addition to the commercial benefit to be derived from a cheap and secure means of transport, there are other cogent reasons for the introduction of the railway. The improved Government control; the social benefits to be derived by the employment provided, through new regions opened up, for the partially employed and poorly paid portion of the population; the augmentation of the imperial revenue by the more direct payment of duties and taxes; and the increased means of the people to pay,—are among the results certain to follow. And apart from these, the recurrence of famines, in one or more districts, occurring from want of transport, would be avoided. The cost of cart-transport from the Chihli plain to Shansi, during the late famine, was officially stated to be £12 per ton!"

These views I humbly endorse, and I would especially draw attention to the great controlling and administrative value to the Central Government of trunk-lines, which would prove so powerful an instrument for the destruction of the malversations and corruptions of the provincial officials; but at the same time what I desire to bring out is this, that, looking at the question broadly, there cannot be as great a *profitable* outlet for capital invested in railways in China as there will be in India, even when the present railway system there is largely extended.

On the other hand, from personal observation of that part of the empire through which it is proposed to lay one trunk-line of railway, and from what I saw and heard of other parts of the empire through which it is also proposed to construct railways, I firmly believe in the commercial importance and, under honest foreign management, the financial success of *individual* undertakings, where *water-carriage* fails. For example, when the projected railway referred to above, and which has been authorized by the Government for strategic purposes as well as for commercial reasons, has been completed between Taku on the Gulf of Pechili to Tungchow or Peking, and possibly extended to Kalgan on the frontier of the Desert of Gobi, there is one among many branches of commerce which will probably at once,

owing to the great reduction in the cost of land-carriage, assume dimensions hitherto undreamed of. I refer to the overland trade in tea, principally compressed brick tea, from Hankow and Foochow to Mongolia, Siberia, and even Russia; and the increase in this trade will assume greater dimensions still if the Russian merchants and exporters carry out their project of laying a line of the portable Decauville railway across the Desert of Gobi itself, from Kalgan to Ourga, near the Siberian frontier. If this latter scheme be accomplished, it is estimated that the army of 50,000 camels engaged in transporting tea from China across the Great Desert to Russian territory might be reduced to 10,000. It is not proposed to use locomotives in the desert, but to make use of the camels themselves to draw the trucks.

A word as to this overland trade in tea. It is well known that most of the tea intended for consumption in European Russia has been diverted from the overland route, and now goes to Russia by steamer, either *via* London or direct to Odessa. The finest tea of all, owing to a prevalent opinion that sea-carriage impairs the flavor, still goes overland; but though Russians are in the habit of paying prices for tea unheard of in this country, the caravans would have little to depend on now, if they trusted for support to the tea which still continues to go overland to Russia. They rely, however, on the carriage of the coarse brick tea which is consumed in Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia. On my way back to Peking from visiting the Great Wall, I met numerous large armed caravans of camels, laden with tea, and often preceded by a picturesque fierce-looking Tartar horseman, lance in hand, who glared rather ferociously at the strange "foreign devil." The demand for brick tea—manufactured at Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-kiang, and Foochow on the Min, whence it is shipped to Tientsin—is great, and annually increasing, the inhabitants of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia using it both as food and drink, while sometimes it even takes the place of currency, the value of articles being calculated in bricks of tea. In spite of the fact that this trade is so hopelessly weighted by the enormous charges for

overland carriage, the demand is so great that more than 60,000,000 lbs., principally brick, were conveyed overland in 1887 to Mongolia, Siberia, and Russia *via* Kalgan—that is to say, an amount equal to about one third of the total annual consumption of Great Britain. It is therefore not difficult to imagine the sudden development which will take place in this trade alone, when a not inconsiderable proportion of the heavy overland charges are knocked off by the advent of a railway. And tea is only one of the many specific articles of commerce for which this railway will create an intensified demand. Coal, for instance, which is found within sixty miles of the capital, and now costs from £3 to £4 sterling per ton at Pekin, will probably be reduced in price to considerably under £1.

Another railway scheme, and one of great magnitude, is the well-known project of Messrs. Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet for the reaching of Yunnan, the most southerly province of China, by a line *via* Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States. It may be argued that this is not a Chinese railway. Strictly speaking, it is not; but the *raison d'être* of the scheme is to tap one of the richest mineral districts in the world, and that district is situated in the south of China. It is needless to talk of railways for Yunnan until this, or some other equally or more approved, trunk outlet has been completed. Passing over as foreign to this paper any notice of the stimulating effect on the internal commerce of Siam and the Shan States which such a railway would produce, it is useless to disguise from ourselves the fact that, until such an outlet becomes *un fait accompli*, the mineral wealth of south-western Yunnan must remain sealed and undeveloped. For Messrs. Colquhoun and Holt-Hallet have shown that the minerally rich part of this, *comparatively speaking*, agriculturally poor and sparsely populated province is practically inaccessible to any of the great southern rivers of China and Indo-China, such as the Canton or Pearl river, the Song-ka or Red river of Tonquin, the Mekong, the Salween, and also, unfortunately for us, the Irrawaddy. The last would have made a magnificent highway to south-western China had it not been for these

terrific mountain passes, gorges, and ravines, which block what would otherwise have formed the natural trade-route between Talifu in Yunnan and Bhamo in Burmah, the latter town being the terminus of the fleet of that most deservedly successful, because courageously and fearlessly energetic enterprise, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. Of course a railway between Bhamo and Talifu is not a physical impossibility, if, as Mr. Colborne Baber, who was attached to the Grosvenor Mission to Yunnan, tersely puts it, shareholders can be got who will look forward with confidence to a series of Mont Cenis tunnels and Menai bridges. Mr. Baber, who has traversed the country, and is an impartial authority, also says that if British trade ever follows this route, he will be delighted and astonished in about equal proportions. It is not the object of this paper to advocate the claims of the Colquhoun-Hallet, in opposition to any other railway scheme for the tapping of the riches of south-western China. It has been mentioned simply because it is a scheme to which the public are not altogether strangers. If it should be found that the difficulties of railway construction between Bhamo and Talifu have been exaggerated, that it is possible for Burmah to reap the benefit of the through route, the writer's delight will not be less than that of Mr. Baber.

The above are only two of many instances which might be quoted to prove that railways in the right place will act as powerful agents in stimulating the commerce of the great empire of the East. But I reiterate my firm belief that, looking at the future railway system of China as a whole, it can never rival that of India, which is, and will be, the mainspring of the development of that empire; but rather that it will occupy the position of a mighty auxiliary, while the vast labyrinth of navigable water-highways will play the part of primary importance, navigated, as they undoubtedly will be in the not far distant future, by innumerable steam flotillas.

Over £175,000,000 have already been invested in the construction of some 15,000 miles of railway in India.

Nature in the rivers, and man in the countless canals, have already done for



China what it has taken the expenditure of the above enormous capital to do for India. In China the "permanent way" is already laid down, and it now only remains for us, if we are wise, to provide, at a comparatively unimportant outlay, what I may be permitted to call the "rolling stock," in the form of river-steamers, to take the place of the unwieldy and antiquated junks, additionally handicapped as they are by the terrors of *Likin* extortion. *When this is done, as it will be by others if not by ourselves, it will cause such a development in the commerce of China, both foreign and local, as the expenditure of one hundred times the capital in railways alone will not accomplish.*

Let us dismiss from our minds for the present the vision, however fascinating, of a great railway system for China, modelled on the present and future railway system of India. Let us rather, as a preliminary step at least, utilize the means already provided by nature and by man, and when we have our steamers radiating through the interior, and it is then proved that *individual* railways are necessary in order to reach what are known to be rich tracts of country inaccessible to any navigable waterway, then, by all means, let such railway schemes be ventilated and agitated.

It is not meant to suggest that parallel water and railway systems are under all circumstances incompatible with the success of both. Facts would not bear out

that statement, but in the mean time our endeavor ought to be to get these great water-systems of China opened, which still remain sealed to foreign enterprise, and our home merchants and manufacturers will do far more to benefit themselves than the railway financiers will ever do by urging our Government to approach the Central Government at Peking on the subject. It can be proved not only that it is for the good of the Chinese Empire, but also that it is for the financial advantage of the Peking Government, to accede to any such request. And be it remembered, it is far easier for the Central Government to deal with the provincial officials, when it can plead pressure from without as a reason for energetic progress and vigorous reform from within.

No words of mine could bring this paper to a more appropriate close than the following quotation from a famous speech of Lord Palmerston :—

"Every one must know that on the extension of our commerce depend the prosperity of our country, the accumulation of our capital, the abundance of our revenues, and the strength and prosperity of the nation. Any measure, therefore, calculated to increase the commercial relations of the country is deserving of notice, because it accords with the interests and wishes of the country. It has long been felt that China would open a vast field of commercial enterprise to us. . . . What must be the commercial advantages to this country if it can have an unimpeded uninterrupted commerce with one third of the human race !"

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## SOME LESSONS OF ANTIQUITY.\*

BY F. MAX MÜLLER.

A WELL-KNOWN student once expressed his admiration for Oxford, by saying that it would be Paradise Regained, if only the Long Vacation lasted the whole year. But remember, he was not an idle Fellow, but one of those who construe *vacare* with a dative, when it means to be free from all interruptions for the pursuit of study. Well, this peaceful sanctuary of Oxford was sud-

denly changed last summer into a perfect bee-hive. The Colleges, the libraries, the gardens, the streets, the river were all swarming with visitors. As the clock struck, from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, streams of gentlemen and ladies were seen coming out and going back to the lecture-rooms. Every lecture-room was as full as it could hold, and the eager faces and the quick-moving pens and pencils showed that the students had come on earnest business bent. It was in fact a realized dream

\* An Address delivered at the Mansion House, 23d February, before the Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

of what a University might be, or what it ought to be, perhaps, what it will be again, when the words of our President are taken to heart that "man needs knowledge, not only as a means of livelihood, but as a means of life."

This sudden metamorphosis of Oxford was due to the first meeting of students under the University Extension system. They had been invited to reside in Oxford for the first ten days in August. Nearly a thousand availed themselves of this invitation, of whom about seven hundred were University Extension students from the Oxford, Cambridge, and London centres. Sixty-one lectures were delivered during the ten days, on literature, history, economics, and science. Besides these lectures, conferences were held for discussing questions connected with extended University teaching. All these lectures and conferences were remarkably well attended from beginning to end, and yet there was time for afternoon excursions and social gatherings. The antiquities of Oxford, the Colleges, libraries and chapels, were well explored, generally under the guidance of the Head or the Fellows of each College. The success of the whole undertaking, thanks very much to the exertions of Mr. Sadler and Mr. Hewins, was so brilliant that at the end of the meeting it was unanimously decided to repeat the experiment next year.

To my mind that gathering at Oxford, though it was but little noticed by the outer world, was an historical event, the beginning of a new era in the history of national education. And I rejoiced that this new growth should have sprung from the old Universities, because it had thus secured a natural soil and an historical foundation on which to strike root, to grow, and to flourish.

There is no doubt a strong feeling abroad that the instruction which is given by the old Universities is antiquated and useless in the fierce struggle for existence. We are told that we teach dead languages, dead literatures, dead philosophy, as if there could be such a thing as a dead language, a dead literature, a dead philosophy. Is Greek a dead language? It lives not only in the spoken Greek, it runs like fire through the veins of all European speech. Is

Homer, is Æschylos, is Sophocles a dead poet? They live in Milton, Racine, and Goethe, and I defy any one to understand and enjoy even such living poets as Tennyson or Browning without having breathed at school or at the Universities, the language and thought of those ancient classics. Is Plato a dead philosopher? It is impossible for two or three philosophers to gather together without Plato being in the midst of them.

I should say, on the contrary, that all living languages, all living literatures, all living philosophy would be dead, if you cut the historical fibres by which they cling to their ancient soil. What is the life-blood of French, Italian, and Spanish, if not Latin? You may call French an old and wizened speech, not Latin. You may call Comte's philosophy effete, but not that of Aristotle. You may see signs of degeneracy in the mushroom growth of our modern novels, not in the fresh and life like idylls of Nausikaa or Penelope.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not want everybody to be a classical scholar or antiquarian, but I hold that it is the duty of all university teaching never to lose touch with the past. It seems to me the highest aim of all knowledge to try to understand what is, by learning how it has come to be what it is. That is the true meaning of history, and that seems to me the kind of knowledge which schools and universities are called upon to cultivate and to teach. I believe it is in the end the more useful knowledge also. It is safe and sound, and by being safe and sound, it not only enriches the intellect, but it forms and strengthens the character of a man. A man who knows what honest and thorough knowledge means, in however small a sphere, will never allow himself to be a mere dabbler or smatterer, whatever subject he may have to deal with in later life. He may abstain, but he will not venture in.

What is the original meaning of all instruction? It is tradition. It was from the beginning the handing over of the experience of one generation to the other, the establishment of some kind of continuity between the past, the present, and the future. This most primitive form of education and instruction

marks everywhere the beginning of civilized life and the very dawn of history.

History begins when the father explains to his son how the small world in which he has to live came to be what it is ; when the present generation accepts the inheritance of the past, and hands down a richer heirloom to the future ; when, in fact, the present feels itself connected and almost identified with the future and the past. It is this solidarity, as the French call it, this consciousness of a common responsibility, which distinguishes the civilized and historical from the uncivilized and unhistorical races of the world.

There are races for whom the ideas of the past and the future seem hardly to exist. We call them uncivilized races, savages, ephemeral beings that are born and die without leaving any trace behind them. The only bond which connects them with the past is their language, possibly their religion, and a few customs and traditions which descend to their successors without any effort on either side.

But there were other races—not many—who cared for the future and the past, who were learners and teachers, the founders of civilized life, and the first makers of history. Such were the Egyptians and the Babylonians, and those who afterward followed their example, the Persians, Greeks, and Romans. To us it seems quite natural that the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians should have erected monuments of an almost indestructible character and covered them with inscriptions to tell, not only the next generation, but all generations to come, what they had achieved during their short sojourn on earth. Why should they and they alone have conceived such an idea ? The common answer is, because they possessed the art of writing. But the truer answer would be that they invented and perfected the art of writing because they had something to write, because they wished to communicate something to their children, their grandchildren, and to generations to come.

They would have carried out their object even without hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic alphabets. For we see that even among so-called savage tribes, in some of the Polynesian islands, for in-

stance, a desire to perpetuate their deeds manifests itself in a kind of epic or historical poetry. These poems tell of wars, of victories and defeats, of conquests and treaties of peace. As writing is unknown in these islands, they are committed to memory and intrusted to the safe keeping of a separate caste who are, as it were, the living archives of the island. They are the highest authorities on questions of disputed succession, on the doubtful landmarks of tribes, and the boundaries of families. And these poems are composed according to such strict rules and preserved with such minute care, that when they have to be recited as evidence on disputed frontiers, any fraudulent alteration would easily be detected. Mere prose evidence is regarded as no evidence ; it must be poetical, metrical, and archaic.

Whenever this thought springs up in the human mind that we live not only for ourselves, but that we owe a debt to the future for what we have received from the past, the world enters upon a new stage, it becomes historical. The work which was begun tentatively in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt was carried on in the cuneiform records of Babylon, in the mountain edicts of Darius and Xerxes, till it reached Greece and Rome, and there culminated in the masterworks of such historians as Herodotus and Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus.

It may seem to you that these early beginnings of tradition and history are far removed from us, and that the knowledge which we possess and which we wish to hand down to future generations in schools and universities is of a totally different character. But this is really not the case. We are what we are, we possess what we possess even in the very elements of our knowledge, thanks to the labors of the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Indians, Persians, to say nothing of Greeks and Romans.

What should we be without our A B C, without being able to write ? Mere illiterate savages, knowing nothing of the past except by hearsay, caring little for the future except for our own immediate posterity. Now whenever we read a book or write a letter we ought to render thanks in our heart to the ancient scholars of Egypt who invented and per-

fectured writing, and whose alphabetic signs are now used over the whole civilized world, with the exception of China. Yes, whenever you write an *a* or a *b* or a *c* you write what was originally a hieroglyphic picture. Your *L* is the crouching lion, your *F* the cerastes, a serpent with two horns; your *H* the Egyptian picture of a sieve.

There is no break, no missing link between our *A B C* and the hieroglyphic letters as you see them on the obelisk on the Thames Embankment, and on the much older monuments in Egypt. The Egyptians handed their letters to the Phœnicians, the Phœnicians to the Greeks, the Greeks to the Romans, the Romans to us. All the Semitic alphabets also, as used in Persian and Arabic, and the more important alphabets of India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, all come in the end from Phœnicia and Egypt. The whole of Asia, except that part of it which is overshadowed by Chinese influence, Europe, America, Africa, and Australia, so far as they write at all, all write Egyptian hieroglyphics. The chain of tradition has never been broken, the stream of evolution is more perfect here than anywhere else.

Reading and writing, therefore, have come to us from ancient Egypt. But whence did we get our arithmetic? When I say our arithmetic I do not mean our numerals only, or our knowledge that two and two make four. That kind of knowledge is home-grown, and can be traced back to that common Aryan home from which we derive our language, that is to say, our whole intellectual inheritance. I mean our numerical figures. There are many people who have numerals, but no numerical figures like our own. There are others, such as the Chiquitos in Columbia, who count with their fingers, but have no numerals at all; at least we are told so by the few travellers who have visited them.\* There are others again who have a very perfect system of numerals, but who for numerical notation depend either on an abacus or on such simple combinations of strokes as we find in Egypt, Phœnicia, Babylon, China, India,

and even among the redskins of America. There are others again who, like the Greeks and the Hindus, use certain letters of their alphabet instead of, under certain circumstances, figures.

You may imagine that with such contrivances arithmetic could never have advanced to its present stage of perfection, unless some one had invented our numerical figures. Whence then did we get our figures? We call them Arabic figures, and that tells its own tale. But the Arabs call them Indian figures, and that tells its own tale likewise. Our figures came to us from the Arabs in Spain, they came to them from India, and if you consider what we should be without our figures from one to nine, I think you will admit that we owe as much gratitude to India for our arithmetic, as to Egypt for our reading and writing. When I am sometimes told that the Hindus were mere dreamers and never made any useful discovery, such as our steam-engines and electric telegraphs, I tell my friends they invented that without which mechanical and electric science could never have become what they are, that without which we should never have had steam-engines or electric telegraphs—they invented our figures from 1 to 9—and more than that, they invented the nought, the sign for nothing, one of the most useful discoveries ever made, as all mathematicians will tell you.

Let us remember then the lessons which we have learned from antiquity. We have learned reading and writing from Egypt, we have learned arithmetic from India. So much for the famous three R's.

But that is not all. If we are Egyptians whenever we read and write, and Indians whenever we do our accounts, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonians also. We must go to the British Museum to see what a cuneiform inscription is like; but it is a fact nevertheless that every one of us carries something like a cuneiform inscription in his waistcoat pocket. For why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, and so forth? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which

\* Brett, *History of the British Colonies in the West Indies*, 4th ed., London, 1887.



counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty.

The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasangs or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B.C. introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A.D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.

And allow me to point out what I consider most important in these lessons of antiquity. They are not mere guesses or theories; they are statements resting on historical facts, on evidence that cannot be shaken. Suppose five thousand years hence, or, let us be more merciful

and say fifty thousand years hence, some future Schliemann were to run his shafts into the ruins of what was once called London, and discover among the *débris* of what is now the British Museum, charred fragments of newspapers, in which some Champolion of the future might decipher such names as *centimètre* or *millimètre*. On the strength of such evidence every historian would be justified in asserting that the ancient inhabitants of London—we ourselves—had once upon a time adopted a new decimal system of weights and measures from the French, because it was in French, in primæval French only, that such words as *centimètre* or *millimètre* could possibly have been formed. We argue to-day on the strength of the same kind of evidence, on the evidence chiefly of language and inscriptions, that our dials must have come from the Babylonians, our alphabets from Egypt, our figures from India. We indulge in no guesses, no mere possibilities, but we go back step by step from the *Times* of to-day till we arrive at the earliest Babylonian inscription and the most ancient hieroglyphic monuments. What lies beyond, we leave to the theoretic school, which begins its work where the work of the historical school comes to an end.

I could lay before you many more of these lessons of antiquity, but the Babylonian dial of my watch reminds me that my parasang, or my German mile, or my hour, is drawing to an end, and I must confine myself to one or two only. You have heard a great deal lately of bi-metallism. I am not going to inflict on this audience a lecture on that deeply interesting subject, certainly not in the presence of our chairman, the Lord Mayor, and with the fear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer before my eyes. But I may just mention this, that when I saw that what the bi-metallists were contending for was to fix and maintain in perpetuity a settled ratio between gold and silver, I asked myself how this idea arose; and being of an historical turn of mind, I tried to find out whether antiquity could have any lessons to teach us on this subject. Coined money, as you know, is not a very ancient invention. There may have been a golden age when gold was altogether unknown, and people paid with cows, not with

coins. When precious metals, gold, silver, copper, or iron began to be used for payment, they were at first simply weighed. Even we still speak of a pound instead of a sovereign. The next step was to issue pieces of gold and silver properly weighed, and then to mark the exact weight and value on each piece. This was done in Assyria and Babylonia, where we find *shekels* or pounds of gold and silver. The commerce of the Eastern nations was carried on for centuries by means of these weights of metal. It was the Greeks, the Greeks of Phocæa in Ionia, who in the seventh century B. C., first conceived the idea of coining money, that is of stamping on each piece their city arms, the phoca or seal, thus giving the warranty of their state for the right weight and value of those pieces. From Phocæa this art of coining spread rapidly to the other Greek towns of Asia Minor, and was thence transplanted to Ægina, the Peloponnesus, Athens, and the Greek colonies in Africa and in Italy. The weight of the most ancient gold coin in all these countries was originally the same as that of the ancient Babylonian gold shekel, only stamped with the arms of each country, which thus made itself responsible for its proper weight. And this gold shekel or pound, in spite of historical disturbances, has held its own through centuries. The gold coins of Cræsus, Darius, Philip, and Alexander have all about the same weight as the old Babylonian gold shekel, sixty of them going to one *mina* of gold; and what is stranger still, our own sovereign, or pound, or shekel, has nearly the same weight, sixty of them going to an old Babylonian *mina* of gold. In ancient times twenty silver drachmas or half-shekels went to a gold shekel, just as with us twenty silver shillings are equivalent to a sovereign. This ancient shilling was again subdivided into sixty copper coins, sixty being the favorite Babylonian figure.

Knowing therefore the relative monetary value of a gold and silver shekel or half-shekel, knowing how many silver shekels the ancient nations had to give for one gold shekel, it was possible by merely weighing the ancient coins to find out whether there was then already any fixed ratio between gold and silver.

Thousands of ancient coins have thus been tested, and the result has been to show that the ratio between gold and silver was fixed from the earliest times with the most exact accuracy.

That ratio, as Dr. Brugsch has shown, was one to twelve and a half in Egypt; it was, as proved by Dr. Brandis, one to thirteen and one-third in Babylonia and in all the countries which adopted the Babylonian standard. There have been slight fluctuations, and there are instances of debased coinage in ancient as well as in modern times. But for international trade and tribute, the old Babylonian standard was maintained for a very long time.

These numismatic researches, which have been carried on with indefatigable industry by some of the most eminent scholars in Europe, may seem simply curious, but like all historical studies they may also convey some lessons.

They prove that, in spite of inherent difficulties, the great political and commercial nations of the ancient world did succeed in solving the bi-metallic problem, and in maintaining for centuries a fixed standard between gold and silver.

They prove that this standard, though influenced, no doubt, by the relative quantity of the two metals, by the cost of production, and by the demand for either silver or gold in the markets of the ancient world, was maintained by the common sense of the great commercial nations of antiquity, who were anxious to safeguard the interests both of their wholesale and retail traders.

They prove lastly that, though a change in the ratio between gold and silver cannot be entirely prevented, it took place in ancient time by very small degrees. From the sixteenth century B. C., or, at all events, if we restrict our remarks to coined money, from the seventh century B. C., to nearly our own time, the appreciation of gold has been no more than  $\frac{1}{3}$ , namely, from  $13\frac{1}{3}$  to 15. If now, within our own recollection, it has suddenly risen from 15 to 20, have we not a right to ask whether this violent disturbance is due altogether to natural causes, or whether what we are told is the effect, is not to a certain extent the cause of it—I mean the sudden resolution of certain Governments to

boycott for their own purposes the second precious metal of the world.

But I must not venture further on this dangerous ground, but shall invite you in conclusion to turn your eyes from the monetary to the intellectual currency of the world, from coins to what are called the counters of our thoughts.

The lessons which antiquity has taught us with regard to language, its nature, its origin, its growth and decay are more marvellous than any we have hitherto considered.

What is the age of Alexander and Darius, of the palaces of Babylon and the pyramids of Egypt, compared with the age of language, the age of those very words which we use every day, and which, *forsooth*, we call modern? There is nothing more ancient in the world than every one of the words which you hear me utter at present.

Take the two words "there is," and you can trace them step by step from English to Anglo-Saxon, from Anglo-Saxon to Gothic; you can trace them in all the Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic languages, in the language of Darius and Cyrus, in the prayers of Zoroaster, finally in the hymns of the Rig Veda. Instead of *there is*, the old Vedic poets said *tatra asti*. It is the same coin, it has the same weight, only it has suffered a little by wear and tear during the thousands of years that it has passed from hand to hand or from mouth to mouth. Those two words would suffice to prove that all the languages of the civilized races of Europe, the languages of Persia and India also, all sprang from one source; and if you place before your imagination a map of Europe and Asia, you would see all the fairest portions of these two continents, all the countries where you can discover historical monuments, temples, palaces, forums, churches, or houses of parliament, lighted up by the rays of that one language which we are speaking ourselves, the Aryan language, the classical language of the past, the living language of the present, and in the distant future the true Volapük, the language of the world.

I have no time to speak of the other large streams of historical speech, the Semitic, the Ugro-Attaic, the Chinese, the Polynesian, the African, and Amer-

ican. But think what a lesson of antiquity has here been thrown open to us. We learn that we are bound together with all the greatest nations of the world by bonds more close, more firm and fast, than flesh, or bone, or blood could ever furnish. For what is flesh, or bone, or blood compared to language? There is no continuity in flesh, and bone, and blood. They come and go by what we call birth and death, and they change from day to day. In ancient times, in the struggle of all against all, when whole tribes were annihilated, nations carried away into captivity, slaves bought and sold, and the centres of civilized life overwhelmed again and again by a deluge of barbarian invasions, what chance was there of unmixed blood in any part of the world? But language always remained itself, and those who spoke it, whatever their blood may have been, marched in serried ranks along the highroad of history as one noble army, as one spiritual brotherhood. What does it matter whether the same blood runs in our veins and in the veins of our black fellow-men in India? Their language is the same, and has been the same for thousands of years, as our own language; and whoever knows what language means, how language is not only the vestment, but the very embodiment of thought, will feel that to be of the same language is a great deal more than to be of the same flesh.

With the light which the study of the antiquity of language has shed on the past, the whole world has been changed. We know now not only what we are, but whence we are. We know our common Aryan home. We know what we carried away from it, and how our common intellectual inheritance has grown and grown from century to century till it has reached a wealth, unsurpassed anywhere, amounting in English alone to 250,000 words. What does it matter whether we know the exact latitude and longitude of that Aryan home, though among reasonable people there is, I believe, very little doubt as to its whereabouts "somewhere in Asia." The important point is that we know that there was such a home, and that we can trace the whole intellectual growth of the Aryan family back to roots which sprang from a common soil. And we can do this not by

mere guesses only, or theoretically, but by facts, that is, historically. Take any word or thought that now vibrates through our mind, and we know now how it was first struck in countries far away, and in times so distant that hardly any chronology can reach them. If anywhere it is in language that we may say, We are what we have been. In language everything that is new is old, and everything that is old is new. That is true evolution, true historical continuity. A man who knows his language, and all that is implied by it, stands on a foundation of ages. He feels the past under his feet, and feels at home in the world of thought, a loyal citizen of the oldest and widest republic.

It is this historical knowledge of language, and not of language only, but of everything that has been handed down to us by an uninterrupted tradition from father to son, it is that kind of knowledge which, I hold, that our Universities and schools should strive to maintain. It is the historical spirit with which they should try to inspire every new generation. As we trace the course of a mighty river back from valley to valley, as we mark its tributaries, and watch its meanderings till we reach its source, or, at all events, the watershed from which its sources spring; in the same manner the historical school has to trace every current of human knowledge from century to century back to its fountain-head, if that is possible, or at all events as near to it as the remaining records of the past will allow. The true interest of all knowledge lies in its growth. The very mistakes of the past form the solid ground on which the truer knowledge of the present is founded. Would a mathematician be a mathematician who had not studied his Euclid? Would an astronomer be an astronomer who did not know the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and had not worked his way through its errors to the truer views of Copernicus? Would a philosopher be a philosopher who had never grappled with Plato and Aristotle? Would a lawyer be a lawyer who had never heard of Roman law? There is but one key to the present—that is the past. There is but one way to understand the continuous growth of the human mind and to gain a firm grasp of what it has

achieved in any department of knowledge—that is to watch its historical development.

No doubt, it will be said, there is no time for all this in the hurry and flurry of our modern life. There are so many things to learn that students must be satisfied with results, without troubling themselves how these results were obtained by the labors of those who came before us. This really would mean that our modern teaching must confine itself to the surface, and keep aloof from what lies beneath. Knowledge must be what is called cut and dry, if it is to prove serviceable in the open market.

My experience is the very opposite. The cut-and-dry knowledge which is acquired from the study of manuals or from so-called crammers is very apt to share the fate of cut flowers. It makes a brilliant show for one evening, but it fades and leaves nothing behind. The only knowledge worth having, and which lasts us for life, must not be cut and dry, but, on the contrary, it should be living and growing knowledge, knowledge of which we know the beginning, the middle, and the end, knowledge of which we can produce the title-deeds whenever they are called for. That knowledge may be small in appearance, but, remember, the knowledge required for life is really very small.

We learn, no doubt, a great many things, but what we are able to digest, what is converted *in succum et sanguinem*, into our very life-blood, and gives us strength and fitness for practical life, is by no means so much as we imagine in our youth. There are certain things which we must know, as if they were part of ourselves. But there are many other things which we simply put into our pockets, which we can find there whenever we want them, but which we do not know as we must know, for instance, the grammar of a language. It is well to remember this distinction—between what we know intuitively, and what we know by a certain effort of memory only, for our success in life depends greatly on this distinction—on our knowing what we know, and knowing what we do not know, but what nevertheless we can find if wanted.

It has often been said that we only know thoroughly what we can teach,



and it is equally true that we can only teach what we know thoroughly. I therefore congratulate this Society for the extension of University teaching, that they have tried to draw their teachers from the great Universities of England, and that they have endeavored to engage the services of a large number of teachers, so that every single teacher may teach *one* subject only, his own subject, his special subject, his hobby, if you like—anyhow, a subject in which he feels perfectly at home, because he knows its history from beginning to end. The Universities can afford to foster that race of special students, but the country at large ought to be able to command their services. If this Society can bring this about, if it can help to distribute the accumulated but often stagnant knowledge of university professors and tutors over the thirsty land, it will benefit not the learners only, but the teachers also. It will impart new life to the universities, for nothing is so inspiring

to a teacher as an eager class of students, not students who wish to be drilled for an examination, but students who wish to be guided and encouraged in acquiring real knowledge. And nothing is so delightful for students as to listen to a teacher whose whole heart is in his subject. Learning ought to be joy and gladness, not worry and weariness. When I saw the eagerness and real rapture with which our visitors at Oxford last summer listened to the lectures provided for them, I said to myself, This is what a university ought to be. It is what, if we may trust old chronicles, universities were in the beginning, and what they may be once more if this movement, so boldly inaugurated by the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and London, and so wisely guided by Mr. Goschen and his fellow-workers, becomes what we all hope it may become, a real and lasting success.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### TENNYSON AS PROPHET.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet  
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,  
Await the last and largest sense to make  
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,  
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

*The Ancient Sage.*

THE aspect, the countenance of Lord Tennyson—best rendered in Sir J. Millais's portrait, but faithfully given also in many a photograph—must often have struck his admirers with a sense of surprise. It does not fit the popular conception of him—a conception founded mainly on his earlier work, and which presents him as a refined, an idyllic poet, the chanter of love and friendship, the adorer of half-barbarous legends with a garb of tender grace. The faces of other poets—of the ethereal Shelley, the sensuous Keats, the passionate Byron, the benignant Wordsworth—correspond well enough to our notion of what they ought to be. But Tennyson's face expresses not delicacy but power; it is grave even to sternness; it is formidable in the sense which it gives of strength and wisdom won through pain.

For indeed, both in aspect and in mood of mind there has arisen between the poet of the *Dream of Fair Women* and the poet of *Vastness* a change like the change between the poet of *Comus* and the poet of *Samson Agonistes*. In each case the potent nature, which in youth felt keenlier than any contemporary the world's beauty and charm, has come with age to feel with like keenness its awful majesty, the clash of unknown energies, and "the doubtful doom of humankind." And the persistence of Lord Tennyson's poetic gift in all its glory—a persistence scarcely rivalled since Sophocles—has afforded a channel for the emergence of forces which must always have lain deep in his nature, but which were hidden from us by the very luxuriance of the fancy and the emotion of youth.

I would speak, then, of Tennyson as a *prophet*, meaning by that term much more than a self-inspired mystic, an eloquent visionary. I know not how else to describe a service which humanity

will always need. Besides the *savant*, occupied in discovering objective truth—besides the artist occupied in representing and idealizing that truth—we need some voice to speak to us of those greatest, those undiscoverable things which can never be wholly known but must still less be wholly ignored or forgotten. For such a service we need something more than orator or priest; we need a sage, but a sage whose wisdom is kindled with emotion, and whose message comes to us with the authority of a great personality, winged at once and weighted by words of power.

Yet Tennyson's prophetic message has been so delicately interwoven with his metrical and literary charm, and has found, moreover, its most potent expression in poems so recent in date, that it has not often, I think, been adequately recognized, or traced with due care from its early to its later form. There need, therefore, I trust, be no presumption in an attempt—for which the writer, of course, is alone responsible—to arrange in clearer connection those weighty utterances which the exigencies of art have scattered irregularly over many pages, but which those who seek the guidance of great minds must often desire to reunite.

We have not here, indeed, a developed system whose dogmas can be arranged in logical order. Rather may the reader be disposed to say that there is no sure message; that the net result consists in hopes and possibilities which the poet himself regards as transcending proof. Alas! like the haul of living things from the deep sea, the group of dogmas which any mind brings up from the gulf of things is apt to dwindle as the plummet sinks deeper down; and we have rather to ask, "Is there at the bottom life at all?" than to expect to find our highly organized creeds still flourishing when we have plunged far into the dark abyss.

This may sound but a cheerless saying, and the Christian reader may perhaps complain of a lack of explicit adhesion to Christian doctrine in our representative poet. But I would beg him to consider that the cause of any creed, however definite, can hardly at present be better subserved than by indirect and preliminary defences. I would remind

him that the Gospel story is not now supported, in Paley's fashion, by insistence on its miracles alone, but rather and mainly by subjective arguments, by appeals to its intrinsic beauty and probability, its adaptation to the instincts and needs of men. Christianity assumes an unseen world, and then urges that the life of Christ is the fittest way in which such a world could come into contact with the world we know. The essential spirituality of the universe, in short, is the basis of religion, and it is precisely this basis which is now assailed. In former times the leading opponents of Christianity were mainly "Deists," and admitted in some form or other a spiritual substratum for visible things. Rousseau's irreducible minimum of religion included a God and a future life. But now the position is changed. The most effective assailants of Christianity no longer take the trouble to attack, as Voltaire did, the Bible miracles in detail. They strike at the root, and begin by denying—outright or virtually—that a spiritual world, a world beyond the conceivable reach of mathematical formulæ, exists for us at all. They say with Clifford that "no intelligences except those of men and animals have been at work in the solar system;" or, implying that the physical Cosmos is all, and massing together all possible spiritual entities under the name which most suggests superstition, they affirm that the world "is made of ether and atoms, and there is no room for ghosts."

Now it is evident that unless this needful preamble of any and every religion can be proved—say rather unless the existence of an unseen profounder world can be so presented as to commend itself to our best minds as the more likely hypothesis—it will be useless to insist nowadays on the adaptation of any given religion to the needs of the soul. The better adapted it is to man, the stronger the presumption that it is a system created by man—"the guess of a worm in the dust, and the shadow of its desire." It does not, of course, follow that even were the existence of a spiritual world demonstrated, any specific revelation of that world would be manifestly true. But at any rate *unless* such a world be in some sense believed in by the leading minds of the race, no specific

revelation whatever can permanently hold its ground. If, therefore, certain readers feel that Tennyson's championship is confined mainly to what they may regard as mere elements of Natural Religion, they need not on that account value him the less as a leader of the spiritual side of human thought. The work which he does may not be that which they most desire. But at least it is work indispensably necessary, if what they most desire is ever to be done. And they may reflect also that the Laureate's great predecessor did more for a spiritual view of the universe by his *Tintern Abbey* or his Platonic Ode than by his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* or his pious hymn to St. Bees.

And first let us briefly consider the successive steps which mark Tennyson's gradual movement to his present position. They show, I think, an inward development coinciding with, or sometimes anticipating, the spiritual movement of the age. We may start with the *Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind*—a juvenile work, from whose title, for present purposes, we may perhaps omit the adjectives "supposed" and "second-rate." In this, the most agitated of all his poems, we find the soul urging onward

Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,  
Unpiloted I' the echoing dance  
Of reboant whirlwinds ;—

and to the question "Why not believe, then?" we have as answer a simile of the sea which cannot slumber like a mountain tarn, or

Draw down into his vexed pools  
All that blue heaven which hues and paves  
the tranquil inland mere. Thus far there is little that is distinctive, little beyond the common experience of widening minds. But in *The Two Voices* we have much that will continue characteristic of Tennyson, and a range of speculation not limited by Christian tradition. Here we first encounter what may be termed his most definite conjecture, to which he returns in *De Profundis*, and in the *Epilogue* which forms almost his latest work—namely, the old Platonic hypothesis of the multiform pre-existence of the soul. His analogy from "trances" has received, I need not say, much reinforcement from the experimental psychology of recent years.

It may be that no life is found,  
Which only to one engine bound  
Falls off, but cycles always round.

As old mythologies relate,  
Some draught of Lethe may await  
The slipping through from state to state.

As here we find in trances, men  
Forget the dream that happen'd then,  
Until they fall in trance again.

There can be no doubt that any hypothesis of our survival of death must logically suggest our existence before earthly birth. Since, however, this latter hypothesis is not insisted on (though neither is it denied) by Christian orthodoxy, and has no quite obvious bearing on man's hopes and fears, it has dropped out of common thought, and its occurrence in individual speculation marks a certain disengagement and earnestness of inquiry.

The next main step is represented by *In Memoriam*; and in reading *In Memoriam* it is difficult to realize that the book was written by a young man, some half-century ago; so little is there, in all its range of thought and emotion, which the newest Science can condemn or the truest Religion find lacking. So sound an instinct has led the poet to dwell on the core of religion—namely, the survival of human love and human virtue—so genuine a candor has withheld him from insisting too positively on his own hopeful belief. In spite of its sparse allusion to Christianity, *In Memoriam* has been widely accepted as a helpful companion to Christian devotion. Is not this because the Christian feels that the survival of human love and virtue—however phrased or supported—is the essence of his Gospel too? that his good news is of the survival of a consummate love and virtue, manifested with the express object of proving that love and virtue *could* survive?

It is hardly too much to say that *In Memoriam* is the only speculative book of that epoch—epoch of the "Tractarian movement," and much similar "up-in-the-air balloon-work"—which retains a serious interest now. Its brief cantos contain the germs of many a subsequent treatise, the indication of channels along which many a wave of opinion has flowed, down to that last "Philosophie der Erlösung," or Gospel of a sad Redemption—

To drop head foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness, and to cease—

which tacitly or openly is possessing itself of so many a modern mind.

Yet *In Memoriam*, in spite of all its pregnancy, hardly forms a part of what I have called the prophetic message of Tennyson. He still is feeling for Wisdom; he has not reached the point from whence he can speak with confidence and power.

The first words, as I hold them, of the message are presented, with characteristic delicacy, in the form of a vision merely, and in one of the least conspicuous poems. The wife's dream in *Sea Dreams* is an utterance of deep import—the expression of a conviction that the truth of things is good; and that the resistless force of truth, destroying one after another all ancient creeds, and reaching at last to the fair images of Virgin Mother and sinless Babe, is nevertheless an impulse in harmony with the best that those creeds contained; and sheds a mystic light on the ruined minsters, and mixes its eternal music with the blind appeals of men.

But round the North, a light,  
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor, lay,  
And ever in it a low musical note  
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge  
Of breaker issued from the belt, and still  
Grew with the growing note, and when the note  
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on those cliffs  
Broke, mixed with awful light (the same as that  
Living within the belt) whereby she saw  
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,  
But huge cathedral-fronts of every age,  
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,  
One after one; and then the great ridge drew  
Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
And past into the belt and swell'd again  
Slowly to music; ever when it broke  
The statues, king or saint, or founder fell.

But here the subtlest point is that the very lamentations of those who regret this ruin are themselves part and parcel of the same harmonious impulse—

Their wildest wailings never out of tune  
With that sweet note

to which the ancient images are crumbling down, and the resistless wave advancing from a luminous horizon of the sea.

Where, then, are we to look for a revelation of the secret which, broadening from its far belt of light, is to overwhelm the limited and evanescent phases of human faith?

The nearest approach to a statement of creed in Tennyson's poems is to be found in a few stanzas which he read at the first meeting of the Metaphysical Society, the group of thinkers mentioned in his sonnet on the inception of the Review in which these pages appear:—

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the  
hills and the plains,  
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who  
reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that  
which He seems?  
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not  
live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body  
and limb,  
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division  
from Him? . . .

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit  
with Spirit can meet—  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than  
hands and feet. . . .

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye  
of man cannot see;  
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—  
were it not He?

In the "Higher Pantheism" of these familiar lines, the reader accustomed to the study of religions will seem to recognize that we have come to the end of the story. We have reached the end of Oriental religion, the end of Greek; we stand where stood Plotinus, fusing into a single ecstasy every spiritual emotion of that ancient world.

But to see and to have seen that Vision is reason no longer, but more than reason, and before reason, and after reason; as also is that Vision which is seen. And perchance we should not speak of *sight*. For that which is seen—if we must needs speak of the Seer and the Seen as twain and not as one—that which is seen is not discerned by the seer nor conceived by him as a second thing; but, becoming as it were other than himself, he of himself contributeth nought, but as when one layeth centre upon centre he becometh God's and one with God. Wherefore this vision is hard to tell of. For how can a man tell of that as other than himself, which when he discerned it seemed not other, but one with himself indeed?\*

Or take again the words of Arthur at the end of the *Holy Grail*—the spiritually central passage, so to say, in all the Idylls of the King—when that king describes the visions of the night or of the day which come when earthly work is done—

\* Plotinus, *Enn.* vi. 10.



In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself,  
Nor the high God a vision ;—

and compare this with any one of the passages where Plotinus endeavors in halting speech to reproduce those moments of unison whose memory brightens his arid argument with oases of a lucid joy.

And it may be that this was not vision, but some other manner of sight, ay, an ecstasy and a simplicity and a self-surrender, and a still passion of contact and of unison, when that which is within the Holy Place is discerned. . . . And falling from that sight if he arouse again the virtue in him, and perceive himself wholly adorned, he shall be lifted up once more ; through Virtue looking upon Mind and through Wisdom upon very God. Thus is the life of blessed gods and of godlike men a renunciation of earthly joy, a deliverance from earthly sorrow, a flight of the One to the One.

To some such point as this, as I have said, the instinct of reverence, the emotion of holiness, must tend to lead souls to such emotions born. And in former times this mystical standpoint seemed in some sense independent of controversy. Historical criticism on the Gospels, geological disproof of the Mosaic cosmogony, scarcely rose into that thinner air. But the assault now made is more paralyzing, more fundamental. For it is based on formulæ which are in a certain sense demonstrable, and which seem to embrace the whole extent of things. The Cosmos, we now say, is a system of ether and atoms, in which the sum of matter and the sum of energy are constant quantities. And the Cosmos is the scene of universal evolution, according to unchangeable law. Hence it seems to follow that no human soul or will can add a fresh energy of its own ; that there can be nothing but a ceaseless transformation of force, which would proceed in just the same way were all consciousness to be removed from the automata who fancy that they direct the currents along which they inevitably flow. It seems to follow, too, that even the highest of these automata have been brought into a momentary existence by no Heavenly Father, no providential scheme ; but in the course of a larger and unconscious process, which in itself bears no relation to human happiness or virtue.

As all this begins to be dimly realized,

men may be seen, like ants in a trodden ant-hill, striving restlessly to readjust their shattered conceptions. It is borne in upon them that the traditional optimism of Western races may be wholly illusory ; that human life may indeed, as the East has held, be on the whole an evil, and man's choice lie between a dumb resignation and that one act of rebellion which makes at least an end. And thus, in an age little given to metaphysic, we find pessimistic systems more vigorous than any other, and the intellect of France, Russia, Germany deeply honeycombed with a tacit despair.

But though pessimism may spread among the thoughtful, it cannot possibly be the practical creed of progressive peoples. They must maintain their energy by some kind of compromise between old views and new ; and the compromises which we see around us, though at war among themselves, are yet the offspring of the same need, and serve to break, at different points, the terrible transition. There is the movement which began with Broad-Churchism, and which seems now to broaden further into a devotion to Christ which altogether repudiates the Resurrection on which His first followers based His claim to be the bringer of a true Gospel rather than the most mistaken of all enthusiasts. And a few steps further from old beliefs stands that other compromise known as Positivism—a religion consisting simply in the resolute maintenance of the traditional optimistic view when the supposed facts that made for optimism have all been abandoned. Never have we come nearer to "the grin without the cat" of the popular fairy tale than in the brilliant paradoxes with which some kindly rhetorician—himself steeped in deserved prosperity—would fain persuade us that all in this sad world is well, since Auguste Comte has demonstrated that the effect of our deeds lives after us, so that what we used to call eternal death—the cessation, in point of fact, of our own existence—may just as well be considered as eternal life of a very superior description.

But although these and similar compromises are only too open to the pessimist's attack, one may well hesitate as to whether it is right or desirable to assail them. Should we not encourage

any illusion which will break the fall, and repeat in favor of these fragile substitutes the same reticence which it so long seemed well to use in criticising Christianity itself?

Such, at any rate, is not Lord Tennyson's attitude in the matter. In his view, it seems, these blanched survivals of optimism may be brushed aside without scruple. He is not afraid to set forth a naked despair as the inevitable outcome of a view of the world which omits a moral government or a human survival. A grave responsibility, which the clear-seeing poet would scarcely have undertaken, had not his own confidence in the happier interpretation been strong and assured.

His presentation of absolute hopelessness is put in the mouth of a man undergoing one of those seasons of unmerited anguish which are the real, the intimate problem with which any religion or any philosophy has to deal.

"A man and his wife, having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come"—so run the prefatory words to *Despair*—"and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned;"—and to this minister he describes the reflections of that which had so nearly been his own last hour.

And first of all, and prompting to the suicidal act, was the passion of pity for himself and all mankind—the feeling that there was no hope or remedy except that last plunge into the dark.

But pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in her and in me,  
 Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be!  
 Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,  
 And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower;  
 Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,  
 And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

"It seemed to me," says the character in which one of the ablest of our younger writers has expressed her own inward battle, "it seemed to me as if I saw, mysteriously, a new Satan, a rebel angel of good, raising his banners against the Jehovah of Evil; a creature like Frankenstein's image, a terrible new

kind of monster, more noble than its base maker." \* How shall a man avoid such indignant compassion as this? Let him face his own doom bravely as he may, how shall he look complacently on the anguish of others, knowing that for their forlornness there is no pity anywhere save such thin stream as he and his like can give? that there lives, perhaps, no creature wiser or more helpful than himself in the star-sown fields of heaven?

And the stars of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,  
 Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—  
 Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,  
 The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own.  
 No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,  
 A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

"The starry heavens without; the moral law within;" with what an irony must that old formula of august hope strike on a mind like this! "The moral law within;" the inherited instincts which have made my tribe successful among its neighbor tribes, but which simply fail and have no further meaning in this my solitary extremest hour! "The starry heavens without;" appalling spectacle of aimless immensity! inconceivable possibilities of pain! vastness of a Universe which knows not of our existence and could not comprehend our prayer!

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—  
 Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!

The man and wife bid farewell to each other as the water rises round them.

Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps,  
 If we died, if we died;  
 We never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell—  
 "Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell."  
 Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began,  
 Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man!

A comparison of these lines with the lines in the *Palace of Art* where Tennyson, still a young man, has painted the

\* Baldwin, by Vernon Lee, p. 124.

soul's last distress, will show how far more awful the world-problem reflected in the poet's mind has become since that earlier day. In the *Palace of Art* the soul which has lived for her own pleasure alone feels herself "exiled from eternal God," severed like a land-locked pool from the mighty movement of all things "toward one sure goal." It is an agony of remorse and terror, but it carries with it a germ of hope. There is the goal toward which the universe is striving. There is the eternal God. And after repentance and purgation the erring soul can hope to renew the sacred sympathies, and to rejoin the advancing host.

On the other hand the woe described in *Despair* deepens where that other sorrow found its dawn. There is absolutely nothing to which effort can be directed, or appeal can lie. It is no longer conceivable that any soul, by any action or passion, can alter the immutable destiny which hangs blindly over all.

Yet I must not speak as if those who deem human survival a superfluous consolation had made no effort to meet such crises as that on which Tennyson dwells. I quote a well-known passage in which Clifford has depicted the "unseen helper" who may be looked for when no other help is nigh.

He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness, asks himself in a solitary place, "Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown?" he does find something which may justify that thought [of an unseen helper of men]. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a presence in which his own poor personality is shrivelled into nothingness, arises within him, and says, as plainly as words can say, "I am with thee, and I am greater than thou." . . . The dim and shadowy outlines of the super-human Deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am!"

Yet would one not be in danger of observing that the face of this summarized or composite ancestor was of somewhat too simian a type? Might not "the fire of youth in his eyes" suggest

unpleasantly that he had called his descendants into being for reasons quite other than a far-seeing desire that they should suffer and be strong? And if Jehovah and all gods be his fable and his fiction, does that make him a whit more strong to save?

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,  
If every man die forever, if all his griefs are in vain,  
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,  
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,  
When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have fled  
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead.

"What is it to me," said Marcus Aurelius, "to live in a world without a Providence?" "I live," said Prince Bismarck in 1878, "a life of great activity, and occupy a lucrative post; but all this could offer me no inducement to live one day longer, did I not believe in God and a better future." It is well to quote men like these when one sees the words "morbid" and "unmanly," taking in the Positivist Camp the place which the words "dangerous" and "unsound" have occupied so long in orthodox polemics. It is not clear why it should be unmanly to face the bitter as well as the sweet; to see life in a dry light, tinted neither by the sunset rays of a vanishing Paradise, nor by the silvery moonlight of a philosopher's dream.

In Tennyson's view, at any rate, this deliberate rejection of human life as meaningless without a future is not the mere outcome of such misery as that of the spokesman in *Despair*. It forms the theme of one of his last and most majestic personal utterances, of that poem of *Vastness*, which one may place beside the choruses in the *Edipus at Colonus*, as illustrations, the one of an old man's wisdom in all its benignity, the other of an old man's wisdom in all its authority and power.

The insignificance of human life, if moral evolution be forever checked by death, is no new theme; but it is here enforced as though by Plato's "spectator of all time and of all existence," with a range of view which sees one man's death recall or prefigure, not, as Dido's, the fall only of Tyre or Car-

thage, but the desolation of entire planets, and the evanescence of unknown humanities in dispeopled fields of Heaven. Seen with that cosmic gaze, earth's good and evil alike seem the illusions of a day.

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after  
many a vanish'd face,  
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with  
the dust of a vanish'd race.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor  
earth's pale history runs—  
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam  
of a million million of suns?

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious an-  
nals of army and fleet,  
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong  
cause, trumpets of victory, groans of de-  
feat; . . .

Pain that has crawled from the corpse of Pleas-  
ure, a worm that writhes all day, and at  
night

Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper and  
stings him back to the curse of the  
light; . . .

Love for the maiden crown'd with marriage,  
no regrets for aught that has been,  
Household happiness, gracious children, debt-  
less competence, golden mean; . . .

What is it all if we all of us end but in being  
our own corpse-coffins at last,  
Swallow'd in vastness, lost in silence, drown'd  
in the depths of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or  
a moment's anger of bees in their hive?  
Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him  
for ever; the dead are not dead but alive.

How else than thus can we now imag-  
ine the cosmic position of man? We  
have long ceased to think of him as  
standing on an immutable earth, with sun  
and stars revolving round his central  
home. Nor can we any longer fancy  
him, as Comte used to fancy him, housed  
in the snug security of his solar system;  
—an unroofed and fenceless plot, from  
whence every moment the irrecoverable  
sun-rays tremble out into the blackness  
and are squandered in the gulf of  
heaven. We must regard him with fore-  
sight of his end; with such comfort only  
as we may find in the thought that other  
races, powerless as he, may have been  
shaped, and may yet be shaped, from  
the like clash of atoms, for the like his-  
tory and the like doom. Let these cry  
aloud if they will into the interstellar  
spaces, and call it prayer; they hear not  
each other, and there is none else to

hear. For in this infinity love and vir-  
tue have no share; they are of all illu-  
sions the most fragile, derivative, evanes-  
cent; they have no part or lodgment in  
the fixed reality of things.

And yet this prospect, which is slowly  
imposing itself as inevitable, is in reality  
but a conjecture like all the rest. Such,  
we may admit, must be the universe if it  
be reducible to ether and atoms alone;  
if life and consciousness be its efflores-  
cence and not its substratum, and that  
which was from the beginning be the  
lowest and not the highest of all. But  
in truth a reduction of the Cosmos into  
ether and atoms is scarce more reason-  
able than its reduction into the four ele-  
ments, air, water, earth, and fire. The  
ancients boldly assumed that the world  
was made of things which our senses can  
reach. The modern *savant* too often  
tacitly implies that the world is made of  
things which our *calculations* can reach.  
Yet this is still a disguised, a mediate  
anthropomorphism. There is no reason  
to assume that our calculations, any  
more than our senses, have cognizance  
of any large fraction of the events which  
are occurring even in our own region of  
time and space. The notion that we  
have now attained to a kind of outline  
sketch of the universe is not really con-  
sistent with the very premises on which  
it is based. For on those premises our  
view must inevitably have limits de-  
pending on nothing wider than the past  
needs of living organisms on this earth.  
We have acquired, presumably, a direct  
perception of such things as it has helped  
our ancestors most to perceive during  
their struggle for existence; and an in-  
direct perception of such other things  
as we have been able to infer from our  
group of direct perceptions. But we  
cannot limit the entities or operations  
which may coexist, even in our part of  
the Cosmos, with those we know. The  
universe may be infinite in an infinite  
number of ways.

Thoughts like these are not formally  
disputed, but they are constantly ig-  
nored. In spite of the continued hints  
which nature gives us to enlarge our con-  
ceptions in all kinds of unlooked-for  
ways, the instinct of system, of a round-  
ed and completed doctrine, is apt to be  
too strong for us, and a determined pro-  
test against premature synthesis is as



much needed now as ever. Such protest may naturally take one of two forms. It may consist of a careful registration of residual phenomena in all directions, which the current explanations fail to include. Or it may consist—and this is the prophet's task—of imaginative appeal, impressive assertion of the need of a profounder insight and a wider purview before we quit our expectant attitude, and act as though apparent limitations were also real, or the universe fathomed in any of its dimensions by human perception and power. It is in this mood that Tennyson draws from the standing mystery of a child's birth the conception of a double, a synchronous evolution; of a past which has slowly shaped the indwelling spirit as well as the fleshly habitation. First comes the physical ancestry:—

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
Where all that was to be, in all that was,  
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast  
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddy light.

For thus does the baby's structure remount to the primordial nebula; the atoms of its hand have been volleyed for inconceivable ages through far-off tracts of gloom, and have passed through a myriad combinations, inanimate and animate, to become the child's for a moment, and to speed once more away.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
From that great deep, before our world begins,  
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as He will—  
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
From that true world within the world we see,  
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.

For thus an invisible world may antecede the visible, and an inconceivable world the conceivable; while yet we ourselves, here and now, are living equally in both; though our spirit be beclouded by its "descent into generation;" which, in Plotinus' words, is "a fall, a banishment, a moulting of the wings of the soul."

O dear Spirit half lost  
In thine own shadow, and this fleshly sign  
That thou art thou, who waldest being born  
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain  
Of this divisible-indivisible world  
Among the numerable-innumerable  
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space  
In finite-infinite time—our mortal veil  
And shattered phantom of that infinite One  
Who made thee unconceivably thyself  
Out of His whole World-self and all in all.

Is there, then, any hint of a possibility of transcending these contradictory inconceivables? of re-attaining the clearness which is blurred and confused by the very fact of our individuation? of participating in that profounder consciousness which, in Tennyson's view, is not the "epiphenomenon" but the root and reality of all?

A passage in the *Ancient Sage*, known to be based upon the poet's own experience, describes some such sensation of resumption into the universal, following upon a self-induced ecstasy.

And more, my son! for more than once when I  
Sat all alone, revolving in myself  
The word that is the symbol of myself,  
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed  
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the  
limbs

Were strange not mine—and yet no shade of  
doubt,

But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self  
The gain of such large life as match'd with  
ours

Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,  
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

This passage raises in the directest form a question which becomes ever more vitally important as external systems of theology crumble away. Can ecstasy ever be a state higher than normal life, or is it always referable to delusion or disease? Now it is undoubted that the great majority of states of true ecstasy which are now observed occur in hysterical patients, as one phase of a complex attack. The temptation to rank ecstasy on much the same level with hysterical spasm or mutism is naturally irresistible. And yet, as I have urged elsewhere, this is by no means a safe conclusion. A hysterical fit indicates a lamentable instability of the nervous system. But it is by no means certain, *à priori*, that every symptom of that instability, without exception, will be of a degenerative kind. The nerve-storm, with its unwonted agitations, may possibly lay bare some deep-lying capacity in us which could scarcely otherwise have come to light. Recent experiments (especially in France) on both sensation and memory in certain abnormal states, have added plausibility to this view, and justify us in holding that, in spite of its frequent association with hysteria,

ecstasy is not necessarily in-itself a morbid symptom.

And if we can allow ourselves to look at ecstasy apart from its associations with hysteria and fanaticism—as it is presented to us, say, by Plato or Wordsworth, or, in more developed form (as we have seen), by Tennyson or Plotinus—then, assuredly, it is a phenomenon which cannot be neglected in estimating man's actual or nascent powers of arriving at a knowledge of truth. "Great wit and madness" are both of them divergences from the common standard; but the study of genius may have as much to teach us of the mind's evolution as the study of insanity has to teach us of its decay.

And, moreover, if indeed, as Tennyson has elsewhere suggested, and as many men now believe, there exist some power of communication between human minds without sensory agency—

Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul  
Strike thro' some finer element of her own? |

then surely it would be in accordance with analogy that these centres of psychical perception should be immersed in a psychical *continuum*, and that their receptivity should extend to influences of larger than human scope. And if so, then the obscure intuitions which have made the vitality of one religion after another may have discerned confusedly an ultimate fact, a fact deeper than any law which man's mind can formulate, or any creed to which his heart can cling. For these things, to whatever purport, were settled long ago; they must be the great structural facts of the Cosmos, determined before our Galaxy shaped itself or souls first entered into man.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate the aspect in which this great poet's teaching—in itself, no doubt, many-sided, and transcending the grasp of any single disciple—has presented itself to at least one student, who has spared no pains to follow it. As here conceived, it is a teaching which may well outlast our present confusion and struggle. For Tennyson is the prophet simply of a Spiritual Universe: the proclaimer of man's spirit as part and parcel of that Universe, and indestructible as the very root of things. And in

these beliefs, though science may not prove them, there is nothing which can conflict with science; for they do but assert in the first place that the universe is infinite in more ways than our instruments can measure; in the second place that evolution, which is the law for the material universe, is the law for virtue as well. It is not on interference but on analogy, not on catastrophe but on completion, that they base the foundation of hope. More there may be—truths holier, perhaps, and happier still; but should not *these* truths, if true they be, suffice for man? Is it not enough to give majesty to the universe, purpose and dignity to life, if he can once believe that his upward effort—what he here calls virtue—shall live and persist forever? "Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

If there are some who will deem this hope insufficient, there are many more among the disciples of science who will smile at it as an unprovable dream. For my own part, too, I believe that the final answer—and this I say in no unhopeful spirit—must depend on the discoveries of Science herself. "We are ancients of the earth;" and if there be indeed an unseen world we assuredly need not imagine that we have yet exhausted our means of discovering it. But meantime we more than ever need our prophets; and the true poet comes nearer to inspiration than any prophet to whom we can hope to listen now. Let his intuitions come to us dissolved in that fusion of thought and melody which makes the highest art we know; let flashes of a strange delight—"like sparkles in the stone aventurine"—reveal at once the beauty and the darkness of the meditations whence the song has sprung. Give us, if so it may be, the exaltation which lifts into a high community; the words which stir the pulse like passion, and wet the eyes like joy, and with the impalpable breath of an inward murmur can make a sudden glory in the deep of the heart. Give us—but who shall give it? or how in days like these shall not the oracles presently be dumb?

In Tennyson and Browning we have veritable fountain-heads of the spiritual energy of our time. "Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men," their

words are linked in many a memory with what life has held of best. But these great poets have passed already the common term of man; and when we look to the pair whose genius might have marked them as successors, we see too clearly the effect of this "dimness of our vexation" upon sensitive and generous souls. The "singer before sunrise"—capable of so quick a response to all chivalrous ardors—has turned his face from the vaster problems, has given himself to literature as literature, and to poetry as art alone. And he, again, who dwelt with so ravishing a melancholy on Eld and Death, whose touch shall shrivel all human hope and joy,—he has felt that every man may well grasp with hasty eagerness at delights which so soon pass by for all, and has followed how incoherent an ideal along how hazardous a way!

It seems sometimes as though poetry, which has always been half art, half prophecy, must needs abandon her higher mission; must turn only to the bedecking of things that shall wither and the embalming of things that shall de-

cay. She will speak, as in the *Earthly Paradise*, to listeners

laid upon a flowery slope

"Twixt inaccessible cliffs and unsailed sea; and behind all her utterance there will be an awful reticence, an unforgotten image of the end. How, then, will Tennyson's hopes and visions sound to men, when his living utterance has fallen silent, like the last oracle in the Hellenic world? I can imagine that our descendants may shun the message whose futile confidence will add poignancy to their despair. Or, on the other hand, if indeed the Cosmos make for good, and evolution be a moral as well as a material law, will men in time avail to prove it? For then they will look back on Tennyson as no belated dreamer, but as a leader who in the darkest hour of the world's thought would not despair of the destiny of man. They will look back on him as Romans looked back on that unshaken Roman who purchased at its full price the field of Cannæ, on which at that hour victorious Hannibal lay encamped with his Carthaginian host.—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### DESERT SANDS.

If deserts *have* a fault (which their present biographer is far from admitting), that fault may doubtless be found in the fact that their scenery as a rule tends to be just a trifle monotonous. Though fine in themselves, they lack variety. To be sure, very few of the deserts of real life possess that absolute flatness, sandiness and sameness, which characterizes the familiar desert of the poet and of the annual exhibitions—a desert all level yellow expanse, most bilious in its coloring, and relieved by but four allowable academy properties, a palm-tree, a camel, a sphinx, and a pyramid. For foreground, throw in a sheikh in appropriate drapery; for background, a sky-line and a bleaching skeleton; stir and mix, and your picture is finished. Most practical deserts one comes across in travelling, however, are a great deal less simple and theatrical than that; rock preponderates over sand in their composition, and inequalities of surface are often the rule rather than the

exception. There is reason to believe, indeed, that the artistic conception of the common or Burlington House desert has been unduly influenced for evil by the accessibility and the poetic adjuncts of the Egyptian sand-waste, which, being situated in a great alluvial river valley is really flat, and being the most familiar, has therefore distorted to its own shape the mental picture of all its kind elsewhere. But most deserts of actual nature are not all flat, nor all sandy; they present a considerable diversity and variety of surface, and their rocks are often unpleasantly obtrusive to the tender feet of the pedestrian traveller.

A desert, in fact, is only a place where the weather is always and uniformly fine. The sand is there merely as what the logicians call, in their cheerful way, "a separable accident;" the essential of a desert, as such, is the absence of vegetation, due to drought. The barometer in those happy, too happy, regions, always stands at Set Fair.

At least, it would, if barometers commonly grew in the desert, where, however, in the present condition of science, they are rarely found. It is this dryness of the air, and this alone, that makes a desert; all the rest, like the camels, the sphinx, the skeleton, and the pyramid, is only thrown in to complete the picture.

Now the first question that occurs to the inquiring mind—which is but a graceful periphrasis for the present writer—when it comes to examine in detail the peculiarities of deserts is just this: Why are there places on the earth's surface on which rain never falls? What makes it so uncommonly dry in Sahara when it's so unpleasantly wet and so unnecessarily foggy in this realm of England? And the obvious answer is, of course, that deserts exist only in those parts of the world where the run of mountain ranges, prevalent winds, and ocean currents conspire to render the average rainfall as small as possible. But strangely enough, there is a large irregular belt of the great eastern continent where these peculiar conditions occur in an almost unbroken line for thousands of miles together, from the west coast of Africa to the borders of China; and it is in this belt that all the best known deserts of the world are actually situated. In one place it is the Atlas and the Kong mountains (now don't pretend, as David Copperfield's aunt would have said, you don't know the Kong mountains); at another place it is the Arabian coast range, Lebanon, and the Beluchi hills; at a third, it is the Himalayas and the Chinese heights that intercept and precipitate all the moisture from the clouds. But from whatever variety of local causes it may arise, the fact still remains the same, that all the great deserts run in this long, almost unbroken series, beginning with the greater and the smaller Sahara, continuing in the Libyan and Egyptian desert, spreading on through the larger part of Arabia, reappearing to the north as the Syrian desert, and to the east as the desert of Rajputana (the Great Indian Desert of the Anglo-Indian mind), while further east again the long line terminates in the desert of Gobi on the Chinese frontier.

In other parts of the world, deserts are less frequent. The peculiar com-

bination of circumstances which goes to produce them does not elsewhere occur over any vast area, on so large a scale. Still, there is one region in western America where the necessary conditions are found to perfection. The high snow-clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains on the one side check and condense all the moisture that comes from the Atlantic; the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch range on the other, running parallel with them to the west, check and condense all the moisture that comes from the Pacific coast. In between these two great lines lies the dry and almost rainless district known to the ambitious western mind as the Great American Desert, and enclosing in its midst that slowly evaporating inland sea, the Great Salt Lake, a last relic of some extinct chain of mighty waters once comparable to Superior, Erie, and Ontario. In Mexico, again, where the twin ranges draw closer together, desert conditions once more supervene. But it is in central Australia that the causes which lead to the desert state are, perhaps, on the whole, best exemplified. There, ranges of high mountains extend almost all round the coasts, and so completely intercept the rainfall which ought to fertilize the great central plain that the rivers are almost all short and local, and one thirsty waste spreads for miles and miles together over the whole unexplored interior of the continent.

But why are deserts rocky and sandy? Why aren't they covered, like the rest of the world, with earth, soil, mould, or dust? One can see plainly enough why there should be little or no vegetation where no rain falls, but one can't see quite so easily why there should be only sand and rock instead of arid clay-field.

Well, the answer is that without vegetation there is no such thing as soil on earth anywhere. The top layer of the land in all ordinary and well-behaved countries is composed entirely of vegetable mould, the decaying remains of innumerable generations of weeds and grasses. Earth to earth is the rule of nature. Soil, in fact, consists entirely of dead leaves. And where there are no leaves to die and decay, there can be no mould or soil to speak of. Darwin showed, indeed, in his last great book,



that we owe the whole earthy covering of our hills and plains almost entirely to the perennial exertions of that friend of the farmers, the harmless necessary earthworm. Year after year the silent worker is busy every night pulling down leaves through his tunnelled burrow into his underground nest, and there converting them by means of his castings into the black mould which produces, in the end, for lordly man all his cultivable fields and pasture-lands and meadows. Where there are no leaves and no earthworms, therefore, there can be no soil; and under those circumstances we get what we familiarly know as a desert.

The normal course of events where new land rises above the sea is something like this, as oceanic isles have sufficiently demonstrated. The rock when it first emerges from the water rises bare and rugged like a sea-cliff; no living thing, animal or vegetable, is harbored anywhere on its naked surface. In time, however, as rain falls upon its jutting peaks and barren pinnacles, disintegration sets in, or to speak plainer English, the rock crumbles; and soon streams wash down tiny deposits of sand and mud thus produced into the valleys and hollows of the upheaved area. At the same time lichens begin to spring in yellow patches upon the bare face of the rock, and feathery ferns, whose spores have been wafted by the wind, or carried by the waves, or borne on the feet of unconscious birds, sprout here and there from the clefts and crannies. These, as they die and decay, in turn form a thin layer of vegetable mould, the first beginning of a local soil, in which the trusty earth-worm (imported in the egg on driftwood or floating weeds) straightway sets to work to burrow, and which he rapidly increases by his constant labor. On the soil thus deposited, flowering plants and trees can soon root themselves, as fast as seeds, nuts or fruits are wafted to the island by various accidents from surrounding countries. The new land thrown up by the great eruption of Krakatoa has in this way already clothed itself from head to foot with a luxuriant sheet of ferns, mosses, and other vegetation.

First soil, then plant and animal life, are thus in the last resort wholly dependent for their existence on the amount

of rainfall. But in deserts, where rain seldom or never falls (except by accident) the first term in this series is altogether wanting. There can be no rivers, brooks or streams to wash down beds of alluvial deposit from the mountains to the valleys. Denudation (the term, though rather awful, is not an improper one) must therefore take a different turn. Practically speaking, there is no water action; the work is all done by sun and wind. Under these circumstances, the rocks crumble away very slowly by mere exposure into small fragments, which the wind knocks off and blows about the surface, forming sand or dust of them in all convenient hollows. The frequent currents, produced by the heated air that lies upon the basking layer of sand, continually keep the surface agitated, and so blow about the sand and grind one piece against the other till it becomes ever finer and finer. Thus for the most part the hollows or valleys of deserts are filled by plains of bare sand, while their higher portions consist rather of barren rocky mountains or table-land.

The effect upon whatever animal or vegetable life can manage here and there to survive under such circumstances is very peculiar. Deserts are the most exacting of all known environments, and they compel their inhabitants with profound imperiousness to knuckle under to their prejudices and preconceptions in ten thousand particulars.

To begin with, all the smaller denizens of the desert—whether butterflies, beetles, birds, or lizards—must be quite uniformly isabelline or sand-colored. This universal determination of the desert-haunting creatures to fall in with the fashion and to harmonize with their surroundings adds considerably to the painfully monotonous effect of desert scenery. A green plant, a blue butterfly, a red and yellow bird, a black or bronze-colored beetle or lizard would improve the artistic aspect of the desert not a little. But no; the animals will hear nothing of such gaudy hues; with Quaker uniformity they will clothe themselves in dove-color; they will all wear a sandy pepper-and-salt with as great unanimity as the ladies of the Court (on receipt of orders) wear Court mourning for the late lamented King of the Tongataboo Islands.

In reality, this universal sombre tint of desert animals is a beautiful example of the imperious working of our modern *Deus ex machina*, natural selection. The more uniform in hue is the environment of any particular region, the more uniform in hue must be all its inhabitants. In the arctic snows, for example, we find this principle pushed to its furthest logical conclusion. There, everything is and must be white—hares, foxes, and ptarmigans alike; and the reason is obvious—there can be no exception. Any brown or black or reddish animal who ventured north would at once render himself unpleasantly conspicuous in the midst of the uniform arctic whiteness. If he were a brown hare, for example, the foxes and bears and birds of prey of the district would spot him at once on the white fields, and pounce down upon him forthwith on his first appearance. That hare would leave no similar descendants to continue the race of brown hares in arctic regions after him. Or, suppose, on the other hand, it were a brown fox who invaded the domain of eternal snow. All the hares and ptarmigans of his new district would behold him coming from afar and keep well out of his way, while he, poor creature, would never be able to spot them at all among the white snow-fields. He would starve for want of prey, at the very time when the white fox, his neighbor, was stealing unperceived with stealthy tread upon the hares and ptarmigans. In this way, from generation to generation of arctic animals, the blacker or browner have been constantly weeded out, and the grayer and whiter have been constantly encouraged, till now all arctic animals alike are as spotlessly snowy as the snow around them.

In the desert much the same causes operate, in a slightly different way, in favor of a general grayness or brownness as against pronounced shades of black, white, red, green, or yellow. Desert animals, like inter-se South Kensington, go in only for neutral tints. In proportion as each individual approaches in hue to the sand about it will it succeed in life in avoiding its enemies or in creeping upon its prey, according to circumstances. In proportion as it presents a strikingly vivid or distinct appearance among the surrounding sand,

will it make itself a sure mark for its watchful foes, if it happen to be an unprotected skulker, or will it be seen beforehand and avoided by its prey, if it happen to be a predatory hunting or insect-eating beast. Hence on the sandy desert all species alike are uniformly sand-colored. Spotty lizards bask on spotty sands, keeping a sharp look-out for spotty butterflies and spotty beetles, only to be themselves spotted and devoured in turn by equally spotty birds, or snakes, or tortoises. All nature seems to have gone into half-mourning together, or, converted by a passing Puritan missionary, to have clad itself incontinently in gray and fawn-color.

Even the larger beasts that haunt the desert take their tone not a little from their sandy surroundings. You have only to compare the desert-haunting lion with the other great cats to see at once the reason for his peculiar uniform. The tigers and other tropical jungle-cats have their coats arranged in vertical stripes of black and yellow, which, though you would hardly believe it unless you saw them in their native nullahs (good word "nullah," gives a convincing Indian tone to a narrative of adventure), harmonize marvellously with the lights and shades of the bamboos and cane-breaks through whose depths the tiger moves so noiselessly.

Looking into the gloom of a tangled jungle, it is almost impossible to pick out the beast from the yellow stems and dark shadows in which it hides, save by the baleful gleam of those wicked eyes, catching the light for one second as they turn wistfully and bloodthirstily toward the approaching stranger. The jaguar, oncelot, leopard, and other tree-cats, on the other hand, are dappled or spotted—a type of coloration which exactly harmonizes with the light and shade of the round sun-spots seen through the foliage of a tropical forest. They, too, are almost indistinguishable from the trees overhead as they creep along cautiously on the trunks and branches. But spots or stripes would at once betray the crouching lion among the bare rocks or desert sands; and therefore the lion is approximately sand-colored. Seen in a cage at the Zoo, the British lion is a very conspicuous animal indeed; but spread at full length on a sandy patch

or among bare yellow rocks under the Saharan sun, you may walk into his mouth before you are even aware of his august existence.

The three other great desert beasts of Asia or Africa—the ostrich, the giraffe, and the camel—are less protectively colored, for various reasons. Giraffes and ostriches go in herds; they trust for safety mainly to their swiftness of foot, and, when driven to bay, like most gregarious animals, they make common cause against the ill-advised intruder. In such cases it is often well, for the sake of stragglers, that the herd should be readily distinguished at a distance; and it is to ensure this advantage, I believe, that giraffes have acquired their strongly-marked spots, as zebras have acquired their distinctive stripes, and hyenas their similarly banded or dappled coats. One must always remember that disguise may be carried a trifle too far, and that recognizability in the parents often gives the young and giddy a point in their favor. For example, it seems certain that the general gray-brown tint of European rabbits serves to render them indistinguishable in a field of bracken, stubble, or dry grass. How hard it is, either for man or hawk, to pick out rabbits so long as they sit still, in an English meadow! But as soon as they begin to run toward their burrows the white patch by their tails inevitably betrays them; and this betrayal seems at first sight like a failure of adaptation. Certainly many a rabbit must be spotted and shot, or killed by birds of prey, solely on account of that tell-tale white patch as he makes for his shelter. Nevertheless, when we come to look closer, we can see, as Mr. Wallace acutely suggests, that the tell-tale patch has its function also. On the first alarm the parent rabbits take to their heels at once, and run at any untoward sight or sound toward the safety of the burrow. The white patch and the hoisted tail act as a danger-signal to the little bunnies, and direct them which way to escape the threatened misfortune. The young ones take the hint at once and follow their leader. Thus what may be sometimes a disadvantage to the individual animal becomes in the long run of incalculable benefit to the entire community.

It is interesting to note, too, how much alike in build and gait are these three thoroughbred desert roamers, the giraffe, the ostrich, and the camel or dromedary. In their long legs, their stalking march, their tall necks, and their ungainly appearance they all betoken their common adaptation to the needs and demands of a special environment. Since food is scarce and shelter rare, they have to run about much over large spaces in search of a livelihood or to escape their enemies. Then the burning nature of the sand as well as the need for speed compels them to have long legs, which in turn necessitate equally long necks, if they are to reach the ground or the trees overhead for food and drink. Their feet have to be soft and padded to enable them to run over the sand with ease; and hard horny patches must protect their knees and all other portions of the body liable to touch the sweltering surface when they lie down to rest themselves. Finally, they can all endure thirst for long periods together; and the camel, the most inveterate desert-haunter of the trio, is even provided with a special stomach to take in water for several days at a stretch, besides having a peculiarly tough skin in which perspiration is reduced to a minimum. He carries his own water-supply internally, and wastes as little of it by the way as possible.

What the camel is among animals that is the cactus among plants—the most confirmed and specialized of desert-haunting organisms. It has been wholly developed in, by, and for the desert. I don't mean merely to say that cactuses resemble camels because they are clumsy, ungainly, awkward, and paradoxical; that would be a point of view almost as far beneath the dignity of science (which in spite of occasional lapses into the sin of levity I endeavor as a rule piously to uphold) as the old and fallacious reason "because there's a B in both." But cactuses, like camels, take in their water-supply whenever they can get it, and never waste any of it on the way by needless evaporation. As they form the perfect central type of desert vegetation, and are also familiar plants to every one, they may be taken as a good illustrative example of the effect that desert conditions inevitably produce upon vegetable evolution.

Quaint, shapeless, succulent, jointed, the cactuses look at first sight as if they were all leaves, and had no stem or trunk worth mentioning. Of course, therefore, the exact opposite is really the case; for, as a late lamented poet has assured us in mournful numbers, things (generally speaking) are not what they seem. The true truth about the cactuses runs just the other way; they are all stem and no leaves; what look like leaves being really joints of the trunk or branches, and the foliage being all dwarfed and stunted into the prickly hairs that dot and encumber the surface. All plants of very arid soils—for example, our common English stone-crops—tend to be thick, jointed and succulent; the distinction between stem and leaves tends to disappear; and the whole weed, accustomed at times to long drought, acquires the habit of drinking in water greedily at its rootlets after every rain, and storing it away for future use in its thick, sponge-like, and water-tight tissues. To prevent undue evaporation, the surface also is covered with a thick, shiny skin—a sort of vegetable mackintosh, which effectually checks all unnecessary transpiration. Of this desert type, then, the cactus is the furthest possible term. It has no flat leaves with expanded blades, to wither and die in the scorching desert air; but in their stead the thick and jointed stems do the same work—absorb carbon from the carbonic acid of the air, and store up water in the driest of seasons. Then, to repel the attacks of herbivores, who would gladly get at the juicy morsel if they could, the foliage has been turned into sharp defensive spines and prickles. The cactus is tenacious of life to a wonderful degree; and for reproduction it trusts not merely to its brilliant flowers, fertilized for the most part by desert moths or butterflies, and to its juicy fruit, of which the common prickly pear is a familiar instance, but it has the special property of springing afresh from any stray bit or fragment of the stem that happens to fall upon the dry ground anywhere.

True cactuses (in the native state) are confined to America; but the unhappy naturalist who ventures to say so in mixed society is sure to get sat upon (without due cause) by numberless peo-

ple who have seen "the cactus" wild all the world over. For one thing, the prickly pear and a few other common American species have been naturalized and run wild throughout North Africa, the Mediterranean shores, and a great part of India, Arabia, and Persia. But what is more interesting and more confusing still, other desert plants which are *not* cactuses, living in South Africa, Sind, Rajputana, and elsewhere unspecified, have been driven by the nature of their circumstances and the dryness of the soil to adopt precisely the same tactics, and therefore unconsciously to mimic or imitate the cactus in the minutest details of their personal appearance. Most of these fallacious pseudocactuses are really spurges or euphorbias by family. They resemble the true Mexican type in externals only; that is to say, their stems are thick, jointed, and leaf-like, and they grow with clumsy and awkward angularity; but in the flower, fruit, seed, and in short in all structural peculiarities whatsoever, they differ utterly from the genuine cactus, and closely resemble all their spurge relations. Adaptive likenesses of this sort, due to mere stress of local conditions, have no more weight as indications of real relationship than the wings of the bat or the flippers of the seal, which don't make the one into a skylark, or the other into a mackerel.

In Sahara, on the other hand, the prevailing type of vegetation (wherever there is any) belongs to the kind playfully described by Sir Lambert Playfair as "salsolaceous," that is to say, in plainer English, it consists of plants like the glass-wort and the kali-weed, which are commonly burned to make soda. These fleshy weeds resemble the cactuses in being succulent and thick-skinned, but they differ from them in their curious ability to live upon very salt and soda-laden water. All through the great African desert region, in fact, most of the water is more or less brackish; "bitter lakes" are common, and gypsum often covers the ground over immense areas. These districts occupy the beds of vast ancient lakes, now almost dry, of which the existing *chotts*, or very salt pools, are the last shrunken and evanescent relics.

And this point about the water brings



me at last to a cardinal fact in the constitution of deserts which is almost always utterly misconceived in Europe. Most people at home picture the desert to themselves as wholly dead, flat, and sandy. To talk about the fauna and flora of Sahara sounds in their ears like self-contradictory nonsense. But, as a matter of fact, that uniform and lifeless desert of the popular fancy exists only in those sister arts that George II.—good, practical man—so heartily despised, “boetry and bainting.” The desert of real life, though less impressive, is far more varied. It has its ups and downs, its hills and valleys. It has its sandy plains and its rocky ridges. It has its lakes and ponds, and even its rivers. It has its plants and animals, its oases and palm-groves. In short, like everything else on earth, it's a good deal more complex than people imagine.

One may take Sahara as a very good example of the actual desert of physical geography, in contradistinction to the level and lifeless desert that stretches like the sea over illimitable spaces in verse or canvas. And here, I fear, I am going to dispel another common and cherished illusion. It is my fate to be an iconoclast, and perhaps long practice has made me rather like the trade than otherwise. A popular belief exists all over Europe that the late M. Roudaire—that De Lesseps who never quite “came off”—proposed to cut a canal from the Mediterranean into the heart of Africa, which was intended, in the stereotyped phrase of journalism, to “flood Sahara,” and convert the desert into an inland sea. He might almost as well have talked of cutting a canal from Brighton to the Devil's Dyke and “submerging England,” as the devil wished to do in the old legend. As a matter of fact, good, practical M. Roudaire, sound engineer that he was, never even dreamed of anything so chimerical. What he did really propose was something far milder and simpler in its way, but as his scheme has given rise to the absurd notion that Sahara as a whole lies below sea-level, it may be worth while briefly to explain what it was he really thought of doing.

Some sixty miles south of Biskra, the most fashionable resort in the Algerian Sahara, there is a deep depression two

hundred and fifty miles long, partly occupied by three salt lakes of the kind so common over the whole dried-up Saharan area. These three lakes, shrunken remnants of much larger sheets, lie below the level of the Mediterranean, but they are separated from it, and from one another, by upland ranges which rise considerably above the sea line. What M. Roudaire proposed to do was to cut canals through these three barriers, and flood the basins of the salt lakes. The result would have been, not as is commonly said to submerge Sahara, nor even to form anything worth seriously describing as “an inland sea,” but to substitute three larger salt lakes for the existing three smaller ones. The area so flooded, however, would bear to the whole area of Sahara something like the same proportion that Windsor Park bears to the entire surface of England. This is the true truth about that stupendous undertaking which is to create a new Mediterranean in the midst of the Dark Continent, and to modify the climate of Northern Europe to something like the condition of the glacial epoch. A new Dead Sea would be much nearer the mark, and the only way Northern Europe would feel the change, if it felt it at all, would be in a slight fall in the price of dates in the wholesale market.

No, Sahara as a whole is *not* below sea-level; it is *not* the dry bed of a recent ocean; and it is *not* as flat as the proverbial pancake all over. Part of it, indeed, is very mountainous, and all of it is more or less varied in level. The Upper Sahara consists of a rocky plateau, rising at times into considerable peaks; the Lower, to which it descends by a steep slope, is “a vast depression of clay and sand,” but still for the most part standing high above sea-level. No portion of the Upper Sahara is less than 1,300 feet high—a good deal higher than Dartmoor or Derbyshire. Most of the Lower reaches from two to three hundred feet—quite as elevated as Essex or Leicester. The few spots below sea-level consist of the beds of ancient lakes, now much shrunk by evaporation, owing to the present rainless condition of the country; the area around these is deep in gypsum, and the water itself is considerably saltier than the sea. That, however, is always the case with fresh-

water lakes in their last dotage, as American geologists have amply proved in the case of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. Moving sand undoubtedly covers a large space in both divisions of the desert, but according to Sir Lambert Playfair, our best modern authority on the subject, it occupies not more than one-third part of the entire Algerian Sahara. Else-

where rock, clay, and muddy lake are the prevailing features, interspersed with not infrequent date-groves and villages, the product of artesian wells, or excavated spaces, or river oases. Even Sahara, in short, to give it its due, is not by any means so black as it's painted. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

## THE NEW REFORMATION.

### A DIALOGUE.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."

In a sitting-room belonging to a corner house in one of the streets running from the Strand toward the Embankment, a young man sat reading on a recent winter afternoon. Behind him was an old-fashioned semicircular window, through which the broad gray line of the river, the shipping on its stream, and the dark masses of building on the opposite shore could be as plainly seen as the fading light permitted. But a foggy evening was stealing rapidly on, and presently the young man dropped his book, and betook himself to his pipe, supplemented by a dreamy study of the fire. A sound was heard in the little hall down-stairs; the reader started up, went to the door, and listened; but all was quiet again, and he returned to his chair. As he moved he showed a figure, tall, and possessed of a certain slouching, broad-shouldered power. The hair was noticeably black, and curled closely over the head. The features were strongly cut, dashed in, a little by accident, as it seemed, so that only the mouth had fallen finely into drawing. But through the defects of the face, as through the student's stoop of the powerful frame, there breathed an attractive and vigorous individuality. You saw a man all alive, marked already by the intensity with which he had plied his trade, and curiously combining in his outward aspect the suggestions of a patient tenacity with those of a quick and irritable susceptibility.

"I must wait for him, I suppose," he said to himself, as he resumed his seat. "I wish it were over. Come here, Tony, and support me."

The Aberdeen terrier on the rug got up slowly, sleepily blinked at his master, and climbed into the chair beside him, where he had hardly established himself, after a long process of leisurely fidgeting, when the hall-door bell rang in good earnest, and Tony, hastily driven down, was left to meditate on the caprices of power.

His master threw open the door.

"Well, how are you, my dear old fellow?" said the new-comer. "I thought I never should get here. The lunch at Lambeth was interminable, and one saw so many people there whom one knew a little, and was glad to talk to, that even after lunch it was impossible to cut it short. But how are you? How glad I am to see you!"

And the speaker advanced into the room, still holding the other's hand affectionately. He was a slightly-built man, in a clerical coat, with a long narrow face and piercing eyes. The whole aspect was singularly refined; all the lines were thin and prematurely worn; but the expression was sparkling and full of charm, and the strong priestly element in dress and manner clearly implied no lack of pliancy of mind, of sensitiveness and elasticity of feeling.

"Sit down there," said the owner of the rooms, putting the new-comer into the chair he himself had just vacated. "Tony—you impudence!—out of that! Really, that dog and I have been living so long by ourselves that *his* manners, at any rate, are past praying for—and I should be sorry to answer for my own."

"Well, and where have you been all this time, Merriman?" said the man in

the chair, looking up at his companion with an expression in which a very strong and evident pleasure seemed to be crossed by something else. "Two years, isn't it, since we parted at Oxford, and since I went off to my first curacy? And not a line from you since—not one—not even an address on a postcard, till I heard from you that you would be in town to-day. Do you call that decent behavior, sir, to an old friend?"

"It is explainable, I think," said the other awkwardly, and paused. "But, however—So you, Ronalds, are still at Mickledown, and it is your vicar Raynham who has been consecrated to-day to this new South African see?"

"Yes," said Ronalds, with a sigh. "Yes, it is a heavy loss to us all. If ever there was a true and effective Churchman, it is Raynham. It is hard to spare a man like that from the work here. However, he is absolutely guileless and self-sacrificing, and I like to believe that he knows best. But yourself, Merriman; you seem to forget that it is *you* who are the riddle and the mystery! It is nearly two years ago, isn't it, since you wrote to tell me you had postponed your ordination for the purpose of spending some time in Germany, and going through further theological training? But as to your whereabouts in Germany I have been quite in the dark. Explain, old fellow."

And the speaker put up his hand and touched his companion's arm. Look and action were equally winning, and expressed the native inborn loveableness of the man.

Merriman named a small but famous German university. "I have been eighteen months there," he added briefly, his quick eye taking note of the shade which had fallen across his companion's expression. "I have had a splendid time."

"And have come back—what for?"

"To eat dinners and go to the Bar."

Ronalds started.

"So the old dream is given up?" he said slowly. "How we used to cherish it together! When did you make up your mind to relinquish the Church?"

"Some eight or nine months ago."

The speaker paused a moment, then went on: "That is why I did not write

to you, Ronalds. At first I was too undecided, too overwhelmed by new ideas; and then, afterward, I knew you would be distressed, so I let it alone till we should meet."

Ronalds lay back in his chair, sheltering his eyes from the blaze of the fire with one hand. He did not speak for a minute or two; then he said, in a somewhat constrained voice,—

"Is G—— one of their—what shall I call it?—liberal—advanced—universities?"

"Not particularly. The mass of students in the theological faculty there are on the road to being Lutheran pastors of a highly orthodox kind, and find plenty of professors to suit them. I was attracted by the reputation of a group of men, whose books are widely read, indeed, but whose lecture-rooms are very scantily filled. It seemed to me that in their teaching I should find that *historical* temper which I was above all in search of. You remember"—and the speaker threw back his head with a smile which pleasantly illumined the massive irregular features—"how you used to laugh at me for a Teutophile—how that history prize of mine on Teutonic Arianism plunged me into quagmires of German you used to make merry over, and wherein, according to you, I had dropped forever all chances of a decent English style. Well, it was nothing but that experience of German methods, working together with all the religious ideas of which my mind and yours had been full for so long, that made me put off orders and go abroad. I think," he added slowly, "I was athirst to see what Germans, like those whose work on the fifth and sixth centuries had struck me with admiration, could make of the first and second centuries. I was full of problems and questionings. The historical work which I had begun so casually seemed to have roused a host of new forces and powers. I was unhappy. The old and the new wouldn't blend—wouldn't fuse. I was especially worried with that problem of *historical translation*, if I may call it so, which had risen up before me like a ghost out of all those interminable German books about the Goths, in which I had buried myself. My ghost walked. It touched matters I tried in vain to

keep sacred from it. Finally it drove me out of England."

A new flame of fire had wakened in the black, half-shut eyes. With such a growth of animation might Richard Rothe have described the tumults of heart and mind which drove him from Germany southward into the land of art, from Württemberg to Rome, from the narrow thought-world of Lutheran Pietism into the wide horizons of a humaner faith.

"Historical translation!" said the other, looking up. "What do you mean by that?"

"Simply the transmutation of past witness into the language of the present. That was the point, the problem, which seized me from the beginning. Here, for instance, in my work among the Goths, I had before me a mass of original material—chronicles, ecclesiastical biographies, acts of councils, lives of saints, papal letters, religious polemics, and so forth. And I had also before me two different kinds of modern treatment of it, an older and a newer; the older represented by books written—what shall we say?—broadly speaking, before 1840; the newer by a series of works produced, of course, in the light of Niebuhr and Ranke, and differing altogether in tone from the earlier series. What *was* this difference in tone? Of course, we all know—in spite of Gibbon—that history has been reborn since the Revolution. Yes; but why? how? Put the development into words. Well, it seemed to me like nothing in the world so much as the difference between good and bad translation. The older books had had certain statements and products of the past to render into the language of the present. And they had rendered them inadequately with that vagueness and generality and convention which belong to bad translation. And the result was either merely flat and perfunctory, something totally without the breath of life and reality, or else the ideas and speech of the past were hidden away under what was in truth a disguise—often a magnificent disguise—woven out of the ideas and speech of the present. But the books since Niebuhr, since Ranke, since Mommsen! *There* you found a difference. At last you found out that these men and wom-

en, these kings and bishops and saints, these chroniclers and officials, were flesh and blood; that they had ideas, passions, politics; that they lived, as we do, under governing prepossessions; that they had theories of life and the universe; and till you understood these and could throw yourself back into them, you had no chance of understanding the men or their doings. The past woke up, lived and moved, and what it said came to you with a new accent, the accent of truth. And all this was brought about by nothing in the world fundamentally but *improved translation*, by the use of that same faculty, half scientific, half imaginative, which, in the rendering of a foreign language, enables a man to get into the very heart and mind of his author, to speak with his tones and feel with his feeling."

The speaker paused a moment as though to rein himself up. Ronalds looked at him, smiling at the strenuous attitude—hands on sides, head thrown back—which seemed to recall many by-gone moments to the spectator.

"If you mean by all this," he said, "that the modern historian throws less of himself into his work, shows more real detachment of mind than his predecessors, I can bring half a dozen instances against you. When is Carlyle anybody but Carlyle, fitting the whole of history to the clothes- and force-philosophy?"

"Oh, the subjective element, of course, is inevitable to some degree or other. But, in truth, paradox as it may sound, it is just this heightened individuality in the modern historian which makes him in many ways a better interpreter of the past. He is more sympathetic, more eager, more curious, more *romantic*, if you will; and, at the same time, the scientific temper, which is the twin sister of the romantic—and both the peculiar children of to-day—is always there to guide his eagerness, to instruct his curiosity, to discipline his sympathy. He understands the past better, because he carries more of the present into it than those who went before, because the culture of *this* present provides him with sharper and more ingenious tools wherewith to reconstruct the building of the past, and because, by virtue of a trained and developed



imagination, he is able nowadays to live in the life, physical and moral, of the bygone streets and temples, the long dead men and women, brought to light again by his knowledge and his skill, to a degree and in a manner unknown to any century but ours."

"Well said!" exclaimed Ronalds, smiling again. "Modern history has earned its pæan—far be it from me to grudge it."

"Ah! I run on," said the other penitently, the arms falling and the attitude relaxing. "But to return to myself, if you really want the explanation—"

And he looked inquiringly at his friend.

"I want it," said Ronalds in a low voice. "But I dread it."

Merriman paused a moment, his keen black eyes resting on his friend. Then he said gently,—

"I will say no more if it would be painful to you. And yet I should like to explain myself. You influenced me a great deal at Oxford. I doubt if I should ever have thought of taking orders but for you. Constantly in Germany my mind turned to you with a sense of responsibility. I could not write, but I always looked forward to talking it out."

"Go on, go on," said Ronalds, looking up at him. "I wish to understand—if I can."

"Well, then, you remember that, during the time I was hunting up Goths, I had to break off divinity lectures. But the day after the prize was sent in I remember gathering together the old books again, and I took up specially Ederheim's *Jesus the Messiah*, which Haigh of Trinity had lent me some weeks before. I read it for hours, and at the end I laid it down with an inward judgment, the strength of which I shall never forget. 'Learning up to a certain point, feeling up to a certain point, but all through bad history—*bad translation!*' Six months before, I should have been incapable of any such verdict. But my Germans, with their vile type and their abominable style, had taught me a good deal in between. If Ederheim's ways of using documents and conceiving history were right, then theirs were all wrong. But I knew them, on the contrary, to be abundantly right—at any

rate within their own sphere. *Must* the Christian documents be treated differently—*could* they be treated differently, in principle—from the documents of the declining empire, or of any other historical period? That evening was a kind of crisis. I was never at peace afterward. I remember turning to books on Inspiration and on the Canon, and resuming attendance on old S—'s lectures on Apologetics, which had been interrupted for me by reading for the Essay. Many times I recollect going to see X— at Christchurch. He saw I was in difficulties, and talked to me a great deal and very kindly about the impossibility of mere *reason* supplying a solution for any of the prevalent doubts as to Christianity. One must *wish* to believe, or belief was impossible. He quoted Mansel's words to me: 'Affection is part of insight; it is wanted for gaining due acquaintance with the facts of the case.' All this fitted in very well with the Neo-Kantian ideas I believed myself to have adopted during my reading for Greats; and when he sent me to Mozley, and Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, I followed his advice gladly enough. But the only result was that I found my whole conception of truth fissured and broken up. It came to this, that there were *two* truths—not only a truth of matter and a truth of spirit, but two truths of history, two truths of literary criticism, to which answered corresponding moods of mind on the part of the Christian. It was imperatively right to endeavor to disentangle miracle from history, the marvellous from the real, in a document of the fourth, or third, or second century; to see delusions in the Montanist visions, the growth of myth in Apocryphal gospels, or the Acts of Pilate, a natural credulity in Justin's demonology, careless reporting in the ascription by Papias to Jesus of a gross millenarian prophecy, and so on. But the contents of the New Testament, however marvellous, and however apparently akin to what surrounds them on either side, were to be treated from a totally different point of view. In the one case there must be a desire on the part of the historian to discover the historical under the miraculous, or he would be failing in his duty as a sane and competent observer; in the other

case there must be a desire, a strong 'affection,' on the part of the theologian, toward proving the miraculous to be historical, or he would be failing in his duty as a Christian. Yet in both cases—the reflection was inevitable—the evidence was historical and literary, and the witnesses were human!—At this point I came across the first volume of Baur's *Church History*. Now, Baur's main theories, you will remember, had been described to us in one or two of S——'s lectures. He had been held up to us as the head and front of the German system-making; the extravagance of his Simon Magus theory, the arbitrariness of his perpetual antitheses between 'Petrinismus' and 'Paulinismus,' 'Particularismus' and 'Universalismus,' had been brought out with a good deal of the dry old Oxford humor, and, naturally, not many of us had kept any thought of Baur in our minds. But now I began to read one of his chief books, and I can only describe what I felt in the words lately attributed by his biographer to Professor Green: 'He thought the *Church History* the most illuminating book he had ever read.' Clearly it was overstrained and arbitrary in parts; the theory was forced, and the arrangement too symmetrical for historical or literary reality. But it seemed to me you might say the same of Niebuhr and Wolff. Yet they had been, and were still, the pioneers and masters of an age. Why not Baur in his line? At any rate it was clear to me that his book was *history*; it fell into line with all other first-rate work in the historical department, whereas, whatever else they might be, Farrar's and Edersheim's were *not* history. That was my first acquaintance with German theology, except some translations of Weiss and Dorner. I had shrunk from it till then, and X—— had warned me from it. But after reading Baur's *Church History* and the *Paul*, I suddenly made up my mind to go abroad, and to give a year at least to the German critical school. Well, so far, Ronalds, do you blame me?"

And the speaker broke off abruptly, his almost excessive calm of manner wavering a little, his eye seeking his friend's.

Ronalds had sat till now shrunken together in the big arm-chair, which,

standing out against the uncurtained window, through which came a winter twilight, seemed lost again among the confused lines of the houses on the opposite bank of the river, or of the barges going slowly up stream. He roused himself at this, and bent forward.

"Blame?"—the word had an odd ring—"that depends. How much did it *cost* you, all this, Merriman?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. It gives me a shiver as I listen to you. I foresee the end—a dismal end, all through—and I keep wondering whether you had ever anything to lose, whether you were ever *inside*? If you were, could this process you describe have gone on with so little check, so little reaction?"

The firelight showed a flush on the fine ascetic cheek. He had roused himself to speak strongly, but the effort excited him.

Merriman left his post by the fire and began to pace up and down.

"I had meant only to describe to you," he said at last, "an episode of intellectual history. The rest is between me—and God. It cannot really be put into words. But, as you know, I was brought up strictly and religiously. You and I shared the same thoughts, the same influences, the same religious services at Oxford. These months I have been describing to you were months of great misery on the side of feeling and practice. I remember coming back one morning from an early service, and thinking with a kind of despair what would happen to me if I were ever forced to give up the Sacrament. Yet the process went on all the same. I believe it is very much a matter of temperament. I could not master the passionate desire to think the matter through, to harmonize knowledge and faith, to get to the bottom. You might have done it, I think." And he stood still, looking at his friend with a smile which had no satire in it.

"Of course, every Christian knows that there are doubts and difficulties in the path of the faith, and that he may succumb to them if he pleases," said Ronalds, after a pause; "but if he is true he keeps close to his Lord, and gives the answer of faith. He asks himself which solves most problems—Chris-

tianity or Agnosticism. He looks round on the state of the world, on the history of his own life, and on the work of Christ in both. Is he going to give up the witness of the faith, of the 'holy men of old,' of the saints of the present, of his own inmost life, because men of science, in a world which is all inexplicable, tell him that miracle is impossible, or because a generation or two of German professors—who seem to him to spend most of their time, Penelope-like, in unravelling their own webs—persist, in the face of a living and divine reality, which attests itself to him every day of his life, in telling him that the Church is a mere human contrivance based upon a delusion and a lie? Above all, he will not venture himself deliberately, in a state of immaturity and disarmament, into the enemy's camp; for 'he is not his own,' and what he bears in his bosom, the treasure of the faith, is but confided to him to be guarded with his life."

The musical vibrating voice sank with the closing words. Merriman returned to his old position by the fire, and was silent a minute.

"But even you," he said presently with a smile, "cannot deny reason some place in your scheme."

"Naturally," said the other, his tone of emotion changing for one of sarcasm. "To the freethinker of to-day we Christians are all sentimentalists—strong in emotion, weak in brains. A religion which boasts in England a Newton, a Hooker, a Butler, and a Newman among its sons, is conceived of as having nothing rational to say for itself. The charge is absurd on the face of it. We say, indeed, that finally—in the last resort—a certain disposition of soul is required for the due apprehension of Christian truth; that the process of apprehension contains an act of faith which cannot be evaded, and that the rationalist who will accept nothing but what his reason can endorse is merely refusing the divine condition on which God's gift is offered to him. But that a religion which is not justified and ordered by reason is a religion full of danger—is not a religion, indeed, but a mysticism—we know as well as you do, and the English Church needs no one to teach her an elementary lesson. Eng-

lish theology wants no apologist, and the man who has not already gone over to the restlessness of unbelief need not leave his own Church in quest of guides. Will you find more learning in all Germany than you can get in Westcott and Lightfoot? a better historian than Bishop Stubbs? a more omniscient knowledge of the history of criticism and the canon than Dr. Salmon will give you, if you take the trouble to read his books? In all that you have been saying I see—forgive me!—a ludicrous want of perspective and proportion. Why this craze for German books and German professors? Are there no thinkers in the world but German ones? And what is the whole history of German criticism but a history of brilliant failures, from Strauss downward? One theorist follows another—now Mark is uppermost as the *Ur-Evangelist*, now Matthew—now the Synoptics are sacrificed to St. John, now St. John to the Synoptics. Baur relegates one after another of the Epistles to the second century because his theory cannot do with them in the first. Harnack tells you that Baur's theory is all wrong, and that Thessalonians and Philipians must go back again. Volkmar sweeps together Gospels and Epistles in a heap toward the middle of the second century as the earliest date for almost all of them; and Dr. Abbot, who, as we are told, has absorbed all the learning of all the Germans, puts Mark before 70 A.D., Matthew just about 70 A.D., and Luke about 80 A.D. ! Strauss's mythical theory is dead and buried by common consent; Baur's tendency theory is much the same; Renan will have none of the Tübingen school; Volkmar is already antiquated; and Pfleiderer's fancies are now in the order of the day. Meanwhile, we who believe in a risen Lord look quietly on, while the 'higher criticism' swallows its own offspring. When you have settled your own case, we say to your friends and teachers, then ask us to listen to you. Meanwhile we are practical men: the poor and wretched are at our gates, and sin, sorrow, death, stand aside for no one!"

Merriman had been watching his companion during this outburst with a curious expression, half combative, half in-

dulgent. When Ronalds stopped, he took a long breath.

"I don't know whether you have read many of the books?" he asked shortly.

"No, I don't read German; and I am a busy parish clergyman with little time to spare for superfluities. But, as you remind me, S——'s lectures taught one a good deal, and I follow the matter in the press and the magazines, or in conversation, as I come across it."

Merriman smiled.

"I suppose your answer would be the answer of four-fifths of English clergymen, if the question were put to them. Well, then, I am to take it for granted, Ronalds, that to you the whole of German New Testament *Wissenschaft*, or, at any rate, what calls itself 'the German critical school,' is practically indifferent. You regard it, in the words of a recent *Quarterly* article, as 'an attack' which has 'failed.' Very well, let us leave the matter there for the present. Suppose we go to the Old Testament. Were you at the Manchester Church Congress last year, and, if so, what was your impression?"

Ronalds leaned forward, looked steadily into the fire, and did not answer for a moment or two. An expression of pain and perplexity gradually rose in the delicate face, in strong contrast with the inspiration, the confidence of his previous manner.

"You mean as to the Historical Criticism debate?"

Merriman nodded.

"It was extraordinarily interesting—very painful in some ways. I doubt the wisdom of it. It raised more questions than it solved. Since then I have had it much in my mind; but my life gives me no time to work at the subjects in detail."

"Did it, or did it not, prove to your mind, as it did to mine, that there is a vital change going on, not only in the lay, but in the clerical conceptions of the Old Testament? Did your memory, like mine, travel back to Pusey, to the condemnation of Colenso by all the Bishops and five-sixths of Convocation, to the writers in the *Speaker's Commentary* who refuted him?"

"There is a change, certainly," said Ronalds slowly; "but"—and he raised his head with a light gesture, as of one

shaking off a weight—"my faith is not bound up with the religious books of the Jews—'God spake through the prophets,' through Israel's training, through the Psalms—leave me that faith, which, indeed, in its broad essential elements, you have never yet been able to touch; give me the Gospels and St. Paul, and I at least am content."

"My faith is not bound up with the religious books of the Jews," repeated Merriman. "I noticed almost a similar sentence in an article by the Bishop of Carlisle rather more than a year ago. What it means is that you and he have adopted, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, the standpoint of *Essays and Reviews*. He is a Bishop, you a High Churchman. Yet thirty years ago the Bishops and the High Churchmen prosecuted *Essays and Reviews* in two Ecclesiastical Courts; and Jowett's essay, in which the thoughts you have just expressed were practically embodied, cost him at Oxford his salary as professor. But to return to the Church Congress. The distinctive note of its most distinctive debate, as it seems to me, was the glorification of 'criticism,' especially, no doubt, in relation to the Old Testament. Turn to the passages. I have the report here"—and he drew the volume toward him and turned up some marked pages. "First, 'I hold it to be established beyond all controversy that the Pentateuch in its present form was not written by Moses.' That comes from the Dean of Peterborough. The same speaker says, further, 'Of the composite character of the Hexateuch there can be no question.' The proofs have been often set forth," says Dr. Robertson Smith, "and never answered." To say that they have any connection with rationalistic principles is simply to say that scholarship and rationalism are identical, for on this point Hebraists of all schools are agreed.'—But if the Hexateuch be composite, a reduction of different documents from unknown hands, by an unknown editor, what becomes of its scriptural authority—what especially becomes of the doctrine of the Fall?—Poor Pusey! with his 'amazement' that any mind could be shaken by such arguments as those contained in the first book of Colenso; or poor Wilberforce, with his contempt



for the 'old and often refuted cavils' brought forward by the assailants of the Pentateuch!

"But there is another passage a little further on in the Congress debate, which would have touched Pusey still more nearly. 'The certainties already attained by criticism,' cries Professor Cheyne triumphantly, 'are neither few nor unimportant. Think of the Pentateuch, Isaiah, Daniel, and Ecclesiastes!' 'Think of Daniel!' One can still hear Pusey thundering away: 'Others who wrote in defence of the faith engaged in large subjects. I took for my province one more confined but definite issue. I selected the Book of Daniel. What I have proposed to myself in this course of lectures is to meet a boastful criticism upon its own grounds, and to show its failure where it claims to be most triumphant.' 'I have answered the objections raised,' he declares; but he cannot 'affect to believe that they have any special plausibility.' What loftiness of tone all through! what a sternness of moral indignation toward the miserable sceptics, whose theories as to Daniel and the rest have been let loose, through *Essays and Reviews*, 'on the young an uninstructed'! Well, five-and-twenty years go by, and the Church of England practically gives its verdict as between Pusey and the German or English infidels whom he trampled on, and, in spite of that tone of Apostolic certainty, judgment goes finally, even within the Church, not for the Anglican leader, but for the 'infidels'! The Book of Daniel, despite a hesitating protest here and there, like that of Dr. Stanley Leathes, or some bewildered country clergyman writing to the *Guardian*, comes quietly and irrevocably down to 165 B.C., and the Hexateuch, dissolved more or less into its original sources, announces itself as the peculiar product of that Jewish religious movement which, beginning under Josiah, strengthens with the Exile, and yields its final fruits long after the Exile! . . .

"But this whole debate is remarkable to a degree—as a debate of a Church Congress. It is penetrated and preoccupied with the claims of 'criticism.' Its subject is whether 'critical results' (especially in connection with the Old Testament) are to be taught from the

pulpits of the Church of England, and these results, as described by almost all the speakers, involve a complete reconstruction of an English Churchman's ideas on the subject of the early history, laws, and religion of the Jews—matters which he has always regarded, and which, indeed, he logically must regard as intimately bound up with his Christian faith. Now all this, especially as one looks back twenty-five years, to the Synodical condemnation of Colenso, and of *Essays and Reviews*, strikes one as a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon. The question is, *what forces have brought it about?* Well, there can be very little debate as to that. No doubt science and Professor Huxley have had their way with the Mosaic cosmogony, and the methods and spirit of science provide an atmosphere which insensibly affects all our modes of thought. But we are passing out of the scientific phase of Old Testament criticism. That has, so to speak, done its work. It is the literary and historical phase which is now uppermost. And in the matter of the literary history of the Old Testament the present collapse of English orthodoxy is due to one cause, as far as I can see, and one cause only—the invasion of English by German thought. Instead of marching side by side with Germany and Holland during the last thirty years, as we might have done, had our theological faculties been other than what they are, we have been attacked and conquered by them; we have been skirmishing or protesting, feeding ourselves with the *Record* and the *Church Times*, reading the *Speaker's Commentary*, or the productions of the Christian Evidence Society, till the process of penetration from without has slowly completed itself, and we find ourselves suddenly face to face with such a fact as this Church Congress debate, and the rise and marked success of a younger school of critics—Cheyne, Driver, Robertson Smith—whom the Germans may fairly regard as the captives of their bow and spear.

"For look at the names of scholars quoted in this very debate—all of them German, with the great exception of Kuenen! And look back over the history of the Pentateuchal controversy itself! It begins in Holland with Spi-

noza, or in France with the oratorian Richard Simon, two hundred years ago. Simon starts the literary criticism of the Mosaic books, from the Catholic side. Jean le Clerc, a Dutch Protestant theologian in Amsterdam, about 1685, starts the historical method, inquires as to the time and circumstances of composition, and so on—first conceives it, in fact, as an historical problem. Seventy years later comes the Montpellier physician, Jean Astruc. He first notices the key to the whole enigma, the distinctive use made of the words 'Elohim' and 'Jahveh.' This leads him to the supposition of different strata in the Pentateuch, and from him descend in direct line Kuenen and Wellhausen.—It is instructive, by the way, to notice that all the time Astruc will have nothing to say to arguments against the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. 'That,' he says scornfully, 'was the disease of the last century'—an 'attack,' in fact, which had 'failed'!—Well, then Astruc's *Conjectures* pass into Germany, and meet there at first with very much the same reception from German orthodoxy that English orthodoxy gave Colenso. Till Eichhorn's *Einleitung* appears. From that point the patient, industrious mind of Germany throws itself seriously on the problem, and a whole new and vast development begins. Thenceforward not a name of any importance that is not German, except that of Kuenen, who is altogether German in method and science, down to our own day, when at last among ourselves a school of English scholars trained in the German results, and enthusiastically eager to diffuse them, has risen to take away our reproach, and has hardly begun to work before the effects on English popular religion are everywhere conspicuous.

"Well, I don't know what you feel, Ronalds, but all these things to me, at any rate, are immensely significant. I say to myself, it has taken some thirty years for German critical science to conquer English opinion in the matter of the Old Testament. But, except in the regions of an either illiterate or mystical prejudice, that conquest is now complete. How much longer will it take before we feel the victory of the same science, carried on by the same methods

and with the same ends, in a field of knowledge infinitely more precious and vital to English popular religion than the field of the Old Testament—before Germany imposes upon us not only her conceptions with regard to the history and literature of the Jews, but also those which she has been elaborating for half a century with regard to that history which is the natural heir and successor of the Jewish—the history of Christian origins?"

"In your opinion, no doubt, a very few years indeed," returned Ronalds, recovering that attractive cheerfulness of look which was characteristic of him. "As for me, I see no necessary connection between the two subjects. The period covered by the New Testament is much narrower, the material of a different quality, the evidence infinitely more accessible, the possibility of mistakes on the part of the Church infinitely less. And whatever may be said of our Old Testament scholarship, not even the most self-satisfied German can speak disrespectfully of us in the matter of the New. As I said before, with men like Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, and Salmon as the leaders and champions of our faith on the intellectual side, we have very little, as it seems to me, to fear from any sceptical foreign *Wissenschaft*. Besides, what can be more unfair, Merriman, than to speak as if the whole of this *Wissenschaft* were on one side? Neander, Weiss, Dörner, Tischendorf, Luthardt; these are names as famous in the world as any of the so-called 'critical' names, and they are the names, not of assailants, but of defenders of our faith. And as to the assault on the Christian documents, we can appeal not only to Christian writers but to a sceptic like Renan, in whose opinion the assault has been repulsed and discredited. No! here at least we are stronger, not weaker, than we were thirty years ago. Every weapon that a hostile science could suggest has been brought to bear against the tower of our faith, and it stands more victoriously than ever, foursquare to all the winds that blow."

"And meanwhile every diocesan conference rings with the wail over 'infidel opinions,'" said Merriman quietly. "It grows notoriously more and more difficult to get educated men to take any

interest in the services or doctrines of the Church, though they will join eagerly in its philanthropy; literature and the periodical press are becoming either more indifferent or more hostile to the accepted Christianity year by year; the upper strata of the working class, upon whom the future of that class depends, either stand coldly aloof from all the Christian sects, or throw themselves into secularism; and Archdeacon Farrar, preaching on the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, passionately appeals to all sections of Christians to close their ranks, not against each other, but against the 'scepticism rampant' among the cultivated class, and the religious indifference of the democracy.—But let me take your points in order. No doubt there is a large and flourishing school of orthodox theology in Germany. So, seventy years ago, there was a large and flourishing school in Germany of defenders of the Mosaic authorship and date of the Pentateuch. One can run over the names—Fritzsche, Scheibel, Jahn, Dahler, Rosenmüller, Herz, Hug, Sack, Pustkuchen, Kanne, Meyer, Stäudlin—who now remembers one of them? Of all their books, says a French Protestant, sketching the controversy, *il n'est resté que le souvenir d'un héroïque et impuissant effort*. It is not their work, but that of their opponents, which has lived and penetrated, has transformed opinion and is moulding the future. They represented the exceptional, the traditional, the miraculous, and they have had to give way to the school representing the normal, the historical, the rational. And yet not one of them but did not believe that he had crushed De Wette and all his works! Is not all probability, all analogy, all the past, so to speak, on our side when we prophesy a like fate for those schools of the present which, in the field of Christian origins, represent the exceptional, the traditional, the miraculous? For what we have been witnessing so far is the triumph of a principle, of an order of ideas, and this principle, this order, belongs to us, not to you, and is as applicable to Christian history as it is to Jewish.

"Then as to our own theology. Let me be disrespectful to no one. But I should like to ask you what possibility is there in this country of a scientific,

that is to say an unprejudiced, an unbiassed study of theology, under present conditions? All our theological faculties are subordinate to the Church; the professors are clergymen, the examiners in the theological schools must be in priest's orders. They are, in fact, in that position to which the reactionary orthodoxy of Germany tried—unsuccessfully—to reduce the German universities after '48. Read the protest of the theological faculty of Göttingen against an attempt of the sort. It is given, if I remember right, in Hausrath's *Life of Strauss*, and you will realize the opinion of learned Germany as to the effect of such a relation between the Church and the universities as obtains here, on the progress of knowledge. The results of our English system are precisely what you might expect—great industry, and great success in textual criticism, in all the branches of what the Germans call the *niedere Kritik*, complete sterility, as far as the higher criticism—that is to say the effort to reconceive Christianity in the light of the accumulations of modern knowledge—is concerned.\* When Pattison made his proposals as to the reorganization of studies at Oxford, he did not trouble himself to include therein any proposals as to the theological faculty. Until the whole conditions under which that faculty exists could be altered, he knew that to meddle with it would be useless. All that could be expected from it was a certain amount of exegetical work and a more or less respectable crop of apologetic, and that it produced. But he did not leave the subject without drawing up a comparison between the opportunities of the

\* It is clear that Merriman has here overlooked certain names he might have mentioned—those of Dr. Hatch and Dr. Sanday for instance—and outside the Church of England and the theological faculties, those of R. W. Macan, the author of one of the most comprehensive and scholarly monographs that exist in English, of the veteran Dr. Davidson, of Mr. R. F. Horton, whose illogical and interesting book on *The Inspiration of Scripture* breathes change and transition in every page, of Dr. Drummond, whose admirable *Philo* is full of the best spirit of modern learning. But three or four swallows do not make a summer, and Merriman's mind is evidently possessed with the thought of that atmosphere, that vast surrounding literature which in Germany supports and generates the individual effort.

theological student at Oxford and those of the same student at any German university—a comparison which set one thinking. His complaints of the quality and range of English theological research have been often repeated; they were echoed at last year's Church Congress by Professor Cheyne—but, in fact, the matter is notorious. You have only to glance from the English field to the German, from our own cramped conditions and meagre product to the German abundance and variety, to appreciate Pattison's remark in the *Westminster*, in 1857. I forget the exact words—it is a misnomer to speak of *German* theology. It is more properly the theology of the age—the only scientific treatment of the materials which exists. Like other great movements, it rises in this country or that, but it ends by penetrating into all. For my own part, I believe that we in England, with regard to this German study of Christianity, are now at the beginning of an epoch of *popularisation*. The books which record it have been studied in England, Scotland, and America with increasing eagerness during the last fifteen years by a small class; in the next fifteen years we shall probably see their contents reproduced in English form and penetrating public opinion in a new and surprising way. A minimum of readers among us read German, and translations only affect a small and mostly professional stratum of opinion. But when we get our own English lives of Christ and histories of the primitive Church, written on German principles in the tone and speech familiar to the English world, then will come the struggle. With regard to the Old Testament, this is precisely what has happened—the struggle has come—and already we see much of the result.

"Finally as to Renan"—Merriman lay back in his chair, and a smile broadened over the whole face—"I am always puzzled by the readiness with which the Englishman uses Renan as a stick to beat the Germans. Forgive me, Ronalds—but doesn't it sometimes occur to you that the Germans may have something to say about Renan? Isn't their whole contention about him that he is a great artist, a brilliant historian, but an uncertain critic? Amiel,

who, though a Genevese, was brought up at Berlin, exactly expresses German opinion when he lays stress on the contradiction in Renan 'between the literary taste of the artist, which is delicate, individual, and true, and the opinions of the critic, which are borrowed, old-fashioned, and wavering.' In the course of time this judgment becomes patent to Renan, and the result appears in certain uncivil passages about young German professors in the preface to *Les Évangiles* and elsewhere. What matter? The face of knowledge remains the same. Renan is still, as Taine long ago remarked, the main expounder of German theological *Wissenschaft* for the world in general; in spite of his own great learning the *Origines du Christianisme* could not have been written without the thirty years of German labor lying behind it. And, as a principle—whether it is a great Frenchman determined to combine the artist with the savant, or an Englishman struggling to fuse Anglicanism with learning, as soon as it comes to serious differences between them and the German critical schools, I can only say that the impartial historical spectator will be all for the chances of the Germans, simply from his knowledge of the general lie of the field! Oh, these Germans! and the speaker shook his head with an expression half humorous, half protesting. "Yes, we arraign them, and justly, for their type and their style, their manners or no-manners, their dulness and their length. And all the time, what Taine said long ago in his study of Carlyle remains as true as ever. Let me turn to the passage, I have pondered it often," and he drew a little note-book to him, which was lying beside his hand.

Thus at the end of the last century there rose into being the philosophic genius of Germany, which, after engendering a new metaphysic, a new theology, a new poetry, a new literature, a new philology, a new exegesis, a new learning, is now descending into all the sciences, and there carrying on its evolution. No spirit more original, more universal, more fruitful in consequences of all sorts, more capable of transforming everything and remaking everything, has shown itself in the world for three hundred years. It is of the same significance, the same rank as that of the Renaissance and that of the Classical Period. Like those earlier forces, it draws to itself all the best endeavor of contemporary intelligence, it appears as they did in



every civilized country, it represents as they did "un des moments de l'histoire du monde."

The enthusiast dropped the book, with a smile at his own warmth. Ronalds smiled too, but more sadly, and the two friends sat silent awhile. Merriman filled a new pipe, his keen look showing the rise within him of thoughts as quick and numerous as the spirals of blue smoke which presently came and went between him and his friend.

After a minute or two he said, bending forward:

"But all that, Ronalds, was by the way. Let me go back to myself and this change of view I am trying to explain to you. You have given me your opinion, which I suppose is a very common one among English Churchmen, that the whole movement of German critical theology is an 'attack' which has 'failed,' that the orthodox position is really stronger than before it began, and so on. Well, let me put side by side with that conviction of yours, my own, which has been gained during eighteen months' intense effort, spent all of it on German soil, in the struggle to understand something of the past history and the present situation of German critical theology. Take it from 1835, fifty-four years.—Practically the movement which matters to us begins with the shock and scandal of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which appeared in that year. Strauss, who like Renan was an artist and a writer, derived, as we all know, his philosophical impulse from Hegel, his critical impulse from Schleiermacher. Philosophically he appealed from Hegel the orthodox conservative to Hegel the thinker. 'You taught us,' he says in effect to his great teacher, 'that there are two elements in all religion, the passing and the eternal, the relative and the absolute, the *Vorstellung* and the *Begriff*. The particular system of dogmas put forward by any religion is the *Vorstellung* or presentation, the *Begriff* or idea is the underlying spiritual reality common to it and presumably other systems besides. Why in Christianity have you gone so far toward identifying the two? Why this exception? for what reasons have you allowed to the *Vorstellung* in Christianity a value which belongs only to the *Begriff*? Your reasons must rest upon the Christian evidence.

But the evidence cannot bear the weight. Examine it carefully and you will see that the particular statements which it makes are really only *Vorstellung* as in other religions, the imaginative mythical elements which hide from us the Idea or *Begriff*. The idea which is expressed in Christian theology is the idea of God in man. The incarnation, death, and resurrection of Jesus are shadows of the eternal generation, the endless self-repetition of the Divine life. The single facts are mere sensuous symbols. "To the idea in the fact, to the race in the individual, our age wishes to be led." Naturally to achieve this end the Gospels as history had to be swept away. And they were remorselessly swept away. Something indeed remained. There was a Jewish teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, in whom contemporary truth saw first the Messiah, then the Son of God, then the Logos. But his life and character were comparatively unimportant—so it stood, at least, in the earliest and latest *Leben Jesu*; what was important was the idealizing mythopoetic faculty which from the Jesus of the Galilean Lake evolved the Christ of Bethlehem, of the miracles, of the Resurrection, of theology. Thus the whole method was speculative and *à priori*. There was in it a minimum of history, a minimum indeed of literary criticism. Strauss criticised the contents of the Christian literature without understanding the literary and historical conditions which had produced it. Of the real life and culture of the men who wrote it, of the real historical conditions surrounding the person of Jesus, he had almost as little notion as the dogmatic historians who undertook to answer him.

"Luckily, however, not only orthodoxy, but the spirit of history, took alarm, and from the revolt of history against hypothesis began the Tübingen school. Baur, that veteran of knowledge, was struck, in the first place, with the fact which Strauss's book revealed, that a scientific knowledge of Christian sources was as yet wanting to theology; in the next he was imbued with the conception that the Gospels had been till then placed in a false perspective both by Strauss and New Testament criticism generally—that not they, but the Pauline Epistles, represent the earliest and di-

rectest testimony we have to Christian belief. From this standpoint he began a complete re-examination of early Christian literature, conceiving it as a chapter in the history of thought. How did the circle of disciples surrounding Jesus of Nazareth broaden into the Catholic Church? Can the steps of that development be traced in the books of the New Testament? If so, how are the separate books to be classed and interpreted with relation to the general movement? We all know the famous answer, how the Catholic Church of the second century is but the product of a great compromise come to under the pressure of heresy by the two primitive opposing parties, the Petrine and the Pauline, which for about a hundred years had divided Christian literature between them, so that all its products, Gospels, Epistles, and Apocalypse, are, in a sense, pamphlets, controversial documents written in the interests of one or the other body of opinion. Well, here at last was history—as compared either with Strauss's philosophizing, or with the idyllic but unintelligible picture presented by the Early Church as it was drawn, say, by Neander. But it was not yet *pure history*. It was marred by a too great love of system-making, of arbitrary antithesis and formulæ, learned, of course, from Hegel, which took far too little account of the variety, the *nuances*, the complexity and many-sidedness which belonged to the early Christian life, as to all life, but especially the rich and fermenting life of a nascent religion. The clew was found, but in spite of the genius of Baur—and to my mind we owe to him all that we really *know* at the present moment about the New Testament—it had been too arbitrarily and confidently followed up.

"Again history protested, and again critical theology fell patiently to work.

"It was conscious of two wants—a deeper and more comprehensive understanding of the personality and work of Jesus, which Baur, who had thrown a flood of light on Paul, had notoriously left unattempted; and in the second place, it was striving toward a more life-like and convincing picture of the early Christian society. From a study of Christian ideas, it passed to a closer study of the conditions under which

they arose, of that whole culture, social and intellectual, Jewish or Hellenic, of which they were presumably the product. Collateral knowledge poured in on all sides—of the history of religions, of Roman institutions, of the developments and ramifications of Hellenic and Hellenistic thought. The workers following Baur fell into different groups: Hilgenfeld on the right, softening and moderating Baur's more negative conclusions; Volkmar on the left, developing them extravagantly, yet evolving in the process an amount of learning, ingenuity, and suggestiveness which will leave its mark when his specific conclusions as to the dates of the New Testament books are no longer remembered. Meanwhile two oppositions to the Tübingen school had shown themselves—the dogmatic and the scientific. Of the first not much need be said. Its most honored name is that of Bernhard Weiss, but the great majority of its books, written to meet the orthodox needs of the moment, are already forgotten. On the other hand, the scientific opposition represented by Reuss, Rothe, Ewald, and Ritschl did admirable work. It brought Baur's ideas to the test in every possible way, and it supplied fresh ideas, fresh solutions of its own. Reuss's cautious and exhaustive method led the student to think out the whole problem for himself anew; Rothe drew out the debt of Christianity to Greek and Latin institutions; while Ritschl tracked out shades and *nuances* in early Christianity which Baur's over-logical method had missed.

"The years went on. With each the spirit of the time became more historical, more concrete. The forces generated by the great German historical school, by Ranke, and Mommsen, and Waitz, and by the offshoots of this school in France and England, made themselves felt more and more on theological ground. A new series of biographies of Jesus began. Strauss, after an abstinence of twenty years from theology, issued a new edition of the *Leben Jesu*, largely modified by concessions to a more historical and positive spirit. Schenkel published his *Charakterbild Jesu*, by which, in spite of what we should call its Broad Church orthodoxy, German clerical opinion was almost a

violently exercised as it had been by Strauss thirty years before. Keim began his most interesting, most important, and most imperfect book, *Jesus von Nazara*, and beyond the frontier Renan brought the results of two generations' labor within the reach of the whole educated world by the historical brilliance and acumen thrown into the successive volumes of the *Origines*. In all this a generation has passed away since Baur died, and we are brought again to a point where we can provisionally strike a balance of results. Do you remember Harnack's article on the present state of critical theology in the *Contemporary* two years or more ago? Harnack is a man of great ability and extraordinary industry, largely read in Germany and beginning to be largely read here. Well—as compared with the state of knowledge thirty years ago, when the Tübingen school was at its height, his verdict on the knowledge of to-day is simply this—'richer in historical points of view.' Harnack himself has carried opposition to some of the most characteristic Tübingen conclusions almost to extravagance; but here in this careful and fair-minded summary is not a word of disrespect to a famous school and 'a great master,' not a word of an 'attack' which has 'failed.' Because the person who is speaking knows better! Yet he draws with a firm hand the positive advances, the altered aspects of knowledge. Why have we come to know more of that problem of the rise of Catholicism, to which Baur devoted his life, than Baur could ever know? Simply because 'we have grown more realistic, more elastic, the historical temper has developed, we have acquired the power of transplanting ourselves into other times. Great historians—men like Ranke—have taught us this. Then we have realized that all history is one, that religion and church history is a mere section of the whole history of a period, and cannot be understood except in relation to that whole.' And so on. My whole experience in Germany was an illustration of these words. As compared with my Oxford divinity training, it was like passing from a world of shadows to a world of living and breathing humanity. Each of my three professors on his own ground was grappling with

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the secret of the past, drawing it out with the spells of learning, sympathy, and imagination, working all the while perfectly freely, unhampered by subscription or articles, or the requirements of examinations. Our own theology can show nothing like it; the most elementary conditions of such work are lacking among us; it will take the effort of a generation to provide them.

"Two books in particular occur to me—if you are not weary of my disquisition!—as representing this most recent phase of development; Schürer's *Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes im Zeitalter Jesu Christi*, and Hausrath's *Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte*. In the first you have a minute study of all the social and intellectual elements in the life of Judæa and Judaism generally, at the time of the appearance of Christianity. In the second you have the same materials, only handled in a more consecutive and artistic way, and as a setting first for the life of Jesus, and afterward for the history of the Apostles. If you compare them with Strauss, you see with startling clearness how far we have travelled in half a century. There, an empty background, an effaced personality, and in its stead the play of philosophical abstraction. Here, a landscape of extraordinary detail and realism, peopled with the town and country populations which belong to it; Pharisee and Essene, Sadducee and Hellenist, standing out with the dress and utterance and gesture native to each; and in their midst the figure which is at last becoming real, intelligible, human, as it has never yet been, and which in these latter days we are beginning again to see with something of the vision of those who first loved and obeyed!—The contrast sets us looking back with wonder over the long, long road. But there is no break in it, no serious deviation. From the beginning till now the driving impulse has been the same—the impulse to *understand*, the yearning toward a unified and rationalized knowledge. Each step has been necessary, and each step a development. A diluted and falsified history was first driven out by thought, which was then, as it were, left alone for a time on ground cleared by violence; now a juster thought has replaced the old losses by a truer his-

tory, a fuller and exacter range of conceptions.—An *'attack'* which has *'failed.'*—Could any description be more ludicrous than this common English label applied to a great and so far triumphant movement of thought? Looking back over the controversy, whether as to the Old Testament or the New, I see a similar orthodox judgment asserting itself again and again—generally as an immediate prelude to some fresh and imposing development of the critical process—and again and again routed by events. At the present moment it could only arise, like your quotation of Renan, if you will let me say so—and I mean no offence—in a country and amid minds for the most part willingly ignorant of the whole actual situation. Just as much as the criticism of Roman institutions and primitive Roman history has failed, just as much as the scientific investigation of Buddhism during the present century has failed, in the same degree has the critical investigation of Christianity failed—no more! In all three fields there has been the same alternation of hypothesis and verification, of speculative thought modified by controlling fact. But because some of Niebuhr's views as to the trustworthiness of Livy have been corrected here and there in a more conservative sense by his successors—because Sénart's speculations as to the mythical elements of Buddhism have been checked in certain directions by the conviction of a later school, that from the Pāli texts now being brought to light a greater substratum of fact may be recovered for the life of Buddha and the primitive history of his order than was at one time suspected—because of these fluctuations of scholarship you do not point a hasty finger of scorn at the modern studies of Roman history or of Buddhism! Still less, I imagine, are you prepared to go back to an implicit belief in Rhea Sylvia, or to find the miracles of early Buddhism more historically convincing!"

Ronalds looked up quickly. "We do not admit your parallel for a moment! In the first place, the Christian phenomena are unique in the history of the world, and cannot be profitably compared on equal terms with any other series of phenomena. In the second, the variations which do not substantially

affect the credit of scholarship in matters stretching so far over time and place as Roman history or Buddhism are of vital consequence when it comes to Christianity. The period is so much narrower, the possibilities so much more limited. To throw back the Gospels from the second century, where Baur and Volkmar placed them, to the last thirty years of the first is practically to surrender the bases of the rationalist theory. You give yourself no time for the play of legend, and instead of idealizing followers writing mythical and hearsay accounts, the critic himself brings us back into the presence of either eye-witnesses, or at any rate the reporters of eye-witnesses. He has treated the testimony as he pleased, has subjected it to every harsh irreverent test his ingenuity could suggest, and instead of either getting rid of it wholesale, or forcing it into the mould of his own arbitrary conceptions, he is obliged to put up with it, to acknowledge in it a power he cannot over-pass—the witness of truth to the living truth!"

"'Obliged to put up with it'!" said Merriman with a smile, in which, however, there was a touch of deep melancholy. "How oddly such a phrase describes that patient loving investigation of every vestige and fragment of Christian antiquity which has been the work of the critical school, and to which the orthodox Church, little as she will acknowledge it, owes all the greater reasonableness and livingness of her own modern Christianity! On the contrary, Ronalds, men like Harnack and Haus-rath have no quarrel with Christian testimony, no antipathy whatever to what it has to say. They have simply by long labor come to *understand* it, to be able to *translate* it. They, and a vast section of the thinking Christian world with them, have merely learned not to ask of that testimony more than it can give. They have come to recognize that it was conditioned by certain necessities of culture, certain laws of thought; that in a time which had no conception of history, or of accurate historical reporting in our sense—a time which produced the allegorical interpretations of Alexandria, the Rabbinical interpretations of St. Paul and the Gospels, the historical method of Josephus, the supersti-



tions of Justin and Papias, the childish criticism and information of Irenæus, and the mass of pseudepigraphical literature which meets us at every turn before, and in, and after the New Testament—it is useless to expect to find a history which is not largely legend, a tradition which is not largely delusion. Led by experience gathered not only from Christian history, but from all history, they expect beforehand what the Christian documents reveal. They see a sense of history so weak that, in preserving the tradition of the Lord, it cannot keep clear and free from manifest contradiction even the most essential facts, not even the native place of his parents, the duration of his ministry, the date of his death, the place and time and order of the Resurrection appearances, the length of the mysterious period intervening between the Resurrection and the Ascension; and in preserving the tradition of the Apostles, it cannot record with certainty for their disciples even the most essential facts as to their later lives, the scenes of their labors, the manner of their deaths. On all these points the documents show naively—as all early traditions do—the most irreconcilable discrepancies. The critical historian could have foretold them, finds them the most natural thing in the world. On the other hand, he grows familiar, as the inquiry goes deeper, with that fund of fancy and speculation, of superstitious belief, or nationalist hope, in the mind of the first Christian period, the bulk of which he knows to be much older than the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, and wherein he can trace the elements which conditioned the activity of the Master, and colored all the thoughts of his primitive followers about him. He measures the strength of these fantastic or poetical conceptions of nature and history by the absence or weakness, in the society producing them, of that controlling logical and scientific instinct which it has been the work of succeeding centuries, of the toil of later generations, to develop in mankind; and when he sees the passion of the Messianic hope, or the Persian and Parsee conceptions of an unseen world which the course of history had grafted on Judaism, or the Hellenistic speculation with which the Jewish Dispersion

was everywhere penetrated, or the mere natural love of marvel which every populace possesses, and more especially an Eastern populace—when he watches these forces either shaping the consciousness of Jesus, or dictating the forms of belief and legend and dogma in which his followers cast the love and loyalty roused by a great personality—this also he could have foretold, this also is the most natural thing in the world. For to realize the necessity, the inevitableness, of these three features in the story of Christianity, he has only to look out on the general history of religions, of miracle, of sacred biography, of inspired books, to see the same forces and the same processes repeating themselves all over the religious field.

“So in the same way with the penetration and success of Christianity—the ‘moral miracle,’ which is to convince us of Christian dogma, when the appeal to physical miracle fails. To the historian there is no miracle, moral or physical, in the matter, any more than there is in the rise of Buddhism or of any other of those vast religious systems with which the soil of history is strewn. He sees the fuel of a great ethical and spiritual movement, long in preparation from many sides, kindled into flame by that spark of a great personality—a life of genius, a tragic death. He sees the movement shaping itself to the poetry, myth, and philosophy already existing when it began, he sees it producing a new literature, instinct with a new passion, simplicity and feeling. He watches it, as time goes on, appropriating the strength of Roman institutions, the subtleties of Greek thought, and although in every religious history, nay in every individual history, there remain puzzles and complexities which belong to the mysteries of the human organization, and which no critical process however sympathetic can ever completely fathom, still at the end the Christian problem is nearer a detailed solution for him than some others of the great religious problems of the world. How much harder for a European really to understand the vast spread and empire of Buddhism, its first rise, its tenacious hold on human life!

“But this relatively full understanding of the Christian problem is only

reached by a vigilant maintenance of that look-out over the whole religious field of which I spoke just now. Only so can the historian keep his instinct sharp, his judgment clear. It is this constant use indeed of the comparative method which distinguishes him from the orthodox critic, which divides, say a German like Harnack or Hausrath from an Englishman like Westcott. The German is perpetually bringing into connection and relation; the Englishman, like Westcott, on the contrary, under the influence of Mansel's doctrine of 'affection,' works throughout from an isolation, from the perpetual assumption of a special case. The first method is throughout scientific. The second has nothing to do with science. It has its own justification, no doubt, but it must not assume a name that does not belong to it."

"Now I see, Merriman, how little you really understand the literature you profess to judge!" cried Ronalds; "as if Westcott, who knows everything, and is forever bringing Christianity into relation with the forces about it, can be accused of isolating it! A passage from the *Gospel of the Resurrection* comes into my mind at the moment which is conclusive: 'Christianity is not an isolated system, but the result of a long preparation—Christianity cannot be regarded alone and isolated from its antecedents. To attempt to separate Christianity from Judaism and Hellenism is not to interpret Christianity, but to construct a new religion'—and so on. What can be more clear?"

"I speak from a knowledge of Westcott's books," said Merriman quietly. "The passages you quote concern the moral and philosophical phenomena of Christianity—I was speaking of the miraculous phenomena. No scholar of any eminence, whatever might have been the case fifty years ago, could at the present moment discuss the speculation and ethics of early Christendom without reference to surrounding conditions. So much the progress of knowledge has made impossible. But the procedure which the Christian apologist cannot maintain in the field of ideas he still maintains in the field of miracle and event. Do you find Westcott seriously sifting and comparing the narratives of healing, of rising from the dead, of visions, and so on,

which meet us in the New Testament, by the help of narratives of a similar kind to be found either in contemporary or later documents, of the materials offered by the history of other religions or of other periods of Christianity? And if the attempt is anywhere made, do you not feel all through that it is unreal, that the speaker's mind is made up, to begin with, under the influence of 'that affection which is part of insight' and that he starts his history from an assumption which has nothing to do with history? No! Westcott is an eclectic, or a schoolman, of the most delicate, interesting, and attractive type possible; but his great learning is for him not an instrument and means of conviction, it is a mere adornment of it."

There was a long pause, which Ronalds at last broke, looking at his friend with emotion in every feature.

"And the result of it all, Merriman, for Germany and for yourself? Is Germany the better or the nobler for all her speculation? Are you the happier?"

Merriman thought a while as he stood leaning over the fire; then he said, "Germany is in a religious state very difficult to understand, and the future of which is very difficult to forecast. To my mind, the chief evils of it come from that fierce reaction after '48 which prevented the convictions of liberal theology from mingling with the life and institutions of the people. Religion was for years made a question of politics and bureaucracy; and though the freedom of teaching was never seriously interfered with, the Church, which was for a long time the tool of political conservatism, organized itself against the liberal theological faculties, and the result has been a divorce between common life and speculative belief which affects the greater part of the cultivated class. The destructive forces of scientific theology have made them indifferent to dogma and formulæ, and reaction in Church and State has made it impossible for the new spiritual conceptions which belong to that theology to find new forms of religious action and expression."

"Religious action!" said Ronalds bitterly. "What religion is possible to men who regard Christ as a good man

with mistaken notions on many points, and God as an open question?"

"For me at the present moment," replied Merriman, with a singular gentleness, and showing in the whole expression of eye and feature, as he involuntarily moved nearer to his companion, a wish to soothe pain, a yearning to meet feeling with feeling, "that is not the point. The point is, What religion is possible to men, for whom God is the only reality, and Jesus that friend of God and man, in whom, through all human and necessary imperfection, they see the natural leader of their inmost life, the symbol of those religious forces in man which are primitive, essential, and universal?"

"What can a mere man, however good and eminent, matter to me," asked Ronalds impatiently, "eighteen centuries after his death? The idea that Christianity can be reconstructed on any such basis is the merest dream."

"Then, if so, history is realizing a dream! For while you and those who think with you, Ronalds, are discussing whether a certain combination is possible, that combination is slowly and silently establishing itself in human life all about you! You dispute and debate—*solvitur ambulando*. All over the world, in quiet German towns, in Holland, in the circles which represent some of the best life of France, in large sections of Scotch and English life, and in large sections of American life, these ideas which you ridicule as chimerical are being carried day by day into action, tried by all the tests which evil and pain can apply, and proving their power to help, inspire, and console human beings. All round us"—and the speaker drew himself up, an indescribable air of energy and hope pervading look and frame—"all round us I feel the New Reformation preparing, struggling into utterance and being! It is the product, the compromise of two forces, the scientific and the religious. In the English Reformed Church of the future, to which the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Independents, and the Unitarians will all contribute, and where in the Liberal forces now rising in each body will ultimately coalesce, science will find the religion with which, as it

has long since declared, through its wisest mouths, it has no rightful quarrel, and religion will find the science which belongs to it and which it needs. Ah! but when, *when?*"—and the tone changed to one of yearning and passion. "It is close upon us—it is prepared by all the forces of history and mind—its rise sooner or later is inevitable. But one has but the one life, and the years go by. Meanwhile the men whose hearts and heads are with us, who are our natural leaders, cling to systems which are for others, not for them, in which their faith is gone, and where their power is wasted, preaching a two-fold doctrine—one for the *elite* and one for the multitude—and so ignoring all the teachings of history as to the sources and conditions of the religious life."

He stopped, a deep momentary depression stealing over the face and attitude, which ten minutes before had expressed such illimitable hope. Again Ronalds put up his hand and laid it lingeringly on the arm beside him.

"And yourself, Merriman?"

Merriman looked down into the anxious friendly eyes, the moved countenance, and his own aspect gradually cleared. He spoke with a grave and mild solemnity as though making a confession of faith.

"I am content, Ronalds—inwardly more at rest than for years. This study of mine, which at first seemed to have swept away all, has given me back much. God—though I can find no names for Him—is more real, more present to me than ever before. And when in the intervals of my law-work I go back to my favorite books, it seems to me that I live with Jesus, beside Gennesareth, or in the streets of Jerusalem, as I never lived with him in the old days, when you and I were Anglicans together. I realize his historical limitations, and the more present they are to me, the more my heart turns to him, the more he means to me, and the more ready I am to go out into that world of the poor and helpless he lost his life for, with the thought of him warm within me. I do not put him alone, on any non-natural pinnacle; but history, led by the blind and yet divine instinct of the race, has lifted this life from the mass of lives, and in it we Europeans see certain ethical

and spiritual essentials concentrated and embodied, as we see the essentials of poetry and art and knowledge concentrated and embodied in other lives. And because ethical and spiritual things are more vital to us than art and knowledge, this life is more vital to us than those. Many others *may* have possessed the qualities of Jesus, or of Buddha, but circumstance and history have in each case decided as to the relative worth of the particular story, the particular inspiration, for the world in which it arose, in comparison with other stories or other inspirations; and amid the difficulties of existence, the modern European who persists in ignoring the practical value of this exquisite Christian inheritance of ours, or the Buddhist who should as yet look outside his own faith for the materials of a more rational religious development, is to my mind merely wasteful and impatient. We

must submit to the education of God—the revolt against miraculous belief is becoming now not so much a revolt of reason as a revolt of conscience and faith—but we must keep firm hold all the while of that vast heritage of feeling which goes back, after all, through all the overgrowths of dream and speculation to that strongest of all the forces of human life—the love of man for man, the trust of the lower soul in the higher, the hope and the faith which the leader and the hero kindles amid the masses.”

The two men remained silent a while. Then Ronalds rose from his chair and grasped his companion's hand.

“We are nearer than we seemed half an hour ago,” he said.

“And we shall come nearer yet,” said Merriman, smiling.

Ronalds shook his head, stayed chatting a while on indifferent subjects, and went.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

(First Notice.)

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. By James Bryce, M.P., author of “The Holy Roman Empire.” In two volumes. Pp. 751 and 743. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

It is not exaggeration to say that this masterly study of the Anglo-Saxon Civilization developed under the Republic of the United States is the most important contribution ever made to the subject. We say advisedly “a study of civilization.” The first glance at the work indicates an analysis of our political institutions. But with this survey of our public methods, our complex national, state, and municipal systems, we have an elaborate examination of the general play of the historic and social forces which in the past moulded our system into its individual forms, and which in the present gives vitality and significance to them. Mr. Bryce very early in his work lays down the axiom that American politics can only be understood and properly estimated in close connection with the general conditions of American life and character; and even more as a part of the evolution of American history. It will thus be seen that Mr. Bryce's book covers a much more comprehensive scope than any of its predecessors. The best-known work

which will at once come to mind for comparison with this is De Tocqueville's classic. Stimulating as is that treatise, it is in great measure conceived from the standpoint of the theorist or the doctrinaire, and while the author had made some practical study of our institutions, the reader is much more struck by the clearness and suggestiveness of his generalizations than by the accuracy of his observations. De Tocqueville, too, wrote at a time so early in our national development that our governmental methods were only on their trial. They had been insufficiently tested by time and the proof of fitness—they had undergone but few of those modifications which have since rounded and perfected their practical mould. The errors into which De Tocqueville, clear as were his political deductions, was betrayed were almost inseparable from the time and conditions under which he wrote. We have a right to look for different results in Mr. Bryce's book, and we are not disappointed.

The critic whose study of American institutions lies before us is eminently fitted for his task. A distinguished lawyer, a statesman of long experience, a historian of recognized rank, a scholar of profound and varied acquirements in that line of studies which throw light on public institutions, the author unites to



his general equipment a moral factor essential to all sound criticism. Everything must be primarily measured by its best, not by its worst. Appreciation must dominate depreciation, and while the latter always plays a valuable part, it must be kept in subordination. It is, therefore, a standard canon of the ethics of criticism, that no man can properly judge any human work or institution with which he is not, in general, sympathetic. Mr. Bryce is in feeling and by party ties a British liberal, and of course keenly appreciative of the ideals which lie at the bottom of political forms in this country. Yet the American will find more than a little in his judgments which, as a fanatical optimist and patriot, will arouse his dissent, perhaps his anger. To the thoughtful student Mr. Bryce's attitude will seem to strike a happy medium, with a decided leaning toward cordial admiration. In many cases his opinions, where he condemns, are such as have been expressed by Americans themselves. The American in formulating his views of his own country and countrymen is unconsciously prejudiced, and becomes the retained attorney of the cause. The judicial instinct would rarely be strong enough to control this tendency of Chauvinism. The very force of habit, the intellectual familiarity of his opinions, would deaden the impact of impressions made by both good and evil on his perceptions. It is for this reason that it is doubtful whether any American could write a book, so illuminating and suggestive a study, though he would probably avoid some of the minor mistakes which disfigure the book—mistakes almost unavoidable in a foreigner in writing on so complicated a topic. But these mistakes happen to be such as do not in the least lessen the value and essential veracity of the whole. Mr. Bryce made three or four long visits to America, and has travelled in every portion of it. He shows close familiarity with nearly every phase of life; and his command of American political, legal, and historical literature, which crop out in the elaborate foot-notes and in the body of the work, is most extensive.

"The American Commonwealth" is made the vehicle of an interesting comparative study. Nearly every branch of the political analysis is illustrated with a statement or the corresponding machinery of government in England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, of which the second and fourth are republics modelled, though not slavishly, after our own. The working value of the various methods is explained in each case. For example, the pre-

cise definition of the functions and the powers of the executives of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Switzerland sheds a clearer light on the exact value of our presidential office than would be possible of attainment by any other method of discussion. Mr. Bryce follows this plan throughout, and the result is one of the amplest interest and value to the reader.

The somewhat severe criticism of our national legislative methods, the concentration of effective shaping and moulding legislation in the hands of standing committees, is a point which has directed no little dissent on the part of many of our people from Mr. Bryce's views. This manner of procedure is in no way a part of the Constitution. It has grown up in the practical development of legislative work. Our author's tendency is to recognize the higher value of precedent, experience and flexibility as compared with the rigid written forms of cast-iron constitutions, though he clearly suggests the frequent need of such limitations. His criticism is, therefore, that of the practical man of affairs, and he sees that in many cases it permits legislation to be shaped and run by rings and cliques; and that it puts an enormous power in the hands of the Speaker of the House often much abused, and which might in unscrupulous hands lead to very evil results. But Mr. Bryce is fair enough to recognize that in a Congress elected under our system such a plan of procedure is almost inevitable to get work done with any measure of wisdom. The large number of untrained legislators—men but little fitted by education or mental habits for their duties—which every election throws into the House of Representatives, makes it necessary that the responsible work should be thrown into the hands of the more experienced members, and that the fitness of the new men should be sifted and established by proof before they are permitted to take much part in the real work of the House. In the Senate it is different. The logical tendency of things is to put into that body only men of recognized experience and fitness, and to keep them there. Mr. Bryce finds, on the whole, much matter of admiration in that conjoint exercise of executive power which the Senate shares with the President in the confirmation of appointments, and the conjoint exercise of legislative power on the part of the President through his "veto" power. He calls special attention to the fact that this mixture of functions has been rarely abused, and has worked largely for good.

The section devoted to the Supreme Court is of special interest. We have never seen so clear, complete, and penetrating an analysis of its functions. No American institution has called out more cordial admiration from foreigners, not only as organized under our constitutional charter, but as a great working fact in our system, which has been of priceless importance in our history, by the ease with which the practical reversal of an unjust law, if it bears hardly on the individual, may be secured. So much has the working of this admirable institution impressed foreigners, that the creation of similar bodies with the same power has often been advocated. Mr. Bryce, in referring to this and to the agitation on the part of certain English critics of their own political methods, calls attention to the fact that in Great Britain there is no written constitution, their so-called Constitution being an enormous body of precedent and habit. Parliament could with a single act wipe off from the slate all the present laws and methods, even abolish royalty itself, notwithstanding the Act of Succession under which George of Hanover came to the throne. Parliament is the all-potent fountain of authority, it is practically the Constitution, and its own interpreter. So we see that Great Britain is in the most radical sense the most arbitrary and untrammelled democratic government in the world. Mr. Bryce more than once intimates, in spite of his love and natural partiality for his own institutions, that a written constitution with a more exact delimitation of authority and jurisdiction would offer many advantages. It would certainly be a buttress against that possible violence of reforming enthusiasm, which has sometimes run to such wild excesses, and against which England is now best protected by the political genius of her people, which is so essentially conservative in its nature, so little ruffled by the storms of temper and utopian passion which have rocked the foundations of government in other countries.

To the Englishman the chapters on State government, the relation of which to the federal system has always been to him a most perplexing fact, will be of the greatest interest. It may be remarked, in passing, that the American reader should always bear in mind that this book is primarily written for the Englishman, and to enlighten the people of another country on subjects with which our own people are perfectly familiar. This will explain why Mr. Bryce so often repeats himself, as if to enforce certain unfamiliar facts and truths on the mind

in their relation to the general argument. The truth is made evident in the analysis of State government, which is nearly alike in essential methods in all of the minor sovereignties, which constitute the Union. The latter, after all, ever since the foundation of the Government, both in its history and practice, is the State in a larger sense and with certain additional powers as having a national and not merely a local jurisdiction. The Federal Constitution was modelled after the charters and royal enabling acts, the methods of political organization and government which were in effect during Colonial times, and which thus became the basis and guide of constitution-making. The same forms and methods, the same divisions of responsibility, the same relations of the Executive, the legislative, and judiciary departments characterize our constitutions great and small. What is curious to the foreigner is the separation of function as between the Federal and State systems. Mr. Bryce makes this, so far as the ordinary practical working is concerned, as clear as daylight, and discusses the vexed question of State sovereignty with a good deal of acumen, though his views on this obscure problem—an irritating theme even yet to our own publicists—will hardly commend themselves to either of the contending camps. This, in fact, is the profoundest problem in our politics, and even the results of the late war only settled one side of the question—the right of a State to secede at its own will. Mr. Bryce acutely calls attention to the fact, however, that the controversy is gradually settling itself by the inevitable logic of necessity, and that the increasing complications of society, business, and government seek solutions, as if by the unwilling consent of all parties concerned, in ways which would once have caused most violent agitation. That State jurisdiction in many most important matters has yielded to national jurisdiction, and often with the approval of the "States-rights" advocates, who have been most blatant in crying their theory as an inflexible measure of things, is a fact that no observer can ignore. The ease and quietude with which local interests are settled at home in the State legislature or the township meeting under our State system excites the warmest admiration of our author, and justly so. In spite of the fact that there is no European analogue which at all illustrates the intricate working of our system in its distinctions and interlacings, our author makes it reasonably clear to the attentive reader. He never loses sight of one

thing, and this furnishes a luminous clew to the English public, to whom the book is addressed. Our whole organization, State and national, is an evolution. Given our English ancestry and inheritance of law and political tradition, the various charters and concessions under which the Colonial governments were founded; given the geographical and social conditions of Colonial growth, and the development of our system shows itself to be a logical outcome of natural causes. In spite of our Revolutionary and Secession wars, there have been in no organic sense violent and abrupt transitions, no steps of change not directly in the line of natural and inevitable progress.

**NATURE AND MAN.** Essays Scientific and Philosophical. By William B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With an Introductory Chapter by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In this new tribute to the scientific ardor and research of one of the most eminent of Englishmen in those lines which he so steadfastly pursued, the general reader will turn with most interest to the biographical sketch by the son of the subject of the memorial. Dr. Carpenter lived to a ripe old age, one of the patriarchs among the scientists of England. Though more than one of his cherished convictions, conclusions on which his scientific eminence had been in some measure based, had yielded to fresh developments in biology and more extended use of the microscope, it is not to be contested that even his errors played a most important part in their day in stimulating scientific research. Before Dr. Carpenter's time, and it must be remembered that he was born in 1813, no attempt had been made in any serious fashion to correlate the facts of physiology, or the laws, methods, and functions of organic life in such a way as to bring them under one general system. Early in his medical studies, which Carpenter's genius at once extended even in his youth to original research, he became impressed with the grand truth that there was a unity of design extending through the animal and vegetable kingdom. This luminous thought once fixed in his belief, he gave up his career to its verification by the most profound and exhaustive studies. For this he sacrificed his active practical career as a medical man, and devoted himself to professional duties as a means of livelihood, as that form of work most consistent with his purpose. He labored incessantly with his pen. Treatise

after treatise not only on his favorite science, but on allied branches, poured from his pen. In 1841 he undertook single handed the issue of a cyclopædia of natural science, and soon after this became the editor of two medical journals, while he also lectured from the chair of physiology and anatomy and of medical jurisprudence in two different colleges. When the "Vestiges of Creation" appeared in 1841, a book which made an extraordinary sensation and foreshadowed Darwin's work in England, Dr. Carpenter was credited with the authorship, as its deductions were very similar to his own teachings. It was between the years 1838 and 1842 that his great works, "General and Comparative Physiology," "Animal Physiology," "Human Physiology," and "Vegetable Physiology" were brought out. These were issued in a series of editions, and fresh discoveries and developments embodied in them as scientific truth advanced. It may be said of him that he was the father of scientific biology in England, and indeed such authorities as Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall have enthusiastically acknowledged the debt which science owes to him by the wonderful impulse he gave to this line of research.

The publication of Grove's views on the correlation of the physical forces was an epoch in his life, and thenceforward he pursued the line of thought marked out in these magnificent generalizations, so brilliantly assisted by Joule in France, and by Meyer and Hemholtz in Germany, with striking results in his biological studies.

Dr. Carpenter became, when Darwin gave his revolutionary book, "The Origin of Species," to the world, a warm adherent of this scientific philosophy, which, though not absolutely new, was now for the first time marshalled into a battalion of brilliant and convincing facts. At no time, however, did the great biologist accept all of the Darwinian conclusions. In the main he preserved a strong bias of conservatism, though he recognized the tremendous importance of this solution of the problem which had been for many years the most fascinating and perplexing of all the mysteries presented by nature to man. Brilliant thinkers and observers had been stumbling toward this goal. Dr. Carpenter welcomed the Darwinian theory of natural selection, and thenceforward his own conclusions were profoundly modified by this belief. It is but just to say that neither this view nor any other of the new theories of the day ever swayed Dr. Carpenter from his Christian faith. He found

it possible to reconcile the claim of religion and science, though so many of his great contemporaries felt themselves compelled to reject all the postulates exacted by Christianity.

The scientific work of Dr. Carpenter, though it covered a vast number of studies covering nearly all the more important branches of science, will be best remembered in the domain of organic and comparative physiology, or, in a word, biology. Here he stood almost unequalled, though some of his views have not stood the test of time. He did more to advance this fundamental branch of research than all the men of his time, and as biology is now recognized as standing at the bottom of all intelligent investigation into the most obscure of all sciences—those which relate to the origin of things—he could have no grander monument erected to his memory. He died in November, 1885, in the fulness of years and intellectual fame. In addition to the very interesting sketch of his life, the volume before us contains the following essays, now published, we believe, for the first time in book form: "The Method and Aim of the Study of Physiology;" "The Brain and its Physiology;" "The Automatic Execution of Voluntary Movements;" "The Influence of Suggestions in Modifying and Directing Muscular Movement Independently of Volition;" "The Phasis of Force;" "Man the Interpreter of Nature" (Presidential Address at the British Association in 1872); "The Psychology of Belief;" "The Fallacies of Testimony in Relation to the Supernatural;" "The Doctrine of Human Automatism;" "The Limits of Human Automatism;" "The Deep Sea and its Contents;" "The Force behind Nature;" "Nature and Law;" "The Doctrine of Evolution in its Relation to Theism;" and "The Argument from Design in the Organic World." The immense industry of Dr. Carpenter is indicated in the fact that the list of his writings, books and essays, includes 293 works, the range of which is as astonishing as the learning and research they show.

CONVERSATION LESSONS ON PROMPT AID TO THE INJURED. By Henry Webb. With fifty-five Illustrations. Second Edition. New York: E. R. Pelton.

This useful little book is one of such practical importance that no family should be without it, or one which fills the same purpose. Many a life is lost through want of that elemental knowledge as to what to do, in cases of sudden injury or accident, prior to the arrival of pro-

fessional skill. Such knowledge is easily acquired, important as it is, and it is almost a sin for this reason to be without it. At least nineteen twentieths of men commit this sin of ignorance. Mr. Webb, in his little handbook, communicates his facts in the shape of questions and answers, and with such entire freedom from technical words and such clearness of statement, as to leave no question as to his instructions. The lessons, beginning with a clear and general account of the outlines of human anatomy and physiology, proceed to explain the methods of inducing artificial respiration, the different means of making knots, tourniquets, and bandages, and of applying them to the wounded; specific instructions for their use to wounds in all portions of the system; splints, and how they are used and applied; the easiest ways of carrying the wounded; and the fullest instructions as to litters and ambulances. Syncope, drowning, suffocation, hanging, sunstroke, wounds, burns, scalds, sprains, contusions, fractures, dislocations, disinfectants, fumigation, antidotes for poisons, are treated and explained; in a word, a thousand and one rules for treating all these dangers to human life or health are given to the reader. Such a book as this should be taught in the schools, and should certainly be in the hands of every policeman. We feel quite sure that any head of a family, knowing the value of such a little manual, will hardly fail to keep one in his house. There is hardly a month when its possessor would not find it useful.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

PROFESSOR NOIRÉ is lying dangerously ill at Mayence. Overwork has produced nervous prostration, and the doctors have enjoined complete rest. His work on "Æsthetics," with which he has been occupied for many years, and which was drawing to its conclusion, will not appear for the present.

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON is writing an essay on magic horses, swords, mirrors, rings, etc., to form an introduction to John Lane's "Continuation" of Chaucer's "Squires Tale," which was issued to members of the Chaucer Society last year. Over seventy pages of the paper are already in type, comprising an English abstract of the old French romance of "Cléomadès et Claremonde," derived from a Hispano-Moorish source, and many Asiatic as well as European versions and analogues,



among which are two gipsy variants, and the probable original from the Sanskrit "Pancha Tantra," the story of the weaver who personated Vishnú and rode in the air upon a wooden garuda. The essay will be issued to the Chaucer Society shortly.

"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," an American novel which has had great success on both sides of the Atlantic, is issued in this country by Messrs. Longman & Co. by arrangement with the author and her publishers, and a royalty is paid to the author; but the book is not copyright in this country, having been issued in America before it was published here. A Canadian firm has taken advantage of the circumstances, and has issued a cheap pirated edition in Canada, and is now trying to induce some London firm to become partners in the piracy and to place the edition on the English market. Two or three firms whom they have already applied to have, much to their credit, declined to be parties to such a transaction, and it is to be hoped Mrs. Deland may not be deprived of the profit she is at present receiving.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD announce the publication, beginning in March, of another series of "Tales from Blackwood," uniform with the two former series under the same title, which now number twenty-four volumes; and also, beginning in April, an entirely new series, to be called "Travel, Sport, and Adventure, from Blackwood." As the prospectus states, some of the most distinguished travellers and explorers, from Sir Richard Burton downward, have first communicated their adventures to the public through the pages of *Blackwood*. And we may add that the succession is maintained in the current number by two notable articles—in one of which we have the fullest and most authentic account of the circumstances preceding the death of Major Barttelot, and in the other a charming picture of the little known island of Minicoy, in the Indian Ocean.

MR. CHARLES MARVIN—who, at the request of the Government, delivered some lectures on petroleum before the Royal Engineers at Chatham a fortnight ago—has in the press a new pamphlet, entitled *The Coming Oil Age*, which will contain the latest results in regard to the development of the petroleum industry. Among the topics touched upon will be the Government oil borings near Quetta, the discovery in Canada of the largest oil deposits in

the world, the rise of the oil tank steamer fleet (now consisting of nearly one hundred and fifty vessels), the adoption by Chicago of liquid fuel, the development of large power oil lamps, and the heavy oil problem—to solve which premiums have been offered by the Russian Government. The pamphlet will contain maps of the Canadian, Burmese, and other petroleum regions.

"THE city of Hamburg has endowed the Orientalische Seminar at Berlin with a "stipendium" of 1500 marks, which is to be enjoyed by a young mercantile student nominated by the Hamburg Stadtrath. The city of Bremen is taking steps to procure a similar capital for a Bremen stipend, and it is expected that other great trading towns will follow their example. Up to the present time the German mercantile classes have not availed themselves of the new institution to any great extent. Among the 115 students, 3 only are merchants; 64 are "Juristen," 18 are "Philosophen" or "Philologen," 3 are "Mediziner," 3 "Theologen," and 2 are naval officers. The teaching staff has been increased by the addition of a professor of the Suaheli language, a native who also has a fluent command of French and English.

THREE numbers have appeared in Madrid of a new bi-monthly periodical, entitled *El Ateneo*, giving full and detailed reports of meetings of the scientific, literary, and artistic sections of the "Ateneo de Madrid." The president is Señor Cánovas del Castillo, and the various divisions are presided over by the Marqués de Hoyos, Señores Pidal y Mon, Fernandez Villaverde, Juan Valera for literature, and the Conde de Morphy for fine arts. Foreign bibliography is confided to Señor Gay-angos; in fact, the publication is evidently conducted somewhat upon the lines long since adopted by this journal.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER have in the press a work on ethics by Mr. S. Alexander, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, entitled "Moral Order and Progress: an Analysis of Ethical Conceptions." It will be in three books: Book I. Preliminary, dealing with conduct and character; Book II. Statical—Moral Order; Book III. Dynamical—Moral Growth and Progress. It treats ethics independently of biology, but the result is to confirm the theory of evolution, by showing that the characteristic differences of moral action are such as should be expected if that theory were true.

In particular, Book III. aims at proving that moral ideals follow in their origin and development the same law as natural species.

THE important "Jahrbuch" of the Vienna heraldic society "Adler," which is now being issued to members, contains among other noteworthy papers a very full history of the Counts of Champagne, well supplied with illustrative genealogical charts. The heraldic student will also turn with pleasure to Freiherr von Biedermann's interesting explanation of difficult figures used on shields of arms. The late Prince Rudolph was a member of this society.

"THE publication of Professor Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' in the United States has," says *The Athenæum*, "we hear, done no good to the movement in favor of International Copyright. The price of the two volumes in which it appears is the same as would be charged for two volumes of the same size from Mr. Bancroft or any other American author, but certain members of Congress represent paying the sum for an English book which they must pay for an American one, and they have declared that they will not support International Copyright lest the cost of English books should be raised to that of American ones. The fact that the American edition is half the price of the English one is not admitted to have any weight, the contention being that stolen or appropriated goods are the cheapest—and such a contention cannot be disputed."

MR. BUCHANAN will issue this season his autobiographical Recollections, in which he will deal elaborately with the literary history of the last twenty-five years. This work will differ from the gossipy form of memoir now so popular, in so far as it will be occupied to a considerable extent with literary criticism as well as personal memoranda concerning contemporaries. It will be published by Messrs. Bentley in two library volumes.

MESSRS. SOTHEY, of London, recently sold the Hopetoun Library. The collection is not very large—only 1263 lots in all; but most of them are such as bibliophiles desire, and there are some extraordinary rarities. First, of course, comes the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, of which fresh copies are always turning up—we have just heard of one in the National Library at Rio Janeiro. In his note, the cataloguer quaintly remarks that it "must always rank as the foundation-stone for the library of

a divine." Scarcely less rare are Gutenberg's "Balbi Catholicon" (1460); the first edition of Virgil, printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz (1469); and some of the Aldines—notably the first Virgil, on vellum (1501), and the first Petrarch, also on vellum (1501). The introduction to the catalogue merely gives a list of the principal lots; we wish that it had supplied a history of the collection, which seems to have been inherited from two quarters—the Hopes of Hopetoun and the Johnstones of Annandale. There are included in the sale some account books and genealogical memoranda of Sir James Hope, the founder of the family in the middle of the sixteenth century; but we believe that the great collector was his grandson Charles, the first earl, and a famous dilettante (1681–1742), here erroneously called James.

THE Early English Text Society will next week send out its first two books for this year: (1) in the "Original Series," Part I., the text of Mr. F. Horsley's edition of Eadwine's "Canterbury Psalter," from the unique MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1150 A.D., with transitional forms from Anglo-Saxon to Early English, like "wyrchende" for Anglo-Saxon *wyrscende*, "senfullen" for Anglo-Saxon *synfullan*; (2) for the "Extra Series" and last, the fourth part of Professor Skeat's edition of Barbour's "Bruce."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now added "Two Years Ago" to their cheap edition of Kingsley's works, which they are issuing in monthly volumes. "Two Years Ago" was first published (as its title implies) in 1857, and a second edition was called for within two months. A one-volume edition was issued in 1859, and reprinted in 1866. But since 1871 a fresh reprint has been demanded in each successive year, so that the total number of editions now amounts to 22, as compared with 25 for "Westward Ho!" 19 for "Hypatia," and 15 for "Yeast." We suspect that most of Kingsley's admirers would put "Hypatia" above "Two Years Ago;" but the large circulation of all of them, in comparatively expensive editions—the cheapest hitherto has been 6s.—is a gratifying fact.

AN authorized memoir of the life and work of the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant is to be undertaken under the superintendence of his widow, and in the mean time premature attempts at biographies, which must necessarily be imperfect or misleading, are deprecated by

his representatives, who will be grateful for the co-operation of any of Mr. Oliphant's correspondents in their task. Copies or originals of any of Laurence Oliphant's letters will be received by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, 45 George Street, Edinburgh, and safely transmitted to Mrs. Rosamond Dale Oliphant.

THE venerable Bishop of Funen, Dr. Christian Thorning Engelstoft, who died in his palace at Odense on the 24th of January, in his eighty-fourth year, besides being a prominent Churchman, has enriched Danish literature by a variety of works, chiefly in ecclesiology. He published a history of the city of Odense in 1862, and he was the first editor of the leading Church review in Denmark, the *Theologisk Tidsskrift*, which he founded in 1837. He has been Bishop of Funen since 1852, with the exception of a short interruption in 1864, when for six months he accepted the portfolio of a cabinet minister during the war with Germany.

MR. JOHN DUKAND, who has translated M. Taine's work on the "French Revolution," is now engaged in preparing a work, translated from documents in the archives at Paris, relative to the part played by many persons in the United States at and after the achievement of independence. The enigmatical dogs of Beaumarchais and an account of what took place in the Continental Congress when in secret session will be illustrated and made public in this work.

"THE WYVERN MYSTERY," a novel written many years ago by the late Sheridan Le Fanu, and published in three volumes, will shortly be issued in a single volume, with illustrations by Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu, a son of the author of "Uncle Silas." It is the only one of Le Fanu's novels which has not been reprinted.

WE understand that the two new volumes of Carlyle's letters, edited by Professor Norton, which Messrs. Macmillan will publish very shortly, afford a tolerably continuous account of Carlyle's life from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established by the publication of his "French Revolution."

THE deaths are announced of M. R. Saint-Hilaire, of the Sorbonne, well known by his writings on Spanish history, and of Dr. W. Schott, the Berlin Orientalist.

To the already large number of books on Dickens will shortly be added a French work, entitled "L'Inimitable Boz : Étude Historique

et Anecdotique sur la Vie et l'Œuvre de Charles Dickens," by M. Robert du Pontavice de Heussey. It will be illustrated with portraits and engravings.

THE Government of Denmark have recommended a grant of 4500 kroner (say £520) toward the proposal of the Society for the Publication of Old Norse Literature, to reproduce by phototype the unique MS. of Saemund's or the Older Edda, which is preserved in the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

THE deaths are announced of Cesare Guasti, head of the Tuscan archives, editor of Tasso's letters, and author of various monographs such as "Le Commissioni di Rinaldo degli Albizzi;" of Mr. W. F. Tillotson, the founder of the *Bolton Evening News*, but best known by his arrangements for supplying fiction to newspapers, an enterprise which, owing to his untiring energy, assumed large proportions and earned him the gratitude of many novelists, whose incomes he largely increased; and of M. Claude Guigne, the learned keeper of the archives of the Department of the Rhone.

THE Florentine publisher, Signor Barbèra, has in the press a new life of the English *condottiere*, Sir John Hawkwood, by Mr. John Temple Leader and Signor G. Marcotti. It is the most complete and authentic life of the "quattro cento" warrior that has yet appeared, being compiled from original Italian and other documents, edited and inedited. It is to be published simultaneously in English and in Italian.

#### MISCELLANY.

A ROMANCE OF THE MUTINY OF THE "BOUNTY."—The mutiny on board H.M.S. *Bounty* in 1789, the remarkable career of the survivors on the Pitcairn Islands, and the subsequent exodus of those people to Norfolk Island, are matters of history; but facts which have recently come to light revive interest in the event. John Adams, while serving on a man-of-war under his real name, Alexander Smith, saved the life of a midshipman on board by bravely jumping after him when he fell overboard. The young man, on returning home, related his narrow escape, and his relatives, desirous of acknowledging the brave conduct of Smith, who could not then be found, placed £100 to his credit in the bank, the interest to accumulate until the reward was claimed. Many Smiths have claimed that reward, but were unable to establish their

claims or identify themselves with the man-of-war or the incident. John Adams, the *Bounty* mutineer, or Alexander Smith, as he actually was, has left three grandsons in Norfolk Island. John, the oldest grandson, who is now sixty years of age, being informed of the circumstances, proceeded recently to Sydney to establish the claim of the family. It is said that he thoroughly succeeded in identifying his grandfather with the plucky seaman who rescued this officer from a watery grave, and, after placing the affair in the hands of a respectable firm of solicitors in Sydney, has now returned to Norfolk Island. Will it be believed that that investment of £100, some time prior to 1789, has now accumulated by interest and compound interest to the vast sum of £96,000? And yet that is the sum said to be now available for subdivision among the descendants of John Adams, the leader in the *Bounty* mutiny. The facts as connected with the mutiny of the *Bounty* are so much matters of history that it is hardly necessary to refer to them.—*New Zealand Herald*.

A JAPANESE PATIENT.—At Surugadai, in Tōk yō, we read in the *Sei-i-Kwai Medical Journal*, lives Mr. Tanabe, a gentleman in easy circumstances. His mother, an inmate of the same house, has attained her sixtieth year, but until quite lately was a hale and hearty lady, much beloved for her virtues and esteemed for her accomplishments. The changes of these topsy-turvy times have not shaken her adherence to the faiths and fashions of ancient days. In her eyes the Japanese *samurai* still exists, though his name has been erased from the national ledger, and his place usurped by inferiors. A few months ago her wonted health began to fail. She was attacked by a malignant disease formerly held fatal, and now known to be curable only by extreme measures. At the Hongo Hospital Dr. Sato told her that a severe surgical operation could alone save her life. Was it possible that a lady of her age should survive such a method of treatment? Dr. Sato said there was good hope, and after anxious consultation her family consented to follow his advice. The old lady at once became an inmate of the hospital. After she had undergone the necessary preparation, Dr. Sato himself undertook the operation, in the presence of the chief surgeons of the Naval and War Departments and of the Imperial University. Two deep incisions in the bosom had to be made, and the assistants were about to admin-

ister chloroform. The old lady asked what was the nature of the medicine. Being told that its function was merely to deaden pain, she said that she had no need of such things. She had heard of anodyne drugs that send patients to sleep under the surgeon's knife. She preferred to remain awake. Among her friends of former days was a loyal soldier, by name Miyoshi. Fate willed that he should die by his own sword. He had disembowelled himself in her presence, and with a wide wound gaping in his bosom, had composed and written his death song. She had witnessed this thing with her own eyes. It was her notion of the example a *samurai* ought to set, and though a woman, she preferred to emulate such a spirit rather than to take refuge from pain in narcotics. With that she lay down and bared her bosom to the knife. Dr. Sato proceeded with the operation. He made two incisions under the left breast, and two smaller incisions above. The morbid growth was removed, and twenty stitches were put in. During the whole process the old lady never made a movement or uttered a groan. Not until Dr. Sato asked whether she had suffered much pain did she open her eyes and reply quietly that the cutting of live flesh is never without suffering. Her son, who was by her side throughout, would now have answered the various inquiries that had come by telegraph and messenger, but the old lady insisted on writing four letters herself to reassure her friends. Dr. Sato declared, as well he might, that he had never, in all his experience, encountered so much fortitude and power of endurance. The *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* tells the story as an evidence that the old *samurai* spirit survives in Japan.—*British Medical Journal*.

SOME INDIAN FISHERMEN.—Let me try to describe some of the indigenous fishermen of Eastern Bengal, with the boats and nets which they use in their vocation. Any one seeing them for the first time might imagine that he had fallen in with a set of those cannibals and savages who are pictured in books of travel among the islands of the Pacific Archipelago. Their boats are huge canoes, about one hundred feet long and four or five feet broad. A long carved prow projects for several feet, while the stern rises up into a high platform on which the captain or steersman stands erect, with the large steering-oar in his hands. He is usually a very big man, tall and muscular, and with the voice of a Stentor. His long un-



kempt hair and shaggy beard give him the wildest appearance, while his back and chest are usually covered with thick bristling hairs from exposure to the weather. As a rule his statuesque body is clad with very scant drapery. He is really terrible to look at, as he shouts and yells to the fifty or sixty rowers, all of them as wild and savage as himself, who in a double bank propel the long boat with their paddles at a pace with which a river steamer can hardly compete. At Dacca the wealthy natives used to get up boat-races with these boats, and some few rich men kept their own boats and crews for racing and other purposes. But I must confine myself now to the use of them as fishing-boats. When a suitable time had arrived, and the water in the river was favorable, the fishermen used to meet, with some fifteen or twenty of these boats, and their large strong nets, of great length and depth, with which they could sweep the whole breadth of the river Dulaiserry, where it was nearly half a mile in width. All the boats worked in unison and under the command of the oldest and most experienced captain. They dragged the river against the stream for several miles, their object being to drive all the fish toward a very deep hole in the river, at the point of its junction with another stream called the Bunsai, where the eddies of the two rivers had worked and burrowed into the soil, so that the water was said to be nearly a hundred feet deep in some places. The largest fishes all seemed to make for this deep water as a place of safety, and they stopped when they got there. The boatmen then surrounded them on all sides with their nets, and the fun became fast and furious. Great fish dashed about in all directions. Porpoises burst through the nets, or jumped right over the boats. There was occasionally a sawfish to be seen, whose curious sharp-toothed beak was greatly feared by the boatmen. There were shoals of large fish of many sorts, which must be nameless, because I do not remember their names. The uproar was tremendous. The boatmen have loud voices, and their shouts and yells, coming from nearly a thousand excited men, to say nothing of the villagers crowded on the river banks, made a perfect pandemonium. In every boat the large fish were rapidly collected, some being taken from the nets, others being speared with pronged spears, with which the natives are great adepts, and some being simply ladled out of the water with big landing-nets. But all things must have an end, and at last the cap-

tain of the chase would order all his men to cease fishing and to haul in their nets, and to bring their spoil on shore to the place appointed for collecting and counting the fish. I will not pretend to say with any accuracy what the result of a day's fishing might be on a good day. With fair success twenty boats, with fifty men to each boat, would make an average of nearly half a ton of fish apiece. If this quantity seems extravagant, I can only say that the natives themselves would set the amount much higher, and when I have seen the huge heaps of fish all collected together, their estimate does not seem to me incredible. Much more incredible was the speed with which the piles of fish disappeared when a distribution of them had been made according to shares. Each boat promptly set off as fast as it could go for the village from which it had come, and there found a ready market among the purchasers from the surrounding villages, who had assembled in expectation of a great feast of fish.  
—*Longman's Magazine.*

ULTRA SENSITIVENESS.—Sir John Lubbock, in his fascinating experiments with the myrmidons of the insect world, found that ants are highly sensitive to colors imperceptible to human vision. When a ray of light was dissected into a spectrum and cast upon his colony of tiny pets, the red extremity of the rainbow (to us the most effective) had no influence upon them; but as they were placed under the violet end they became much disturbed, and the dark portion beyond that limit of human observation tormented them into a frenzy of agitation. It appears that they do not appreciate light-waves until they exceed the bounds of color—that is, of color visible to our eyes, though it is probable that the intensely active ultra-violet part of the spectrum, dark to us, is to them the most keenly brilliant of lights. Further experiments in the effect of sounds upon these insects showed that they hear none of the noises that enter our ears. A pistol-shot over them was unnoticed, except by the mechanical jarring of the air which it caused. These and similar tests have developed the conclusion that the insect world is wholly removed from the larger animals in its senses of color and sound, as of smell, taste, and feeling, and that the human ideas of sense-impressions are only a small section of the whole scheme of sense-life. It is understood by scientists that there are many strata of sight, hearing, etc., above and below the narrow plane of our own common perceptions.

The insects are almost as far removed from us as spirits in the inconceivable fineness of their senses. They move among us in a wholly different world, seeing things that are concealed from us, hearing what is as silent as the stars to us, smelling in a way that to us is miraculous, feeling with an exquisite daintiness that to our gross experience is angelic. The birds and the denizens of the deep know many secrets of physical activity that exceed our ken. Even our own neighbors in the animal scale enjoy faculties that we cannot understand. The scent of the dog, the sylphlike traits of the cat, the home-finding instincts of all domestic creatures astonish our own limitations. What are music and delight to us, to them are torture and discomfort. The shrill screeching of the bat is a beautiful note for ears pitched higher than ours; and the rumbling of sounds below the vibrations of any organ pipe is harmony for animals whose avenues of hearing are larger than those of mankind. The "lower" animals are far above us in sensitiveness to delicate impressions. They foretell the weather changes better than the best meteorologist. Their system of chronometry needs no machine to mark the hours and seasons. They are initiated into the movements of earthquakes better than seismologists. These instances serve to show the dulness of human senses in general, and prepare us to appreciate the higher sensitiveness of some individuals. There is a form of superior acuteness in certain persons which is seldom seen and therefore is commonly unknown; but it is a curious indication of what higher development humanity is capable of even in its physical embodiment. A wide observation gathers the fact that the world is full of eyes, that everything is a camera seeing and recording all that comes before it, that only our ignorant blindness veils the myriad panoramas that attach to the objects around us—panoramas that show in their order all the events that have taken place there. The substantial basis of these apparently extravagant deductions is confirmed by the words of Dr. J. W. Draper, an unquestioned authority upon physics: "A sunbeam or a shadow cannot fall upon a surface, no matter of what material that surface is composed, without leaving upon it an indelible impression, and an impression which may, by subsequent application of proper chemical agents, be made visible. . . . Time seems to have so little influence on these effects that I conceive it possible, if a new vault should here-

after be opened in the midst of an Egyptian pyramid, for us to conjure up the swarthy forms of the Pharaonic officials who were its last visitors, though forty centuries may have elapsed since their departure."—*The Cosmopolitan*.

THE COUNTRY DANCE.—The country dance has nothing to do with the country; it has no smack of rusticity about it. The designation is properly *contre-danse*, or counter-dance, and is given to all that class of dances which are performed by the gentlemen standing on one side and the ladies on the other in lines. The quadrille—a square dance—does not belong to it, nor any of those figures where the performers stand in a circle. As a general rule, foreign dances are circular or square. In Brittany is La Boulangère, and in the South of France La Tapageuse, which are set in lines; but with a few exceptions most continental dances are square or round; the specialty of the English dance was that it was counter. Probably all old dances in this country, with the exception of reels, were so set. A writer at the beginning of this century said:—"An English country dance differs from any other known dance in form and construction, except Ecossaise and quadrille country dances, as most others composed of a number of persons are either round, octagon, circular or angular. The pastoral dances on the stage approximate the nearest to English country dances, being formed longways." The number of performers was unlimited, but could not consist of less than six. An English country dance was composed of the putting together of several figures, and it allowed of almost infinite variation, according to the number and arrangement of the figures introduced. Sir Roger de Coverley, which is not quite driven out, consists of seven figures. Some figures are quite elementary, as turning the partner, setting, leading down the middle. Others are more elaborate, as Turn Corners and Swing Corners; some are called Short Figures, as requiring in their performance a whole strain of short measure, or half a strain of long measure. Long Figures, on the other hand, occupy a strain of eight bars in long measure—a strain being that part of an air which is terminated by a double bar, and usually consists in country dances of four, eight or sixteen single bars. Country dance tunes usually consist of two strains, though they sometimes extend to three, four, or five, and of eight bars each.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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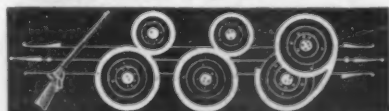
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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**THE N. Y. POST OFFICE FOR 1888.**—Some idea of the vast amount of matter which passes through the New York City post office may be gained from the following statistics:

Last year there were 123,131,755 letters, 32,310,025 postal cards, and 35,943,203 miscellaneous packages delivered during the year by carriers, and 52,994,536 letters, 8,519,869 postal cards, and 30,995,086 miscellaneous packages through boxes, making a total of 237,994,464 pieces in all. In the registered letter department, there were 1,317,168 pieces delivered, and 1,049,029 pieces of domestic and 453,850 of foreign origin recorded and distributed to other offices. At the general post office, 1,095,915 money orders were issued and paid, amounting to \$10,230,895.50, and 783,872 postal notes amounting to \$1,263,378.79. At the sixteen branches the number of orders issued and paid was 220,144, amounting to \$3,250,961.10, and the number of postal notes 88,311, amounting to \$174,476.66. The aggregate business of the money order department for the year amounted to \$87,299,153.95, giving an increase in the business over the previous year of \$4,788,347.21. The total receipts of the office were \$5,162,968.81, and the total expenditures \$1,891,982.48 (including \$802,017.91 expended for free delivery service), giving a net revenue of \$3,270,986.33. The receipts for the last quarter of the year aggregated \$1,458,585.27, an increase of \$121,034.65 over the receipts of the corresponding quarter of the previous year.

There were sold during the year 178,218,226 postage stamps, equal in weight to thirteen tons net, 35,302,500 government stamped envelopes, and 46,437,150 postal cards. The total weight of mails received and dispatched daily during 1888 was 248 tons.

**VENUS, THE EVENING STAR.**—Mr. Walter H. Smith, President of the Astro-Meteorological Association, Montreal, has been making special observations on the planet Venus with the aid of a reflecting telescope, and reports rapid changes in the shape and outlines of the horns, due to the planet's rotation bringing mountain ranges to the edge of the disk.

A peculiar indentation has been seen at the north horn, similar to observations made by De Vico, Pastorfi, and other astronomers.

Three spots, believed to be continents, and similar to those seen at the Roman College in Italy, were also noticed. Mr. Smith is the founder of the society, and is well known as a careful observer.

**A DISTINGUISHED INVENTOR.**—Mr. F. Y. Wolseley, J.P., of New South Wales—a brother of Lord Wolseley of Cairo—has just arrived in England from the colonies. Mr. Wolseley has been engaged in pastoral pursuits in the Darling river district of New South Wales for many years past, and has devoted much attention to new inventions for the saving of labor in connection with both the pastoral and agricultural industries. His greatest achievement in this direction has been the invention of the now well-known Wolseley sheep-shearing apparatus. The process by which the "jumbucks" are shorn by this apparatus is said to be alike simple and rapid—the rapidity of it, indeed, suggests to most people who have seen it working that the sheep are thrown into the machine at one end and bowled out at the other under a running fire of shears, which remove every particle of wool without in the least injuring the animal. In short, in general principle, it is not altogether unlike an old-fashioned corn-shelling machine.

**EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY.**—Some further experiments have been made in Mr. Edison's laboratory in Orange, by Mr. Harold P. Brown, an electrical engineer, with the object of allaying the fears of those who doubted whether the electric current could be so applied as to cause instant death, whatever the weight of the living being operated on. The experiments were made in the presence of Mr. Gerry, the author of the law enacting that the death penalty shall in future be inflicted by electricity, Mr. Edison, and the Committee of Medico-Legal Society.

The first victim was a calf, weighing 124½ lbs. The hair was cut on the forehead, and on the spine behind the forelegs; and sponge-

covered plates, moistened with a solution of sulphate of zinc, were fastened in place. The resistance of the animal was 3,200 ohms. An alternating current of 700 volts was applied for thirty seconds. The animal however, was killed instantly. It was at once dissected by Drs. Ingram and Bleyer, but the brain, heart, and lungs were found to be in a normal condition, and the meat was pronounced fit for food. One metal plate carrying the current touched the hair of the forehead, and slightly burned it, but otherwise there was no external indications of injury. A second calf weighed 145 lbs., and had a resistance of 1,300 ohms.

The deadly alternating current at 700 volts pressure was applied for five seconds, and produced instant death. To settle permanently the weight question, adds the *New York Medical Record*, a horse weighing 1,230 lbs. was next killed by passing the alternating current at 700 volts from one foreleg to the other. The resistance of this animal was 11,000 ohms.—*British Medical Journal*.

**BRIGHT FACES PALING WITH ILL HEALTH** regain their pristine roundness and color, and the listless, haggard aspect of the feeble and nervous, is succeeded by the animated freshness of returning vigor when ladies troubled with anaemia or a disease of vital stamina, resort to *Scott's Emulsion* of Cod Liver Oil with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a preparation which has met with the approval of American, English, and Continental physicians. For Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and indeed all affections of the organs of respiration, it is a most beneficent specific; it counteracts Scrofula, Rheumatism, remedies the wasting maladies of children, is free from a nauseous flavor and preserves its freshness under climatic and atmospheric conditions which would turn the ordinary preparations from the Cod Liver Oil rancid. The Hypophosphites add greatly to its value as a nutrient of the feeble.

**A PLAGUE OF TIGERS IN JAVA.**—According to the administration report of Java recently laid before the Dutch Chambers, portions of that island are being depopulated through tigers. In 1882 the population of a village in the south-west of the Bantam province was removed and transferred to an island off the coast in consequence of the trouble caused to the people by tigers. These animals have now become an intolerable pest in parts of the

same province. The total population is about 600,000, and in 1887 sixty-one were killed by tigers, and in consequence of the dread existing among the people, it has been proposed to deport the inhabitants of the villages most threatened to other parts of the country where tigers are not so common, and where they can pursue their agricultural occupations with a greater degree of security. At present they fear to go anywhere near the borders of the forest. The people at present seem disinclined, or they lack the means and courage, to attack and destroy their enemy, although considerable rewards are offered by Government for the destruction of beasts of prey. In 1888 the reward for killing a royal tiger was raised to 200 florins. It appears, also, that the immunity of the tiger is in part due to superstition, for it is considered wrong to kill one unless he attacks first or otherwise does injury. Moreover, guns were always very rare in this particular district, and, since a rising a few years ago, have been taken away by the authorities altogether.—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

**COLD AND DISEASE.**—Dr. H. B. Baker, of Lansing, Michigan, has written several papers on diphtheria, small-pox, and scarlet fever, in which he gives "statistics" to show that these infectious diseases prevail most in the cold seasons of the year, and decrease as the atmosphere becomes warm and moist. His explanation of this is not so much that in cold weather there is more overcrowding, less ventilation, and a generally lowered vitality and inability to resist the inroad of infection, as that in these cold periods there is a great tendency to catarrhal inflammation of the respiratory tract—influenza, bronchitis, and tonsillitis prevailing. As the infectious diseases named are believed to be transmissible through the air, he thinks that such a condition of "greater susceptibility" of the respiratory tract lays the organism open to infection. As with pneumonia, so with the catarrhal affections, the retention of non-volatile salts in the mucous lining of the air passages, which occurs in proportion as the air is dry and cold, is, he believes, the *vera causa* of such forms of inflammation.—*English Mechanic*.

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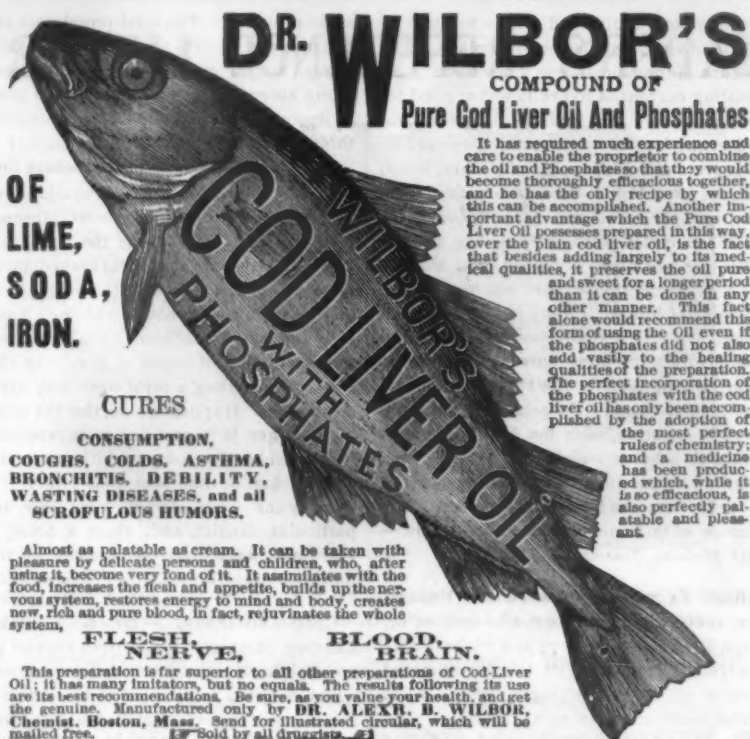
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DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: "Having used the Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen, I gladly certify to its merits as a curative agent in throat and lung diseases. I truly believe it to be all that is claimed for it."  
JONESBORO, GA., August 21, 1888. J. F. COWAN.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: "I most cordially recommend your Home Treatment to all persons suffering from nervous prostration or general debility, neuralgia, and sick headache; indeed, I would say, all chronic diseases."  
UTICA, MISS., July 12, 1888. MRS. THOS. H. LEWIS.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN's office records—which are always open for inspection—show over 45,000 different cases during the past twenty years, in which their Compound Oxygen Treatment has been used by physicians in their practice and by invalids independently.

Every patient of Drs. Starkey & Palen reports from time to time, and in this way they are enabled, not only to keep an accurate record of each case, but to provide, free of charge, supplementary aid to accelerate the action of their Compound Oxygen Treatment whenever it is needed.

The fact of your becoming a patient of Drs. Starkey & Palen means that they believe they can benefit you, for they vastly prefer to tell you beforehand that their Compound Oxygen Treatment will do you no good than to have you discover this afterwards. Sometimes, in the face of disease that has been neglected until nothing short of a miracle will avail, Drs. Starkey & Palen are obliged to admit that their Compound Oxygen Treatment is powerless. But, fortunately, this is not often the case, or else they would have stepped down and out long since. If you have the ghost of a chance, the Compound Oxygen Treatment will put body to it, and, briefly, you get well.

If you want to know more about the Compound Oxygen Treatment, send to Drs. Starkey & Palen for their brochure of 200 pages. This publication contains a record of results in the Compound Oxygen Treatment in cases of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Nervous Prostration, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all chronic and nervous disorders.

Address DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; 331 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 58 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.



*Dr. E. Palen L.B.M.D.*

**Still, if a landau now and then  
Saves one the bore of walking,  
Why, what's the use of logic when  
Example does the talking.**

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: "I was induced by a friend to try your Compound Oxygen Treatment. The result was marvelous. I will always recommend Compound Oxygen as the greatest vitalizing agent known, for I certainly feel that it has prolonged my life."  
NO. 331 DECATUR ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 4, 1888. MRS. E. H. HENDERSON.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: "Mrs. Crity, my daughter, has suffered very greatly from nervous prostration for nine years, and has lately been using the Compound Oxygen recommended by Judge Harris, of Athens, and has been very much benefited; mostly by being strengthened."  
PRESIDING ELDER OF ATHENS DISTRICT, N. G. CONFERENCE, Athens, Ga., July 29, 1888. S. P. RICHARDSON.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: "I take pleasure in stating that my daughter, who, for almost all her life, has suffered from bronchial asthma, has received decided benefit from the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia. The benefit received in her case warrants me in saying to sufferers in a similar way that they would do well to investigate for themselves."  
COLUMBUS, GA., Aug. 13, 1888. JOHN J. MASON, M.D.

PUT IT UPON THE PUBLIC upon their excellence alone have attained an  
 ENTIRELY NEW DESIGN, which establishes them as unequalled in  
 TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.  
 Warehouse: 113 Fifth Avenue, New York; 224 & 205 Baltimore St., Baltimore.

# FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE **NEW YORK LIFE INS. CO.**

OFFICE, Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

JANUARY 1, 1889.

Amount of net assets, January 1, 1888.....\$79,912,317 17  
**REVENUE ACCOUNT.**

Premiums.....	\$22,301,931 11	
Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1888.....	1,774,340 36	—\$21,527,590 75
Interest and rents, etc.....	4,762,169 67	
Less interest accrued January 1, 1888.....	486,477 59	4,275,692 08—\$25,803,282 83
		<b>\$105,313,600 00</b>

## **DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.**

Losses by death, and endowments matured and discounted (including reversionary additions to same).....	\$5,425,966 78
Dividends (including mortuary dividends), annuities, and purchased insurances.....	5,547,143 27
Total paid policy-holders.....	\$10,973,070 05
Taxes and reinsurance.....	303,062 84
Commissions (including advanced and commuted commissions), brokerages, agency expenses, physicians' fees, etc.....	3,358,440 20
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	654,720 12—\$15,489,263 81

## **ASSETS.**

Cash on deposit, on hand, and in transit.....	\$3,695,836 94
United States bonds and other bonds and stocks (market value, \$58,222,751 94).....	54,566,901 58
Real estate.....	9,308,153 08
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$13,800,000 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	16,966,932 50
Temporary loans (market value of securities held as collateral, \$3,144,670).....	1,676,250 00
Loans on existing policies (the reserve on these policies, included in liabilities, amounts to over \$3,000,000).....	376,674 10
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1889.....	1,435,734 86
Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection. (The reserve on these policies, included in liabilities, is estimated at \$1,300,000).....	1,045,069 46
Agents' balances.....	298,959 43
Accrued interest on investments January 1, 1889.....	451,805 24—\$89,824,336 19
Market value of securities over cost value on Company's books.....	<b>3,655,850 36</b>

\* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

**TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1889.....\$93,480,186 55**

Appropriated as follows:	
Approved losses in course of payment.....	\$555,555 62
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc.....	322,964 77
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented).....	56,517 88
Annuities due and unpaid (claims not presented).....	26,865 69
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies, at the Actuaries' table 4 per cent. interest.....	78,985,757 00
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1888, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	\$5,315,720 83
Addition to the fund during 1888.....	2,043,665 84
<b>DEDUCT—</b>	<b>\$7,359,386 67</b>
Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on matured Tontines.....	935,609 54
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1889.....	6,423,777 23
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	46,524 21

**Divisible surplus (Company's new standard).....\$86,397,936 30**  
**7,082,250 25**  
**\$93,480,186 55**

Surplus by the N. Y. State standard (including the Tontine Fund).....**13,500,000 00**

From the undivided surplus, as above, the Board of Trustees have declared a reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

Returns to Policy-holders.	Insurance in Force.	Assets.	New Policies Issued.
1886.....\$7,527,230	Jan. 1, 1887.....\$34,373,540	Jan. 1, 1887.....\$75,481,453	1886.....23,027
1887.....8,535,410	Jan. 1, 1888.....35,855,536	Jan. 1, 1888.....85,079,645	1887.....28,522
1888.....10,973,070	Jan. 1, 1889.....419,686,995	Jan. 1, 1889.....93,480,186	1888.....33,334

Number of policies issued during the year, 33,334.  
 Total number of policies in force January 1, 1889, 129,911.

Risks assumed, \$125,019,731.  
 Amount at risk, \$419,826,595.

### **TRUSTEES:**

WILLIAM H. APPLETON,  
 WILLIAM H. BEERS,  
 WILLIAM A. BOOTH,  
 HENRY BOWERS,  
 JOHN CLAFIN,  
 ROBERT B. COLLINS,  
 ALEX. STUDDWELL,  
 ELIAS S. HIGGINS,  
 WALTER H. LEWIS,  
 EDWARD MARTIN,  
 RICHARD MUBER,  
 C. C. BALDWIN,  
 JOHN N. STEARNS,  
 WILLIAM L. STRONG,  
 W. F. BUCKLEY,  
 HENRY TUCK,  
 A. H. WELCH,  
 L. L. WHITE.

**WILLIAM H. BEERS, President.**  
**HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.**  
**ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-Pres.**  
**RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.**  
**THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.**  
**A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Medical Director.**